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BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, October 30, 1907.

ARTHUR NIKISCH'S second program of the Philharmonic subscription concert was a very interesting and a trifle shorter one than the one at the initial concert of the season.

The second one also brought orchestral works in happy variety and blending of the classical and modern school. Not quite in keeping with the general high standard of these programs were the selections sung by the soloist, but this was not Mr. Nikisch's fault. Nor could they be described exactly as a fault, for the soloist was of the vocal virtuoso calibre, who have few other concert selections than some of the arias written especially for the purpose to show off their voices and the training thereof to the best possible advantage. This is the case with nearly all of Donizetti's, and the greater portion of the early operas of Verdi, two of whose arias appeared on this program. Absolute vocal virtuoso style is demanded by the aria "Ah non avea piu lagrime," from Donizetti's opera "Maria di Rohan" (the program called it "Maria di Rudens"), and not much more valuable from a musico-dramatic viewpoint is the "Eri tu" aria from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera."

These were the two arias with which Mattia Battistini introduced himself, and, let me hasten to say, most favorably, to one of Berlin's best, most fashionable and likewise most musical audiences. He succeeded in captivating them, not so much by what he sang, but by how he sang it. Battistini is a baritone who lives at Madrid, but whose greatest artistic successes have been achieved in the Italian opera at St. Petersburg and Moscow. He has a big, sonorous, organ like voice, greatly resembling in quality and likewise in volume that of Pol Plançon. This, of course, is no little compliment and I can add to it the other and equally great one that Battistini is also as great an artist in the handling of his voice as is the genial Frenchman. Only he has not the latter's noble restraining from seeking after mere outward effect. Plançon would never cling to a fermata upon a high F or G to the point of spoiling the musical phrase simply to convince the audience of his force in holding on to a high note, his big tone and long breath.

But Battistini does not disdain these effects and he knows full well that they take with audiences, even with the best ones. Otherwise, however, it is just this singer's phrasing which is delightfully musical. He uses the mezzo voice with consummate art and most pleasing effect to the ear. His enunciation is marvelously clear, his intonation of flawless purity, and altogether Battistini's singing is one of the best specimens of the true old Italian *bel canto* that one can hear. Of course it is delightful and his art could not fail to make an impression here in Berlin, where one hears so very little really good singing. The audience received the artist with the sincerest delight, after the Donizetti aria, and simply raved over him after the second effort. So strong and persistent was the applause after the Verdi aria that Signor Battistini could not withhold an encore, for which he chose the Valentine aria from "Faust."

Nikisch's accompaniments with the Philharmonic orchestra were marvels of discretion and artistic instinct, with which he felt and followed the sometimes a little capricious phrasing of the singer. But not only in following the intentions of others was Nikisch great that night. His own interpretations were among the best I ever heard. Thus it was with the E flat symphony of Mozart, which joyful, fresh and ever youthful work he read with almost naïveté and an utter absence of all straining after effect. So naturally and so buoyantly I have rarely heard the popular minuet interpreted and, of course, it was most enthusiastically redemanded. With the least possible amount of gesticulation Nikisch succeeds in getting the Philharmonic Orchestra to do his bidding and to follow his intentions. These artists play under him as they have done under no one since the glorious days of Hans von Bülow.

Of him also I was reminded in the perfectly satisfactory and satisfying reproduction of the Beethoven B flat symphony, not one of my favorites, by the way. Still I was so fascinated with the interpretation that I held out to

the last of the lengthy program and joined with the multitude in the hearty applause which called Nikisch out upon the platform three times at the close of the concert.

Sandwiched in between these two symphonies and the above described vocal selections were the two numbers that claimed my special attention. The first was the great Variationen Satz in G major, which forms the final movement of Tschaikowsky's Suite, op. 55. It is one of the most admirable pieces of orchestral writing one can imagine. What Tschaikowsky does with his original, but comparatively simple theme of Russian flavor in a dozen different variations, the gorgeous orchestral colors à la Makart, the equally marvelous harmonic colors he employs, the rhythmic devices and the contrapuntal skill at his command mark him as the greatest musician that has lived after Richard Wagner. I except no one, not even Brahms. Tschaikowsky is wonderful, and he grows upon you with each renewed hearing. Nikisch seemed carried away with the work, and he conducted with the greatest abandon and geniality I have yet seen him employ, reaching an irresistible sweep and climax in the brilliant final Polacca. I must not forget to mention either the beautiful but melancholy variation in B minor, in which Concertmaster Witek played the violin solo with suave tone and pure intonation. The handshake which he received from Nikisch *coram publico* was a deserved distinction.

The Vorspiel in D major to the second act of Eugen d'Albert's opera "Gernot" was the novelty of the program. It is a rather disappointing sort of orchestral introduction. The intention was to depict a Stimmung equal to the one in the Vorspiel to the third act of "Lohengrin." But while the Wagner excerpt really succeeds in portraying the partially erotic, partially tender mood of the scene of Elsa's nuptials, the d'Albert Vorspiel is only bombastic, not original in invention, and not even very effective in orchestration. D'Albert, in spite of his most strenuous and ever renewed efforts, is not an operatic composer. He lacks the dramatic vein and, above all, true inspiration.

The third Philharmonic concert will bring Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, a new serenade for string orchestra, by Joseph Suk; Schumann's C major Symphony, and as soloist Mme. Camilla Landi, the London vocalist.

\* \* \*

On the same evening the Royal Opera House gave its first performance of Spinelli's lyric drama, "A Basso Porto." The première I could not witness; but went to the second performance of this neo-Italian work, the success of which I had predicted after the first performance at the Theatre des Westens, at which, with insufficient summer opera personnel, "A Basso Porto" drew twenty-two crowded houses. In fact, it proved to be Director Morwitz's saving opera, and from him the performing rights were bought by the Royal Opera House intendency.

After Mascagni's "Cavalleria" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," the young Italian school has given the world no opera which has proved a great success. Neither Giordano nor Puccini nor the lesser lights have reached the success achieved by the two now world famous composers, but they also have proved only one-work men, for neither could Mascagni ever again overtop his "Cavalleria" success nor has Leoncavallo been able to even approach the success he scored with his "Pagliacci." One might, therefore, and perhaps not without foundation, come to the conclusion that the modern Italian verismo school was a very short lived affair. Time will tell and history will verify the test of time. Be that as it may, I am compelled to state that last night I heard at the Theatre des Westens a product of the new school which made the deepest sort of an impression and created a furor of success, which was all the more genuine and speaks all the more in favor of the work itself, as the performance was only a mediocre one, and the success, therefore, could not be laid at the door of the artists concerned in the reproduction.

This work, which I deem musically in every way far superior to Mascagni's "Cavalleria," as well as Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," is Nicola Spinelli's three act lyric drama "A Basso Porto." The opera had been given two or three seasons ago for the first time in Germany at Cologne, and met with an unusual amount of success. It has also been given last season at Breslau, where it took equally strong hold of the public. But then, who cares much for these provincial or out of town successes, which are constantly being reported about all manners and sorts of operas and artists, and which preliminary puffs not infrequently arouse the wary critic's distrust and opposition?

"A Basso Porto," however, is a music drama of musically far different calibre than the almost amateurishly clumsy and peevishly ungrammatical musical peregrinations in consecutive fiftths of Puccini, about whose compilation, "La Bohème," I spoke in my last week's budget. It is in orchestration vastly superior to Mascagni's efforts, and in general musicianship beats all of the gang of younger Italians, Leoncavallo not excluded, who is the superior of the others, however.

But not only in the technique of composition does Spinelli outrival his contemporaries; not only is his instrumentation superior, his harmonies newer and more piquant, his construction of ensembles effective and his carefully built up climaxes telling; he has also a true fount of inspiration that is free from that triviality which lowers Mascagni's, and ever so much richer and more

naturally flowing than the sparse one of Leoncavallo. In truth, I must confess, I am much pleased with the music of "A Basso Porto," and last night I joined heartily in the applause which coerced a repetition of the big ensemble number of the first act, the swaying love duet of the second act and the finely constructed as well as masterly orchestrated interlude between the second and third acts.

I have said nothing so far of the dramatic contents of "A Basso Porto," for in truth I can say little about them. The book, constructed by Eugenio Checchi from Goffredo Cognetti's "Neapolitan Folkscenes," is one of those blood and thunder tales in which the modern Italian writers seem to glory. It deals with an episode from the Chamorra, a secret society's doings, which greatly resembles the stories one reads of the Mafia, the Vendetta and other similar, but more graphic than pleasing Italian institutions.

The principal personage in the drama is Mother Maria, who, as a young lass, was in love with one Cicillo, but who, while the latter for some reason or other "does a term" in State's prison, gets married to someone else. When Cicillo is a free man once more, he finds his former sweetheart mother of two children by another man, and he swears vengeance upon the heads of those innocent parties of the third part. He intends to betray Sesella, the daughter of Mother Maria, whom he succeeds in infatuating. (I have heard of the same thing before, that the daughter falls in love with her mother's first lover.) And this villain nearly succeeds in ruining also the son, Luigino, of whom he makes a gambler and loafer. But Cicillo, who, like all the rest of this "lower part" gang of Neapolitan people, belongs to the secret society Chamorra, turns traitor and is himself betrayed by Mother Maria, who gives him away in order to save her children from perdition. The head of the Chamorra concludes in conclave that Luigino is to kill Cicillo, but Mother Maria is still in love with Cicillo, and that not her own son should slay her first lover, she makes the dagger "shine through his entrails" herself. This, in short, is the very intense and strong plot which is condensed into an action of little more than two hours' duration.

The above is the way I summed up my impressions upon "A Basso Porto" after the première at the Theater des Westens, and I find no cause to alter this opinion after my hearing the work represented by the superior personnel, and above all with the infinitely better orchestra under Sucher's direction at the Royal Opera House.

As regards the performance itself, I have little but praise for everybody concerned in the cast, but especially for the work of the chorus and orchestra, and here I want to make special mention of the mandolin virtuoso Coronati, who performed the solo for this nowadays rarely employed instrument with so much bravura and beauty of tone that he received a big salvo of applause after the prelude to the third act.

I was quite amused to read after the première two such widely disagreeing judgments as are contained in the following criticisms translated from the Berlin *Boersen Courier* and the *Kleines Journal*. The former paper says: "Herr Bulsz very effectively sketched the intriguing Cicillo. His clear pronunciation, his powerful organ did excellent service. \* \* \* Miss Dietrich was a very appropriate Sesella, and even the stronger dramatic accents were excellently reproduced." In direct juxtaposition to this judgment stands that of the critic of the *Kleines Journal*, who says: "It was a total mistake to intrust the equally important and difficult role of the bad Cicillo to Herr Bulsz. The costume and make-up I call simply abominable. I can imagine that the role had to be offered first to Herr Bulsz, but he should have declined to accept it. \* \* \* I don't underrate Miss Dietrich. One can praise her lovable Gretel, and can find her charming as amiable Annchen, and yet one can be greatly dissatisfied with her impersonation of the in itself grateful role of Sesella. I was disturbed already by the soubrette timbre of her organ. The by no means robust voice could not suffice for the dramatic demands made by the composer. Another choice should have been made."

This is as bad a case of doctors disagreeing, as I have noticed for a long time. In the case of the Bulsz I am in favor of the *Boersen Courier's* judgment. It must also not be overlooked that the part of Cicillo is unusually high baritone, who has to touch the G sharp, and it might be difficult to find many baritones who could accomplish this half as well as Bulsz. I could also find little fault with his acting, barring an occasional tendency to overdo the villain, which, again, the role almost provokes.

Little Miss Dietrich I found very comely and sympathetic, and she sang as well and as purely and musically as she always does. Of course she is not a dramatic soprano, but I really don't see that it is wanted of her. Vocally I liked in this difficult and trying role Miss Reinl far better than I had done Frau Fanny Moran-Olden, who had created the part at the Theater des Westens. Historically this maturer artist gave a stronger and more intense impersonation of the character.

Sommer's beautiful tenor voice shone to advantage in the episode with mandolin accompaniment, and what with Krasa as Pascale and Alma as Pichillo, the cast may really be called a very complete and satisfactory one.

I doubt not that "A Basso Porto" will enjoy as much popularity and will live through as many repetitions at

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the Royal Opera House as it has done at the Theater des Westens last summer.

Concerts were quite as profuse in number, but not all of the importance to deserve extended notice.

Karl Mayer, the always welcome baritone and Scherwin chamber singer, gave a well attended recital in the Singakademie. Of course he sang the Brahms four Ernste Gesaenge and some of the Loewe ballads upon which formerly the elder Gura seemed to hold an all excluding mortgage. Mayer, with his broad and intelligent musical delivery, did well in Gura's domain and was forced to repeat the lively and amusing song "Maedchen sind wie der Wind," in the vernacular Girls are like the Wind. Mayer's voice is less responsive when he uses it piano, and thus Schumann's "Nussbaum" was not one of his most successful offerings.

Of special interest on the program were four songs, or rather Gesaenge, by Hermann Zumpe, which are not generally known. They are settings to poems by Conrad F. Meyer, and are in declamation and the entire construction quite uncommon. The old Lied form is absolutely lost sight of, and Zumpe follows the words without for one moment hesitating to which conclusion they lead him. "Ihr schloeset nicht im gleichen Ton"; Hans Sachs' remark to Walter Stolzing, applies most forcibly to Hermann Zumpe. Still the Gesaenge are very interesting, the ending of "Begrabe nur dein Liebste" very novel and beautiful, and the setting of "Liedersechen" very telling and effective. Karl Mayer made a success with these songs, but in the hands or mouths of less skillful singers and with less clever delivery I doubt whether they would please an average public.

A perfect disgrace and an unpardonable piece of impudence was the piano recital by Frank B. Weltner, of St. Louis, Mo. He played the piano like a schoolboy and his compositions are the efforts of a mere tyro. He essays a waltz and does not even know the difference between a waltz and a mazurka rhythm.

I am told that in piano playing Mr. Weltner is a pupil of Prof. Oscar Raif, and in composition a pupil of Ludwig Bussler. I wonder whether these two distinguished masters knew anything or approved of their pupil's premature "flight into publicity?"

Dr. Ludwig Wüllner announces four song recitals in Bechstein Saal, the first one of which was a Brahms Abend. I fled after the Ernste Gesaenge. As I have often said before Wüllner has no singing voice, and what little he forces out of himself is of disagreeable quality. Declamation alone, be it ever so artful and the conception ever so brainy and well thought out, does not suffice for a singer. And then those horrible grimaces! Death itself cannot look more horrible and appalling than does Dr. Wüllner when he bawls out "O Tod, wie bitter bist du" (Jesus of Sirach, chap. 4). Dr. Wüllner should retire from the concert platform and return to his first love, the stage. But somehow or another they don't seem to want him there either.

A "musical evening" above the usual interest was the first one of two given by Alexander Petschnikoff in conjunction with the Parisian pianist Mile. M. Panthès. The program consisted of four sonatas for violin and piano, two of which by Bach—the first one in B minor and the

second one in A major—are well known. Petschnikoff's tone and style are at moments a trifle too effeminate and sweet for the grand production of the old giant Bach. But this very softness and velvety richness of tone, as well as a certain melancholy, not to say morbidity, of delivery, affected the audience visibly in the slow movements from Locatelli's (1693-1764) interesting G minor sonata. A surprisingly important and really very beautiful work was the still earlier sonata by Heinrich J. F. Biber (1644-1704). It is hardly credible that such a work should have existed and remained utterly unknown up to the present date. Some of the harmonies and general effect sound as modern as Brahms, and really remind one strongly of that master. The gavotte from this Biber sonata would not disgrace Bach, and it so pleased the audience that it had to be repeated. I have my grave doubts, however, whether this sonata has not been touched up by modern hands, for such Doppelgriffe as it contains were not yet written for the violin in the second half of the seventeenth century.

The charm of Petschnikoff's playing and the excellent ensemble of the two young artists did not fail to impress the many listeners most favorably, and they were by no means chary of their applause.

The second program will be a more modern one, made up of sonatas of Mozart, Schubert, Schumann and Beethoven.

Oscar Klemperer, a young violoncellist who held forth in the Singakademie, can hardly claim distinction. He is a weak sort of a player, both in conception and tone, and although, according to his own statement to me, he studied for three years with Klengel at Leipzig and for one year



with David Popper at Budapest, his technic is by no means remarkable for finish and smoothness.

Guenther Freudenberg, a young Berlin musician, who was the pianist of the occasion, in every way outstripped his partner, especially in tone, but even he is not yet the unalloyed mountain of joy that his name would indicate him to represent.

Last night I heard two lady singers, a young one and an old one. The young one was Miss Betsy Schot, who owns a fresh soprano voice with no very great altitude, but of pleasant quality in the medium and lower register. Of her selections I mention a very Schumannesque Lied, "Liebst du um Schönheit," by Clara, not by Robert Schumann. It stood the test of comparison well with the preceding song, "Resignation," by her husband. Outside of these there were three Lieder by the American composer Wilhelm Berger, who was also down upon the program with four pieces for the piano, which he performed with fluent technic and inimitable gracefulness of style, as well as exceptionally sympathetic touch and rich tone nuance. Berger's rondo in B major, although not so very original in invention, is worked out in the best vein of the Liszt species of concert pieces for piano. It was loudly applauded. I was sorry I could not stay to hear the other three compositions and the group of Lieder, but I am assured on good authority that they are of equally pleasing character, and considerable artistic merit.

The other and older vocalist is our old friend Lilli Lehmann, who will give three vocal recitals here within a few weeks of each other. It is wonderful how this artist conserves the still very beautiful remnants of her voice, and above all I admire the consummate art of her delivery and the skill in the use of her voice, which skill is so great and her art so ingenious that she knows how to hide the ravages time has made upon her once glorious organ. Thus only an experienced listener can discern the care with which she vocalizes, especially when using the lower register, in which her voice was never as good as in the upper one. An occasional very slight deviation from the pitch when the voice shows signs of a bit of tiredness, say after four or five successive songs, is likewise only discernible to a critical ear. The general public heard nothing of this and it is good that they do not notice such trifling defects.

They might not perhaps otherwise flock to these song recitals in such masses that the vast hall of the Philharmonie is more crowded by a paying public when Lilli Lehmann sings than it is, as a rule, for the most meritorious and vastly more interesting symphony concert. As it is, the drawing power of Lilli Lehmann, as demonstrated at these recitals, falls just short of the wonderful.

The program consisted of the rarely heard "Dolorosa" Lieder cycle by Jensen, five Schubert songs and six Lieder by Bungert, whom Lilli Lehmann greatly patronizes. There was only one new song among the lot, and this, entitled "Holdes Wissen," does not really amount to much. "Sie will tanzen," from the "Songs of the Sea" cycle, was redemanded, probably because of its irresistible swing and rhythmic effectiveness. Several encores were also insisted upon.

Prof. Reinhold L. Herman accompanied with all his well-known musicianly insight and skill as well as delicacy. His ought to have been a good share of the very

enthusiastic applause which was bestowed upon Lilli Lehmann's efforts.

I saw here yesterday two of the most important theatrical managers, viz., Angelo Neumann, of Prague, and Dr. Loewe, of Breslau. What the former was after here I was unable to find out, but the latter's presence here stands in connection with his big schemes of giving performances of opera in German at Moscow and perhaps at St. Petersburg. It is not unlikely that the de Reszké brothers are at the bottom of this venture of Dr. Loewe's, for he is much too careful an impresario to risk big sums, and an undertaking has to be pretty well assured financially before he meddles with it on his own account. The Reszkés have money and they are eager for successes in Europe.

Talk about the printer's devil! The following is a criticism on the first Berlin Philharmonic concert under Nikisch's direction and with Teresa Carreño as soloist. It was written for the *German Times*, a paper which appears here once a week and in the English language. The writer of the criticism is a young man who possesses a tolerably plain and easily readable handwriting of the American pattern. This is the way the German compositor made the article come out on the proof he gave the writer for correction:

The first Philharmonic Concert under the direction of Arthur Nikisch took place Monday evening Oct. 11, before a large and appreciative Audience. The program was as follows:—

1. Ouverture "Der Freischütz" C. M. von Weber
2. Symphony F major. J. Brahms
3. Concerto for Piano. D minor. A. Rubinstein
4. Overture "Die Feen" (1. time) R. Wagner
5. Vorspiel "Die Meistersinger". R. Wagner

The concert learns little to be said, and less to be criticised. Such names as Nikisch and Carreño speak for themselves. The former was the same master of nuance, of delicate detail, the same passionate and fascinating conductor that he has always been. It is astonishing what Nikisch gets out of an orchestra. The Freischütz Overture, that timeworn, tired, hackneyed piece was innested with such imagination, such beauty of tone shading, such rousing climaxes, and with such perfect balance and clearness, that it became a rare musical treat, perhaps the greatest on the programme Brahms's noble work received a noble reading.

Carreño is a woman of five; an amayone, whose strength and magnificent impetuosity are as irresistible as a cataract. The thundering octave passage in Diminished sevenths, with which the Concerto opens, was given with a sonovitz and a noble sweep that were never abated throughout the whole stuporous performance. The andante, perhaps, could have been imbued with a little more tenderness, a little more "weiblichkeit"; but one hardly missed these qualities, so broad and noble was the reading, especially in the Bach-like middle episode. The Finale was a fitting sequel to first movement. Evenpolet the same passion, the same surging tempos and stupendous climaxes. The concert ended in a breath-taking, overpowering whirl that fairly brought the audience to its feet. If Schopenhauer had known Teresa Carreño, his essay (?) on women might never have been written.

The novelty on the Program was the Feen Overture of Wagner. It has interesting only inasmuch as it has a novelty, and in that it showed the marvelous strides Wagner made between his only Works and the "Trilogy" and "Tristan."

Things operate are upside down at Weimar. When the new intendant, Herr von Vignau, took hold of the management Eugen d'Albert vacated his place as court conductor and gave way to Bernard Stavenhagen. Now this

pianist-conductor is about to lay down the baton and will take with him his wife, Madame Denys-Stavenhagen, the best female singer at the Weimar court opera. It was rumored that Kapellmeister Obrist, of the Stuttgart court opera, would take Stavenhagen's place and that his wife, Frau Hildegard Jenicke, who was formerly at Weimar and was very popular, would return to that city. Herr Obrist, however, is out with a letter in which he denies the soft impeachment and says that his position as Wurtemberg court conductor is good enough for him. In the meanwhile things are at sixes and sevens in Weimar, and this is as it ought to be, for few theatres are worse mismanaged than the old theatre of Goethe and Schiller is at the present time.

My faithful assistant, Leonard Liebling, ventured out into the provinces for the first time last week. He brought home from Stolp, in Pomerania, the following flattering and no doubt well deserved criticism: "Leonard Liebling is still a young artist, but he contributed a considerable share to the success of the concert. An excellent technic, associated with a most delicate conception, made the listeners enjoy the most graceful reproduction of Grieg's pleasing 'Lullaby,' Schumann's brilliant novellette and, above all, the rhythmically interesting Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody. The accompaniments to the performances of the other two artists were likewise skillfully played."

The Munich royal intendant, Ernst von Possart, and Court Conductor Richard Strauss will undertake a joint tournée through Southern Germany and Switzerland, which is to be somewhat of a novelty. It will consist of melodramatic reproductions of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Herr von Possart will recite the poem in his well-known chanting, sing-song style, and Richard Strauss will melodramatically accompany the recitation at the piano, with music he has composed for this purpose.

Chamber Singer Max Buettner, of Colburg, an excellent bass singer and most sympathetic fellow, scored a big success at Barmen last week in a performance of Max Bruch's "Glocke," and sang the bass part in Mendelssohn's "Paulus" here at the Singakademie last night.

Ferdinand Le Borne's opera, "Mudarra," is to be brought out simultaneously at the Berlin and Hamburg opera houses in the near future. This will be one more of the by no means rare instances where a French composer's work will be heard in Germany before it has been produced in his native country.

Miss Rose Ettinger will shortly appear as "guest" at the Berlin Royal Opera House with a view to effecting a permanent engagement.

Miss Minnie Dilthey, of New York, has greatly pleased the audiences and critics of Kiel as Astrafamante in Mozart's "Magic Flute" and as Martha, which latter opera was repeated by request because of the success of our charming little countrywoman.

I met old Niemann the other day on the platform of a horse car. He looked, as I was pleased to notice, quite

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hale and hearty, and no trace of the severe illness that befel him two years ago was discernible. He remembered me immediately, and talked over old times and his stay in the United States, which he says he enjoyed immensely. He particularly asked after Krehbiel, Nembach and a few other friends whom he used to meet at Maurer's on Fourteenth street.

\*\*\*

Edward F. Schneider, of San Francisco, sends me "Drei Klein Lieder" which he has just published with Schlesinger, of Berlin. They are just what the title states them to be—three little songs, no more nor less. More, however, is promised in a letter of Mr. Schneider's, in which he says: "Before many months have passed I shall have a piano sonata and an overture for orchestra to show you."

\*\*\*

Callers at the Berlin headquarters of THE MUSICAL COURIER last week were Miss Hedwig Rossin Rosenfeld, a local singing and vocal teacher; Mr. Virgil, Jr., and wife, from New York; Kapellmeister Richard Fried, of the Damrosch opera, who is on the point of embarking for New York; Prof. Reinhold L. Herman and Herr Musik-director Rudolf Wendel-Hammerstedt. O. F.

#### CONCERT NOTES.

G. Herbert Robinson, of Minneapolis, Minn., who has been studying singing here for the past two years, will soon be ready for a public appearance. He has a magnificent physique, an unusually reliable ear, and, last but not most important, a sonorous, well-trained bass voice.

Miss Lina Coën, from Paris, thinks of accompanying her betrothed, Jacques van Lier, of the Philharmonic Orchestra, to America, in order to concertize with him.

Otto B. Boise, one of the most popular Americans in Berlin, has a wheel—the kind on which persons ride. I can understand the pleasure Mr. Boise must find in mounting his silent steed, and flying the vicinity of augmented triads, diminished sevenths and inverted ninths. It is a wonder Mr. Boise escaped the other kind of wheel.

Last night (October 29) I witnessed the début at the Neues Theater of Ermete Zacconi, the much-heralded new exponent of absolute naturalism on the stage. The piece was Ibsen's "Ghosts." (Spettri). Zacconi's art is magnificently gruesome; so revolting as to be fascinating. Ibsen certainly never dreamed of such a spectacle when he etched his Oswald Alving, for in the original edition of his play there are but few footnotes to indicate to the actor that his audience is to be aware of his condition before Mrs. Alving realizes it from the lips of her son. From the moment Zacconi appears, one cannot be in doubt as to the nature of Oswald's ailment and its ultimate result.

Stuttering, a dragging walk, defective memory, peevishness, thirst, trembling hands and dulled eyes are the realistic symptoms that Zacconi displays with consummate virtuosity. In the two final acts he degenerates visibly. His entire left side becomes affected, and his stammering resolves itself into ineffectual mouthings and mumblings. After each outburst of passion, of despair, he grows weaker, more indifferent than before. The scene with Mrs. Alving, in which he first tells her of his fears, gripped the very heart-strings of the audience. When, at this point, Zacconi broke into a storm of tears, there was hardly a man in the audience who did not sympathize with the actor. Zacconi cries, not as a man does on the stage, but as he would in the presence of his mother. Every detail was marvelously felt and developed. The one crucial moment, in which he trembles between a sense of his dignity and his utter helplessness, was the triumph of histrionic art. A mere touch of his mother's hand suffices to decide the struggle. Oswald breaks down.

In the last act he wanders about the stage in a semi-comatose condition, which is lighted up by a short interval of liveliness after the champagne scene. From that instant on the catastrophe is inevitable. It hovers over every word and action like a great black, sulphurous cloud.

Oswald's mouth begins to twitch, his tongue grows thick, his left arm is stricken with paralysis, and his legs sink under him. His words become mere untidy slaverings, his laugh resolves itself into a hoarse, insane gurgle, and

his hands, those twisted, writhing hands, seem to glide about like soft snakes. He touches everything, retains nothing.

Then comes the hideous climax. A shrinking, a convulsive adjustment of the facial muscles, and Oswald blurts forth his last intelligible words. His voice sounds as from the grave. "The sun—the sun—the sun—" is forced from his fading brain, then comes an idiotic babble, and finally night, black, irrevocable night.

The audience shuddered and screamed itself hoarse. It had looked into the paretic ward of a hospital. Did it enjoy the scene? Did it learn anything? Is Zacconi's virtuosity true art? Those are questions I cannot answer.

LEONARD LIEBLING.

#### A Verlet Acrostic.

All the nations bring thee tribute,  
Lovely songstress from afar.  
In thy presence vanish sadness,  
Comes into the tired heart gladness,  
Ever brilliant like a star.

Varying from its purpose never,  
Every note, O charming girl!  
Ringeth, trilleth like a wild bird  
Lightly scattering showers of pearl;  
Ecstasy and joy to hear  
Thy sweet voice, so true and clear.

**Lillian Blauvelt.**—Lillian Blauvelt has just closed a contract with Wm. R. Chapman to sing in ten concerts in Maine during the month of January. She has also been engaged to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cambridge and Boston.

**Balfe's Son in Poverty.**—London, November 5.—Numerous subscriptions have been received in response to a public appeal issued by M. W. Balfe, a son of Balfe, the famous composer, who is in a condition of extreme poverty. He proposes to purchase a piano-organ on wheels and a pony, and to go through the country playing airs from his father's operas. The manuscripts of Balfe's thirty-two operas, upon which a considerable sum could have been realized by their sale to collectors, were left by the composer's widow to the British Museum. Balfe recently wrote to the Queen explaining his condition and received a reply expressing Her Majesty's sympathy. The missive, however, was not accompanied by a remittance.—*Exchange.*

**It Will Not Be a Second Mikado.**—ROME, November 6.—Pietro Mascagni has almost completed a new opera, the title of which will be "Iris." The subject is Japanese, but it is treated seriously. Mascagni has thrown himself with ardor into the work, and has steeped himself in local color by living for months at Pesaro, surrounded by quantities of Japanese lacquered ware, vases, costumes and musical instruments, all of which were imported from Yokohama. He even serves his guests Japanese tea in the Japanese style.

Hearing that a wealthy Englishman in Florence was possessed of a magnificent Japanese collection, he immediately obtained permission to visit it. The Englishman had a number of musical instruments that were used by the Japanese exclusively at religious ceremonies.

After seeing them Mascagni wrote to Signor Illica, the librettist, requesting him to entirely change the last act of the opera so that the heroine, Iris, should die in a temple during a religious ceremony.

One scene represents a beautiful Japanese landscape, with young girls at play. Iris is present in this scene with her blind father. Another scene is the interior of a splendid palace, to which a rich prince abducts Iris, while still another introduces jugglers and clowns.

The opera will be most expensively staged. The costumes have all been designed by a famous artist. No stage manager, Italian or foreign, will be allowed to mount the opera without conforming to the costumes and general decorations, which the proprietors of the opera, Signori Ricordi, are superintending.—*Sun.*



THE MUSICAL COURIER, 107 AVENUE HENRI MARTIN, PARIS, November 1, 1897.

"THE MEISTERINGERS," PARIS—WAGNER, THE SATIRIST.

THE whole musical centre is stirred up over the "Maitres Chanteurs" in an æsthetic sort of way. No musical conversation is entered into that does not include reference to the event. The most senseless and most sensible remarks are being made. Words of gold, brass, tin and copper are being dropped on the subject, and even wit is having its share on account of the relations between "black mail" and "chantage," the chef of which latter is called in fact "Maitre Chanteur."

Those who love the Wagner music and have not yet heard this sample of it are full of earnest curiosity. Those who saw it elsewhere are eager to make comparisons. Those who have a grudge against the German nation in general and Wagner in particular are prognosticating a grand "chute," and the audience is getting its nice clothes made.

Serious French musicians, who are well in the movement, and well grounded foreign ones feel deeply serious. They know that with all the efforts, all the expense, all the conscience, all the talent and all the rehearsing the real success cannot prevail without conviction on the part of the artists and especially of the chef d'orchestre.

"Conviction" means—it means conviction! It means having an absolute internal certitude as to the conception, as to its tendency and as to its frame. The means of transferring this to the minds of others is quite another thing and comparatively simple; although all the stress is by eight people out of ten laid upon the difficulty of this latter without thought of the former.

To arrive at this "conviction" the first requisite is the inner light—born, not made. One person or two may have this, certainly not a whole company of 200 or 300 people—not even a company of directors. To have it and to be able to stamp the other 199 or 299 with it so as to create a reflective conception would require no less power than that of the master himself, and even he could not do it without time, given even the necessary material.

Besides this inner light there must be outside intelligence. For this one must have actual contact with the actual life out of which the conception grew. (This as a means of stepping back to meet the people's minds in expression.) One must have lived the life, known it, steeped in it, loved it perhaps, till it and the conception have melted into one. Knowledge of the habits and customs is but a small part of this. One must get back into the race motive underlying the habits and customs, must feel the foreign blood in his senses, so to speak. A study

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of the representation already given by others gives nothing whatever, nothing at all of this fusion. Artistic study does not comprise it. Art alone does not and cannot lead to it. The difference remains as between a statue and its original.

Even after having lived and steeped and been permeated by the sentiment through actual life, a great question mark lies in the mind of true observers as to whether even then the facsimile can be reproduced with the true ring, the real vitality that belongs alone to race and blood ownership of sentiment. Theory says "Oh, yes," easily enough. "Time, training, art insight, careful following of the lines must produce the same result."

Alas! observation gives us proof every day that these alone do not prevail. We hear reproductions which are exact as to line, correct as to principle, beautiful and true even in themselves, but which are after all "not that at all!" Any Paddy hearing an Irish song sung by any artist the most finished—not Irish—will emphatically settle a feature of this question—a question admitting of no discussion whatever on his part.

This is especially true of some things, those which are peculiarly marked. Certain things can be safely given by an artist of any nation who is an artist in the true sense. "The Meistersingers" is not one of them.

Besides this inherent obstacle, the last race on earth to assimilate a foreign conception, especially one branded with nationality as is "The Meistersingers," would be the French, the hermits of the earth. Whatever chance of assimilation is given to some people by reason of travel, reading, sympathy for the outside world and study of foreign character, is denied the French, a people absolutely devoid of outlook!

They cannot feel the above as a reproach, inasmuch as it is their chief boast. "What can it interest us what goes on outside! We do not want to know what goes on outside!"

Even the audience could by no possibility know whether the representation was or was not a good one provided it was a beautiful one. An American cannot tell whether an American's French accent is good. It must be a French person who decides. And it is much the same with the appreciation of foreign works out of their frames.

Another thing which must impress the mind of an observer is this: by what law of congruity does the Grand Opéra, which is such a rigid stickler for the grand and noble dramatic lines in opera, reconcile with this the rollicking lines of the German play which is little short of a comedy?

Why was "The Meistersingers" chosen for the Opéra in place of the Opéra Comique? Play of physiognomy, acting, a feature of something underlying the idea of the clown and conversation popular and familiar are certainly more on a parallel with Falstaff than with Otello.

Was not the first Beckmesser an actor by profession, who, chosen for his drollery, was trained to sing the part?

Another thing, the acoustics of the Paris Opéra are notoriously bad; with a peculiar iridescent badness impossible to describe. Sound in the house has a dull, dead, heavy, irresponsible, uncaring effect, that while noisy enough lacks souplesse, resonance, vibration, penetration, sonority. It is the effect of a bar of iron against a bar of iron. This will prevent the appreciation of the chopped novel wording and peculiar ideas, as the immense size and uncomfortable seating will prevent seeing the play of physiognomy and the finesse of acting necessary to the lyric comedy.

Then, too, "every translator is a traitor" was never more truly verified than in the effort to transfer argot Allemand into argot Française to make "The Meistersingers" "Maitres Chanteurs." People who do not read the droll satire find the words very stupid, some the work of a fool. The lack of plot distracts others; "no plot, no intrigue,

no story; an incoherent babel of very common and silly sentiment." The effort of Wilder to put the thing into verse is found still more ridiculous by others. The French score is about the same length as the German, between 400 and 500 pages. Many cuts are made, all in the interest of shortening the work, and of course with the permission of Madame Wagner. They have already been made in Germany, Belgium, and Lyons, France.

It is a pity that even so overlooking a giant as Wagner could not realize the difference between the mind of an interested author working out a mental and harmonic problem and that of an audience looking at the result. A musical part which seems short, ingenious, interesting, necessary even to an author, may seem interminably tedious and wholly unnecessary to an audience. This is natural. All authors and composers would gain could they put themselves in the place of the recipients.

This does not mean that the whole work may be too long, but that passages by too subjective development may create an impression of interminable length, lessening force.

The first act will be about one hour and ten minutes long, the second one hour, the third one hour and twenty minutes. It will probably commence at 7:30 instead of 8 o'clock. Mlle. Acte is to be understudy for Breval as Eva. What responsibility for this young debutante! Who says that people are not looking for talent and are only too glad to find it? This girl (Finlandaise, by the way) walks straight in out of the Conservatoire classroom to the front ranks. Mlle. Lafargue did exactly the same thing last year. Renaud has already played his Beckmesser with success in Brussels.

The wife of one of the personnel who has been listening to the study of the opera for the past few months declares positively that she would become insane did the thing continue much longer. The incessant and unending grind of dissonance, the unsatisfied resolutions, the constant harmonic agitation without repose, the never dropping "rising inflection" of points and periods have worked upon her nerves in such a way that she has become hysterical. She finds her nerves all on edge, her temper upset; faith, hope and charity all in suspense; the worst traits in her character all in exercise and all the best sent back out of reach. As she expresses it, she hates it and she never gets enough of it. It excites and never satisfies.

The study for the opera has already lasted four months. Yesterday was the first ensemble rehearsal. The chorus has been increased by fifty members, making the chorus personnel now 150. The figurants have also been increased. At the finale of the third act there will be 350 persons on the stage. The scenery has been made by M. Amable, a painter distinguished in this line. The scenes are superb, and may be the best part of the opera after all.

The costumes have been designed, after the originals of course, by M. Bianchini, and have been made in the Opéra ateliers. How the dainty French women scoff at them as "Dutch"! The total expenses of mounting is estimated at 125,000 or 150,000 frs.

The greatest difficulty was threatened by the conflict between the roaring "outdoor" orchestra, screaming at full force, and the singers.

It is a most peculiar thing how such frail and refined people as French musicians lean to noise in musical accompaniment. This is observable in the simplest ballad accompaniment by piano, as in the orchestras everywhere. The heaviest German that ever grew will not make the piano disturbance that will a frail, small pale boy or girl in a studio or salon accompaniment, and almost all the work of both opéra and opéra comique is marred by the orchestra.

A strike ensued at one of the most important of the rehearsals here, when the singers simply sat down and said it was useless to proceed. One of them in most gentle

and refined accents expressed his views of the folly of making a pantomime of singing or of bellowing hoarse the throats of singers who cannot themselves hear one note for ten or fifteen minutes. The French director went blue, white and red with rage at the imputation, but after a tiny French dance of a few hours settled down to a "juste milieu." For a time, indeed, the sound body seemed weak, but probably it will round out before the night of action.

Madame Breval, who has distinguished herself as Brünnhilde and Venus, will have the part of Eva. Alvarez will be Walther, Renaud Beckmesser. Fournets will be understudy with Delmas as Hans Sachs: Vaguet David, and Gresse Pogner.

This will be the fourth Wagnerian play given in Paris, "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Walküre" and "Meistersingers." These, with the "Flying Dutchman" at the Opéra Comique and "Tristan and Isolde" at Aix, make six given in France, notwithstanding French chauvinism and the Jockey Club.

There is not a trace of "feeling" anywhere in the city in regard to the work. The chauvin and the Wagnerian enragé have both rounded in with the steady rhythmic à pas of twentieth century internationality.

Sincere music love, blasé indifference, snobbism, habit, lack of vitality in art feeling, fashion and the massing of superb superficialities will most probably make of the "Maitres Chanteurs" a "great success."

\*\*\*

If homely, a woman has no business to think of a career unless exceptionally endowed.

\*\*\*

In the difficulties of the foreign education neither pupils nor teachers are to blame. It is the conditions surrounding both that are unhinged.

\*\*\*

M. Weckerlin has been for twenty-seven years librarian of the Conservatoire library. A complete musical and literary education preceded his nomination. (Everyone has to be so well prepared to do everything in France.) Almost the first thing he remembers as an experience was the coming of Louis Philippe to hear the Conservatoire examinations.

Music was always such a real thing to him that he used to weep during the class representations, which he avows were "not bad." The passion of his life has been composition. He writes avidously at all odd minutes, as boys eat apples on the playground. The chagrin of his life has been the lack of light in the building out of work hours. No lighting is allowed on account of the danger to the collections, so the good man, after his twenty-seven years of service, is happy to trot down at early morning to have the good three or four hours light before "opening." It is generally dark under the gray French skies and wide caves at 4 o'clock, so if there is some fascinating strain yet to be caged in notation he lights his trusty lantern and places it on the desk beside him and is one of the happiest men in the city of Paris for another hour or two.

In addition to his ordinary well-known works and recent four-hand pieces, such as "Les Catacombes de Rome," "Souvenirs de l'Inde," "Scenes Bretonnes," "Nuits d'Orient," &c., he has written thirty operas "out of hours." "One never recovers from the malady," he says. Money? Fortune? What are they? he asks, when the result of his work is mentioned. The man is absolutely devoid of money sense, cooped up there with the mental musical treasures of France. So small has the library space become for the immense and always growing collections that all the German works have had to be removed to the floor above, where they are difficult and unhandy to reach and almost impossible to select a volume from. Everything is three deep in the library. The

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last addition to the books was a collection of six masses by Févin, 1515, printed by Petrucci, inventor of the first movable note system of music printing.

This trouble of the quickly darkening of the Conservatoire rooms and lack of lighting is one of the causes of the proposed demolition. Nothing is yet decided upon except the removal of the orchestra to the Opéra. In fact that orchestra is Conservatoire only in name, being under Opéra directorship, with Opéra musicians, for years.

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New regulations in regard to the Conservatoire are causing much commotion in musical circles. (Every change causes a commotion in France.) In the first place, the idea of having the last competition exercises in private raised a perfect howl among those habituated to their "concours" exercises from time immemorial. It was even bruited that a certain secession was premeditated and the erection of a paid Conservatoire was actually spoken of. The matter has been compromised by allowing the press admission.

An excellent new measure recently instituted, however, is in relation to the testing of talent on entering and leaving the school. Heretofore one piece of music has been used in both examinations. From now on the pupil must play two or three pieces of wholly different styles equally well, besides the sight reading exercise. This is more just, both in view of weeding out insufficiency and of giving talent greater liberty. For example, in the last examination pupils there were who could play brilliant, effective and very difficult pieces with great effect, but upon and from whom the namby-pamby Guiraud selection fell perfectly flat, so that sufficient justice was not done to real capability. In the entering examinations, likewise, the jury might be deceived by the brilliant effect of one who had no opposing qualities. And as symmetry in power is one of the objects of the institution the test was incomplete. Three pieces, instead of one, will henceforward be played for entry examination.

As has been repeatedly shown here, the judgment of the jury in the Paris Conservatoire is not wholly confined to the execution of a piece of music by pupils. Natural gift, artistic insight, character, power to study and bear and persevere, are all noted and averaged in the summing up. The whole intention is ever to weed out, keep out, send away all material not predestined to the real artistic career.

Even the question of age is taken seriously into consideration. Other things being equal, the girl of sixteen has the chance of entry over one of eighteen years of age. Before appearing before the jury for examination the aspirants have the privilege of playing three pieces before a piano professor of the school, whose opinion again goes into the average. A stranger, besides other recommendations, must have a letter for the director, M. Dubois, from some authority, or from the ambassador.

"I don't quite see what my ambassador has to do with the education of my daughter," ventured a bristling foreign individual who wanted his daughter in the Conservatoire. The professor smiled gently and said nothing. The Conservatoire always smiles quietly and says nothing to surprised outside individuals. She herself is only a servant, a modest, zealous, loyal servant of Art, whose bidding she holds to be higher than that of pupils' or parents' wish or will.

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When I see the rag-bag confusion that exists in musical educational circles outside of the National Conservatoire, the catering, the bickering, the evasion, crudeness and egoism of the efforts to weld money, self-interest, false ambition, ignorance, &c., to art, my heart goes out in hope (which is prayer) that America may come to see

the necessity of a national conservatory of music before too long.

Think of the money that goes out in the ill advised, unbased, unfruitful struggle to arrive at art results by all the by-roads leading away from the real Art. Think of the riches of money going every which way in our country and still waiting to go other which ways, half of which would go far toward the foundation of a national music school and normal school combined! There is no reason why we should not have one. Without one there is no possibility, no hope of the real musical sense ever coming to our people. It must ever remain mongrel—commercial.

There is no hope whatever of ever getting the help they need in this way by our students from the Conservatoire professors here. Involved in the routine and tradition of centuries for their own race, they are powerless to lift their eyes to the needs of a stranger nation. When some of them were appealed to as to the advisability of founding among them a preparatory conservatoire for strangers for instruments alone, by which they should be well paid, they simply shrugged their faithful, sleepy shoulders and replied: "Since we are so well off as we are, what is the necessity of changing our mode of life, of increasing means of much bother." This is the mold on the art merit here all over: "Since we are so well why change?" Always that same fatalist song, morning, noon and night at every corner: "Since it is so it must be."

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It is a very great pity this spirit is here. There is in Paris an element in the artistic education which is absolutely essential and cannot be had elsewhere on earth. But those who could do the foreign student most good are so hopelessly immovable! They will not reach out to our needs, they will not place themselves au courant with our conditions; they will not read, they will not instruct themselves on the outside world. They will not make themselves valuable to us in the broad sense.

Home papers laugh at the idea of an American coming here to establish a school for Americans in Paris. The idea has a bizarre, incongruous tone on first hearing, but really when I see the floundering misunderstanding that for the most part exists between American needs and French supplies I sometimes think that an American, with his broad, liberal outlook, his international intelligence, his immense executive ability, his control of big money to make movements swing free, would be the only person to best utilize French gifts for our necessities.

Of course the home conservatoire would be the correct thing, and after that our home professors will within a decade have the burden of events within their own hands. But in between and for the present there is a big waste of floating material, both in teaching and learning departments, that could be much more practically managed than it is were there a head and a pocketbook to control the executive.

Besides that there will always be, during this generation anyway, a fund of artistic resource in Paris which cannot be imported, exported, borrowed, bought or stolen—the intrinsic art spirit in the race and race elements in the city.

But, as I have repeated over and over again, by reason of the lack of outlook, of executive, of initiative, and by the mixture of money interest with the matter, pupils, though surrounded by it, do not come in contact with this spirit, no more than does the body of the man in a diving bell with the water of the ocean in which he is.

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One way, however, in which the French Conservatoire might still further benefit its own pupils is by obligatory decentralization. There are all through the country of France young people of musical talent whose dream and

aim it is to get to the Paris Conservatoire, but whose circumstances do not permit of residing in the city for so many years. They would be only too happy to receive in their own homes a certified conservatoire education or even to pass through the preliminary grounding necessary to a speedy and successful course or even preparation for one of the six branch conservatoires throughout the state.

Instead of that they all huddle and suffocate in Paris, dragging along a wretched, hidden existence, while they might become shining lights, prosperous and valuable elsewhere. The horror of leaving home and the traditional idea that one commits the unpardonable sin in "expatriating" himself or herself from the family and from the walls of Paris is responsible for this.

It is a heartrending thing to see young men and women with superb equipment and ardent, loyal, musical hearts clinging around to middle age in the already burdened household, eagerly striving not to add to the weight of care by teaching a pupil here and there at penny prices. Some of them, brave and loyal hearts, even aim to support loved ones on these chips and shavings of remuneration. All worthy their motive, but how much better they could assist others did they go out boldly and build places and positions for themselves.

women "premier prix." (Think what it means to be

Every year there is an average of four men and four women "Premier Prix" (think what it means to be "premier prix"!), all of whom settle right down here in crowded Paris to lesson hunting and lesson giving at 50 centimes and 80 centimes each. They have nothing on earth to recommend them above hosts of other premier prix, equally or better equipped as professors. Shrinking with timidity and without a sou to their names, they have not the ghost of a chance of reaching the strong, crude foreigners, who reach for the "head lights," not for teaching, and who certainly will never seek for young people of whom they do not know the existence.

Of the eight who annually leave the school possibly one goes straight to the light by reason of certain qualities outside of musical training, or by distinctly superior genius. And then we have a Mlle. Acté, who has been so singularly crowned with success at début in the Opéra; Mlle. Kleeberg, Leon Delafosse, Risler; the talented and beautiful Marie Panthès, who has already reached Berlin; Mlle. Hansen, who at twenty has been playing her own compositions in Brussels; one who at sixteen is a successful teacher at Boulogne; Mlle. Bonnard, who is the rehearsal teacher in the Pugno piano school; Madame Jossic, Mlle. Rose Depecker, Mlles. Pignatta, Fulcran and others. But for these few en route the rest are broods of Conservatoire children vainly swimming the current of mistaken application of their qualities. In the interest of musical education and of full stomachs they should be encouraged out into the big weeding fields of endeavor by some strong, guiding influence.

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The Pugno school, by the way, is a very interesting one, of which more later in these columns. Mme. Marie Escalais has recently been appointed professor du chant there and has already begun work. Madame Escalais was for several years a favorite singer at the Paris Opéra, and has a charming home near the Madeleine. She enters into her work with ardor and enthusiasm. A method for vocal training just issued by her husband, the well-known tenor, will be used in the school. Details of the education and career of this excellent teacher may be found in THE COURIER of July 7, 1897. M. André Wormser, who replaces M. Pugno at the Conservatoire, will direct this school during the American tournée.

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People who read of a disturbance at the Colonne Concert last Sunday, on the occasion of M. Pugno's last ap-



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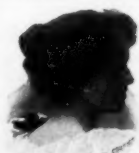
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pearance, do not all understand the cause of the tumult. It is that M. Pugno's popularity has been so sudden and so strong in Paris that for some time it has been a source of grievance to some, and especially to pupils of some. Six and seven recalls after a piece whenever and wherever he appeared had already begun to tell upon the nerves of many at the close of last season. Prospects of a recommencement of the performance at the Colonne openings fanned the flame to almost a riot. People in the audience not in the feeling, but wishing more orchestra and less piano on general principles, joined in with the "assez, assez" and increased the confusion. That is all there was of it. It is a singular fact that here, wherever or with whom M. Pugno plays, he is who has always the lion's share of the applause. I heard Mr. Grieg say myself that he had never heard his work played on the piano so marvelously as M. Pugno played it. It is to be hoped that he will find the same appreciation in America. But no human can ever anticipate in such matters. One thing this pianist should certainly aim to do, is to do away with his music while playing in public.

Among the standard study music in the Conservatoire are the Henselt concert studies, Alkan Etudes, Czerny's Ecole for left hand, Bach's fugues transposed by pupils, &c. The pieces which intersperse the serious studies are called "Bon-bons." Among recent "bon-bons" given were Chopin Fantaisie, op. 49; Schumann Sonata in G minor, "Sonata Appassionata" and D minor Sonata, the "Moonlight Sonata" and Liszt's "Erl King." This for children of fourteen to sixteen. The limit of age to the piano classes is eighteen.

The Paris Temps gives an interesting resumé of the National Theatre activity in Paris.

It appears that among other measures the traditional censor is to be replaced by a commission of examination of dramatic works, composed of writers, dramatic authors, artists and men of standard taste. The barracks on the Faubourg Poissonnière, the same street on which the back gateway of the Conservatoire opens, is proposed as the site for the new building. It is to be hoped that provision will be made for the admission of air and light into the new building. The old one occupies 3,485 metres.

It was a cruel war of insinuating upon progress, but it is true that the terrible bazaar disaster has been the source of much improvement in theatrical doorways and staircases. Of course it is all small and petty, but it is something. At the Opéra various small openings and tiny steps have made their appearance and are a wonderful aid in getting out speedily.

Ten new operas and seven "reprises" have been added to the Opéra repertory since the disastrous scenery fire in the Rue Richer in '94: "Otello," "Thais," "Djelma," "Aida," "Montaigne Noir," "Hamlet," "Hélène," "Don Juan," "Messidor," "Les Huguenots," "Romeo and Juliet," "Tannhäuser," "Fredegonde," "Favorite" and "Korrigane," "Coppelia," "l'Etoile." The scenery of "Faust" has been remade, also that of "William Tell" is almost finished. The scenery of "The Prophet," "l'Africaine," "Le Cid," "Freischütz," "La Juive," "Muette" and "Patrie" are yet to be completed. The scenery of "The Prophet" and "Patrie" are valued at 100,000 frs.

By a law of the Opéra two works by French composers must be given each year. After "The Meistersingers"

the operas of "William Tell" and "Briséis," by Chabrier, will be given. "Faust" leads the list of representations always. It was given thirty-two times in '96. The 1,100th representation was given on Friday night. Seventy-three foreign works were given the same year. An average of some 80,000 frs. are annually lost to the management. One hundred and fifty thousand francs was estimated the concert loss of last year. It is to be seen how the Conservatoire Society will succeed this year.

A censor should have been kept in the interest of silence during the music of the operas here. At the "Huguenots" last evening, in the nine rows of the amphitheatre circle, reaching down to the orchestra seats and for six couples wide in any part, at times during the opera there were not two persons not talking all at once, most of them out loud. Really musical people could not do this and really musical people could not stand it. Paris does not mind it in the least, does not notice it indeed.

The inauguration of the Opéra Comique is indefinitely postponed, with a star of hope opposite 1898. In six years M. Carvalho has mounted seventy-four acts, reproduced thirty-eight and given twelve translations. Within two years "Guernica," "La Jacquerie," "Orphée," "Vivandière," "Navarraise," "Xavière," "Chevalier d'Harmant," "Femme de Claude," "Kermaria," "Don Juan," "Don Pasquale" and "Pardon de Plœrmel" have been given as new or reproductions.

The work done by the Odéon is more enormous than interesting. The regular work of the theatre is well enough, but in the effort to give series of classic dramas on Thursday afternoons with lectures, and on Mondays without, a mass of unknown works are given, of course, as trials or as illustrations. The language and thought of many of these, while out of sympathy with modern sentiment, are not sufficiently lifted into the domain of universality by genius, as are the few standards of Molière, Racine, &c. As a consequence, except as studies, they fall flat. In the past season eight tragedies and comedies and five reproductions have been given from classic repertory and eighteen new pieces have been given: "Capitaine Fracasse," "Le Danger," "L'Etranger," "La Promesse," "Irreguliers," "Le Chemineau," "Les Yeux Clos," "La Belle Mère," &c. The Odéon has opened its doors to fifteen authors hitherto unknown to the stage world.

Light, space, improvement are eagerly called for in all the national buildings. Over 7,000,000 francs are called for in the National Library alone to meet growing requirements. Light, for example, so that the building may be open in the evenings; buildings expressly for newspapers, manuscript documents and valuable printings not books. Proper classification is impossible in all this class of places in Paris through lack of space.

"Les Fétards," at the Palais Royale, music by Roger, and the "Marriage of Figaro" at the Odéon, with Colonne orchestra, this week. Saint-Saëns is in town, this time on Faubourg St. Honoré, and already having his trunks looked over in view of the first cold day. Inauguration of a monument to Madame Carvalho at the Père Lachaise, November 3. First band of Russia coming next week. M. Innes, the celebrated American bandmaster, with his charming and pretty wife, in the city. Cordially received by M. Pares, director of the Garde Républicaine, invited to special rehearsal by the first band

in France and to the recent grand ball at the City Hall, where the Garde played. It would be charming if the handsome French Garde should be invited to play in America.

Loie Fuller is annoyed here because she cannot get the orchestra of the Folies Bergère to bring their music to the poetry of her dancing. They rush through at hand-organ tempo, over the light and shade which are the success of her unique work. They will not realize that the work is an innovation and must be innovated to. They probably have a tempo tradition down there which is ironclad as all the other traditions here. One becomes almost disgusted with tradition in Paris life. It gets into everything—like moths.

Mr. Guilmant sends his sixth sonata to the printers this morning. He will play it in America. He expects to leave for America November 26, probably on the Bretagne. The Minister of Beaux Arts, M. Roujon, dined with the family yesterday, partly to visit with the organist before his departure and partly to talk and discuss and learn about the "Maitres Chanteurs." For M. Guilmant is one of the best Wagnerians in France, as savant in knowing all about it and as admirer, being enthusiastically fond of the great school. The German score of the "Maitres Chanteurs," almost 500 pages, lies on the piano when it is not on the piano rack, the master unearthing the peculiarities and wonders and discussing, explaining, asking and answering questions and declaring his love for it.

M. Fournets is winning laurels for himself every night in the "Huguenots," where his Saint Bris is one of the best representations in the opera. His diction, the originality and force of his playing, his magnetism and superb voice are much commented upon. And now it appears that Delna, in her hopeless struggle with the Italian sounds, has renounced the Milan engagement.

What idiots people are about teaching language. Why do they not use phonics? Phonics, the memorizing of the sounds of the language before the combination of the sounds in words. Why do not people commence with phonics? as America has done with English for her foreigners, as the Yersins have taught us to do with French. When will people decide to do this simple thing, without which language is impossible either in speaking or in singing?

Talk of Méhul's "Joseph" at the Opéra. It was given a quarter of a century ago at the Opéra Comique, but 's thought now to be much better adapted for the Grand Opéra repertory. M. Bourgault Ducoudray will have the task of changing the prose parts into recitative, in obedience to the requirements of "Grand Opéra," which allows no talking except in the audience. "Gauthier," "D'Aquitaine," "The Prophet" and "Thais" will also be given this year.

Ristori is in the city. The Milan Conservatoire has arranged to have foreign pupils taught by the professors out of hours, the pupils to pay for the privilege. All the rules and observances of the institution will be followed and the training the same as that given to the regular pupils.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

**Stella Niles.**—Stella Niles, the soprano, has recently composed a song entitled "The Blue Bird," which she is singing with great success. Miss Niles possesses a voice of real purity and sweetness, which she uses with admirable taste and skill.

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539 FULTON STREET, November 15, 1897.

A WEEK full of splendid music has just passed, a week which will not soon be forgotten by those who attended the several affairs of great importance. There is yet something to be said about Brooklyn audiences, and it is that they are not yet eager enough for music for its own sake to fill a house without resorting to the most heroic, titanic measures.

The house which greeted the Boston Symphony on Friday was nothing short of—well, to put it mildly, uncomfortable; that is, it made me uncomfortable, because when Mr. Paur turned and faced the audience I felt a direct question: "Where is that music loving public that the Brooklyn correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER talks so much about?" and I can only say that if I have been misrepresenting, inadvertently of course, in the past I will not do so in the future.

Even under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute the house was empty. To educate a public is a very difficult thing. It does not begin when people are old. We are suffering now from the lack of musical atmosphere of thirty years ago. Is it not worth while looking into the future?

With the power to act that the Brooklyn Institute possesses, the educational side of its work might be strengthened materially and it would become philanthropic. Permit me to offer a suggestion which will bear more consideration than a hasty glance.

The Institute knows now as well as it ever will know that the gallery of the Academy of Music never does and never will hold anyone on the afternoon performances (unless Joseffy were to be the soloist). Why not—and I know that Mr. Paur and every man in his grand organization would bear me out—why not give that gallery to one of the public schools each time. I mean give it to the school—invite one school to each afternoon appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to occupy the gallery, and in each young mind the spark for music *per se* (not because of the soloist) would be kindled, and one might look into a bright future for music instead of a chaotic conglomeration of the fads and fancies of society, where the attraction is not the art but the artist; where it is only a case of "whose turn next?"

In this way the educational side of the Institute would not be a dead letter and contributors to its support would feel that they were doing more with their money than simply making it possible to bring these attractions here for those who wished to attend them.

Detail of the programs of the Boston Symphony is unnecessary, because of the New York reviews, and the programs were much the same, which is rather a pity, as very many come from New York here or go from here there. Suffice it to say that when Mr. Paur made his appearance the leonine conductor and musician knew he was among his friends. In what a magnificent condition this great orchestra is! What a privilege, what an education

to hear it! Mr. Paur's orchestra is a noble setting for the diamond-like purity of Joseffy's art. His accompaniment of this great Schumann concerto was the most perfect thing conceivable.

What would be left for me to say of Joseffy were it not for the fact that this was the first time that I have ever heard him, and it may be interesting to my readers to know my impressions. To me he was grander in his subservency and deference to the composer's idea than he could ever have been had he given full play to that impeccable crystalline technic to which nothing within human possibility seems impossible. His tempi, rubati, shadings, crescendi were all essentially musical, poetic, intelligent. Every note, however, proved that he was only serving one master, and that was Music, and yet I cannot help wondering whether Music is not serving one master and that master is Joseffy.

All honor to the man who gives the dignity to the encore that Joseffy does when he gives those dainty little color flashes of Brahms, as he gave here on Saturday night! Such interpretations will not be heard again until Joseffy comes back. A bientot! The house was filled from the foyer to the footlights and from the floor to the ceiling.

On Friday afternoon the soloist was Mrs. Marion Titus, a young soprano, of Boston, whose clear, pure voice will command attention beyond a doubt. Whereas there is nothing in Mrs. Titus' voice to remind one of the amateur, she is so young in the career that one can only realize what time will do for her. She has plenty of dramatic fire, a musical sense and a charming stage presence. Mrs. Titus' studies have all been in America and she is studying with the determination to succeed.

On Tuesday night a magnificent concert was given at the Academy of Music by the Marcella Sembrich Company, which in addition to the aforesaid great singer consisted of Campanari, Carbone, Dante del Papa and the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra under Bevnigani. Again did Brooklyn let two of the greatest artists sing to a small audience. Sembrich was magnificent and should have been a great lesson to all who heard her, for she is the most satisfying artist from every standpoint.

Campanari fairly carried the audience into raptures, for he is simply superb. His intonation is faultless, as is also his tone production and he is one living mass of temperament. There has been no greater voice before the Brooklyn public for a long time, if ever, and then it would be interesting to know whose it was.

The reception and musicale given at the St. George to the guests and their friends was the most brilliant affair that has been given in social circles this season. There were about 500 people assembled in the pretty banquet hall of this fashionable hotel, and they listened to as fine a group of artists as could be presented anywhere under any circumstances.

Mme. Marie de Levenoff, the French pianist, was received in a manner that proved the intelligence of the audience, for Mme. de Levenoff is no player of ordinary calibre, but a pianist of distinction and talent. Her crisp, clean delivery, her poetic interpretations, the delightful dash of capriciousness and abandon which are so markedly and essentially French make Mme. de Levenoff a fine acquisition to any musical community, and I can only earnestly hope that Mme. de Levenoff will soon gain the standing that she has enjoyed in Paris, for she has the talent to justify her in expecting it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrup, who became so well known through the long tour that she made with Sousa, received

a royal welcome, as she is a great favorite in Brooklyn. Mrs. Northrup sings charmingly. It is refreshing to hear her, and, whether in aria or a ballad, Mrs. Northrup has a control over her audience which is nothing short of magnetic.

Mr. Frank Downey, who has become prominent as a teacher, sang a group of his own songs, and revealed a baritone voice of fine quality, which should be heard oftener in public. He sang himself into favor at once. The accompaniments were in the hands of Miss Josephine Mildenberg, who played them delightfully, which might be expected, as Miss Mildenberg sings beautifully herself, is an accomplished pianist and is a sister of Mr. Albert Mildenberg, of whom all of Brooklyn may be proud.

I am indebted to Mr. Robert Thallon for a rare treat on Saturday morning at 10, when, in addition to his pupils, who discharged their duties capably, the artists who assisted were Ondricek, the violinist, and Leo Schultz, 'cellist, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Both men are of exceptional merit, and gave most intelligent and interesting presentations. They also gave a novelty which was absolutely charming in effect. They played a duo for violin and 'cello which was as full and as complete as if it had been in the hands of four.

The Amaranth Dramatic Society gave its first play on Wednesday night, when the Shakesperian comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing" was presented, with the cast herewith appended. Mr. E. A. Kent, in the incidental solos, sang with very much success and made good the reputation he had established for himself upon previous occasions.

Benedict.....	Hugo Wintner
Dogberry.....	Harry F. Hill
Leonato.....	Harry C. Edwards
Verges.....	John J. Correll
Don Pedro.....	Albert N. Shideler
Count Claudio.....	Harry M. Stoops
Don John.....	Arthur P. Dunkley
Antonio.....	Franklin S. Brady
Borachio.....	Augustus Oelrichs
Conrad.....	Fred. Longrin
Friar Francis.....	Martin A. Otto
Priest.....	Wm. Downing
Balthazar.....	W. L. Hopkins
Seacoal.....	A. F. Fitzgerald
Oatcake.....	Clifford E. Dunn
Beatrice.....	Helene Wintner
Hero.....	Marion Stanley
Ursula.....	Lillias Robb
Margaret.....	May Lockwood Correll

Mr. Krehbiel was welcomed back on Thursday by many eager to avail themselves of his valuable talks, which have lost none of their fascination. These lectures are now given in Association Hall, instead of in the Art Building. The piano demonstrations were made by Miss Lotta Mills and Mr. Aldrich.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Perlee Jervis gave his first pupil recital and talk on the clavier method. Miss Jervis, who plays very tastefully, and Miss Peck furnished the piano numbers and Mr. Frank Burnham, from Hartford, sang. Mr. Burnham has an agreeable baritone voice.

The pupils of Mrs. Florian Higgins gave a creditable recital on Wednesday evening. I regret having mislaid the program and thereby I am unable to give detail, for I was there and was interested. Miss Anna Young, who is well known among the German societies, is one of the pupils and, from the fact that Miss Young stands, as it were, in the professional field, I will say that I wish she

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would watch the tendency to a tremolo in her voice, for otherwise it is beautiful.

Mrs. Richardson-Kuster, of whom I spoke often last season, gave a pupils' recital on Friday evening and, although I was not there, I know it must have been good, because she gave it.

The pupils of Mrs. H. L. Robinson gave a recital. Those who appeared were the Misses Burke, Mary B. Bon, Ruth Nesmith, Kathleen Lynch, Marian Keep, Mrs. Thornton. Mrs. Robinson closed the entertainment by playing an octave etude of Kullak and the "Magic Fire" of Wagner.

On Sunday evening a very fine program with many novelties was well given by the Brooklyn Quartet Club, under the direction of Mr. Carl Fiqué. Those who assisted were Miss Anna Young, soprano; Mr. John Bierschenck, tenor; Mr. W. J. Schilde, baritone, and an orchestra composed of the Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra. Two choruses by Mr. Fiqué were given, which were awarded the first prize at the Philadelphia Saengerfest this year.

The first organ recital of the season, which is the twenty-fourth in number given by Mr. Abram Ray Tyler, the talented organist of the New York Avenue M. E. Church, was given on Saturday. Miss Marian Walker assisted, and a fine program was played.

The song recital given in Wissner Hall by Mrs. Augusta Ohrstrom Renard and Miss Rebecca MacKenzie was an artistic success. Mrs. Renard and Miss MacKenzie, although both sopranos, have such contrasting qualities of voice that the specialty which they make of duets is quite interesting. Miss Bertha O'Reilly played the accompaniments very well.

A fine program has been arranged for the chamber music recital to be given in Historical Hall by Miss Maud Powell, Miss Leontine Gaertner and Mrs. Bertha Grosse-Thomason, assisted by Mr. Fritz Heiland and the well-known baritone, Mr. John C. Dempsey.

In answer to many questions I will state that it will occur on Tuesday, November 23, and I regret not to be able to comply with the request for a program, as it has not yet been handed to me.

The large concert of the Brooklyn Saengerbund will occur next Sunday night, when Miss Florence Terrel, the talented young pianist, will appear with orchestra.

Mrs. Emma Aron, whom I had the pleasure of hearing last season, and whom I then admired greatly, will be the soprano. Another number of deep interest will be the first presentation of one of Mr. Kommenich's clever compositions.

Here is the program:

Prelude, Meistersinger.....	Wagner
Orchestra.....	
Ride of Death.....	Zoellner
Male chorus, a capella.....	
Piano concerto, G minor.....	Saint-Saëns
Florence Terrel and orchestra.....	
The Magic Minstrel (first presentation).....	Kommenich
Soprano solo, male chorus and orchestra.....	
Emma Aron.....	
Fantaisie.....	Becker
Festival Procession.....	Kaun
Orchestra.....	
Summer Rest.....	Weweler
In May.....	Gall
Orchestration by Alex. Rihm.....	
Ladies' chorus and orchestra.....	
Aria, Cross of Fire.....	Bruch
Emma Aron and orchestra.....	
Forest Dreams.....	Kremser
Barcarole.....	Leu
Male chorus, a capella.....	
Piano soli, Capriccio.....	Klein
Valse, E major.....	Moskowski
Florence Terrel.....	
Overture, Freischütz.....	Weber
(By request).....	
Orchestra.....	
Victorious Goths (first presentation).....	Kriegeskottoro
Instrumentation by L. Kommenich.....	
Mixed chorus and orchestra.....	

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After the concert of the Boston Symphony a few friends assembled informally at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mildenberg to pay tribute to Joseffy, who was delightfully entertained at their hospitable home. Here the great artist was the simple man, and by the charming cordiality of his manner and the total lack of all affectation he made everyone realize that his true, honest, superior art is due to this modesty and absence of pomp, which makes this great man greater.

During the evening Mr. Albert Mildenberg, whose prominent position as pianist, teacher and composer is due to Mr. Joseffy in addition to his own remarkable talent, played some sketches from a delightful scherzo in course of construction, and Mr. Henry Holden Huss played the first movement of his heroic piano concerto, which so many are anxiously waiting to hear in public.

It is a noble piece of work and Mr. Huss is wrong to keep it so long from the public. He should be heard with some of the large orchestral concerts. The guests who enjoyed this delightful evening were Mr. and Mrs. Joseffy, Col. and Mrs. Henry T. Chapman, Jr., Mr. Harry Chapman, Mr. Henry Holden Huss, Mr. August Walther, Mr. Perlee Jervis, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Graham Reed and  
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To know how to transpose is to know how to read music. No intelligent reader thinks of the solfeggio. As Victor Herbert once said to the author of this remarkable system, "Read by solfeggio? What do you mean? What is solfeggio?"

It is simply a crutch that you cannot get along without after you have adopted it, and where the system steno-phonetic takes it from you, makes you forget it and puts you on an intelligent musical basis, so that you read as you read a language, in sentences as easily in one key as another; that means reading music and understanding it.

The course varies according to the musical standing of the reader or student. Some students will develop at the end of a month into adepts at reading; others not so quickly. Those beginning the year uncertain of their possibilities as readers are requested to call on the authoress, Miss May Florence Smith, on Saturday mornings between 11 and 12 o'clock, at her new studio, 566 Fifth avenue, near Forty-sixth street.

**New Christmas Songs.**—One of the most charming of Christmas songs is "The Story of the Christ-Child," music by Frank N. Shepperd, just published. The words recount anew the "dear old story" with thrilling realism, and the composer has fully imbued his music with the joyous and divine spirit of their meaning. It is truly a song for the multitude. Published for soprano or tenor; also for contralto or baritone. Issued also in anthem form (octavo). White-Smith Music Publishing Company, Boston, New York, Chicago.

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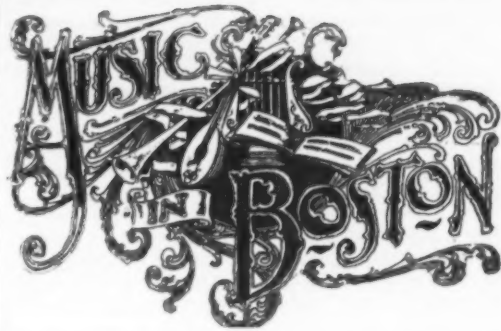
CONCERN

ANITA RIO

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ORATORIO



BOSTON, Mass., November 14, 1897.

I TRIED last week to tell you that I thought the Leonore Overture No. 2 was more dramatic than the Leonore No. 3. But either the linotype machine or the proof-reader rose up and choked me, and the result was confusion.

Do you remember the strange passage in De Quincey's Autobiography: "Let, for instance, any person of musical sensibility listen to the exquisite music composed by Beethoven, as an opening for Bürger's 'Leonore,' the running idea of which is the triumphal return of a crusading host decorated with laurels and with palms, within the gates of their native city; and then say whether the presiding feeling in the midst of this tumultuous festivity be not by infinite degrees transcendent to anything so vulgar as hilarity. \* \* \* From all which the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women flowing through the mazes of an intricate dance under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls—the blaze of lights and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the 'anakuklesis' or self-revolving, both of the dance and the music, 'never ending, still beginning,' and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which forever touch the very brink of confusion—that such a spectacle, with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open."

Now, where in the world did De Quincey get the idea that this overture—No. 1, 2 or 3—was suggested by

Leonore fuhr ums Morgenroth  
Empor aus schweren Träumen, &c.,

and thus spoil glorious, impassioned prose?

I confess that when you mention De Quincey's name to me my cheeks redden, my tongue stammers, and I am no more master of myself. I know of no one in any language who has written more cunningly, more frankly of music—and in sentences that cause a musician to bite his nails with envy.

"Festal music, of a rich and passionate character, is the most remote of any from vulgar hilarity." And think of that cheap-jack bridal music in the third act of "The Huguenots"—*tum, ti, tum—tum, ti, tum—tum, ti, tum, ti, tum, ta, &c.*, music to which the gallant Nevers and superb Valentine are expected to smirk and grin!

\* \* \*

With the permission of the machine and proof-reader, I again assert that the "Leonore" overture No. 2 is to me more dramatic, more suitable as a prelude to the mighty drama of wifely devotion than the No. 3, with its more elaborate coda and its carefully thought out niceties.

\* \* \*

I observe that Miss Dyna Beumer is in New York.

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city. Does she remember the charming lines addressed to her by Mr. De Mont, beginning:

Doen Orpheus, Kranck van Min, bij Klaeren  
Sijn gulden Luyt ter hand t. rots Aemon hadt beclommen,  
En, trou tot in den doot, aen Eurydice dacht,  
Deet sijn volschoon ghesanck al't waereldryk verstommen?

\* \* \*

The Banda Rossa, of San Severo, Eugenio Sorrentino conductor, made its first appearance here Monday evening, the 8th, in Music Hall.

Now, I know of no greater outdoor pleasure than to follow a brass band in the street, but before the appearance of the Banda Rossa neither Gilmore nor Sousa, nor any other band, however admirable the performance of its kind might be, could long retain me within the walls of a concert room.

But this band was a revelation. The overture to "William Tell" was played roughly, coarsely, and at times in an untuneful manner, but the performance of the fantasies "Mefistofele," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana" was to me marvelous on account of sonority, passion, precision and cantabile. I never before heard a band sing in ensemble like unto a picked and well-trained chorus. I remember the German and the French bands that visited us in 1872. I remember the Garde-Infanterie and Garde du Corps, under the direction of E. Ruscheweyh, that appeared here in 1893.

And, remembering the reception given to the French band when it appeared in the huge building built for the Peace Jubilee, I pulled down from a shelf "La Musique de la Garde Républicaine," by the ingenious Oscar Commetant, who insists on spelling a well-known drink "cocktail." Thus I learned that after the men disembarked in New York from the Saint-Laurent they went to the Café de Paris, and that on the way some communists followed shouting "A bas les gendarmes!"

Mr. Commetant's description of the life in Boston is exceedingly entertaining, from the account of the procession in which Lieutenant "Goddevin" and Colonel "Zerahu" were prominent figures, to his wail over meals at an American hotel. "Vegetables are simply cooked in water without butter and even without salt. American temperance demands that a glass of iced water should take the place of burgundy or claret." And he draws a melancholy sketch of Brillat-Savarin's sojourn in the United States. "The author of 'La Physiologie du gout,' to whom no science, no art was unknown, who spoke correctly five modern languages, knew Latin and Greek better than certain professors, who was physician, anatomist, physiologist, composer of music, astronomer, archaeologist, literary man, and a man of wit and society into the bargain, supported himself in New York by giving lessons in French and playing the fiddle in an orchestra of that city." Nor can I read of the onion soup made by Maury, Hippolyte Maury, the second conductor of the band, without tears even at this late day.

Mr. Commetant mentions by name and with an exuberance in spelling several of the newspaper men whom he met here. Thus the late Edward King appears always as "M. Kling, of the Boston Journal."

I remember the band of the Garde Républicaine played a torchlight march by Meyerbeer and the overture to "William Tell." Mr. Commetant says that the saxophones, which in the overture performed the opening measures written for cellos, were new to Americans. Is this statement correct?

Mr. Commetant met at the Lotos Club, New York, a gentleman whom he remembered gratefully as "M. Fred Schawah." But I must not quote longer from this amusing book, which is most amusing when the author is most serious.

Nor is the gallant conductor Ruscheweyh's book of 160 pages without pleasing passages. "Jimmi" he tells us in a foot-note is pronounced "Tschimmi." He did not wax enthusiastic over Music Hall, Boston; "diese Halle, mit

wenig Komfort ausgestattet ist speciell der Kunst der Töne geweiht." Yes, and it is also dedicated to the encouragement of "friendly trials of athletic skill," cat and baby shows, political meetings—and it was only yesterday that I saw the announcement of a cake-walk within its sacred and dingy walls. As I am not a Bostonian by birth, I cannot understand the indifference of the people of this town to the disgraceful appearance of the hall in which the Symphony concerts are given. But, Lord, what is the use of scolding about it! They know full well that the building is shabby, uncomfortable, impossible to ventilate properly, and that if there should ever be a panic there many would inevitably be trampled under foot. It is not at all unlikely that prudence and the fear of such a calamity kept hundreds in their seats during the late performance of "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

I wonder who it was that played the part of cicerone to Mr. Ruscheweyh, for the visiting bandmaster gives some singular information in his book published in 1895. "As in the Leipsic Gewandhaus, the seats in Music Hall are rented by the year and descend from family to family." So as you see, speculators have no opportunity of buying blocks of four seats at a time at the auction sales. But Mr. Ruscheweyh enjoyed heartily a concert he heard conducted by Mr. Paur. "I only wondered that such an excellent orchestra did not have better drums." He, too, gives a description of Boston and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, "which number about 500,000, a large per cent. of whom are Irish." And he tells of a sad experience in a restaurant which he visited with his family. "I ordered four glasses of beer. The waiter brought me three filled and one empty. I asked what he meant. He answered that he could not bring me a glass of beer for my ten year old daughter. When I spoke of this to the landlord as 'Humburg,' he assured me that if he did not comply with the police regulations his license would be revoked."

\* \* \*

Now, this Garde-Grenadier Kapelle was thus organized: One flute, one piccolo, two E flat clarinets, eleven B clarinets, two oboes, two bassoons, one flat double bassoon, two baritones, two F basses, two B flat basses, two double basses, four waldhorns, four trumpets, three flügelhorns, two euphoniums, four trombones, one pair kettledrums, one snare drum, one big drum.

The band of the Garde Républicaine was made up of three flutes, two oboes, four "small clarinets," eight "large clarinets," eight saxophones, four cornets, three trumpets, two horns, five trombones, one soprano saxhorn, two contralto saxhorns, three alto saxhorns, two baritone saxhorns, five bass saxhorns with four cylinders, two double bass saxhorns in E flat, two double bass saxhorns in B flat and a battery of four pieces.

The custom house inventory of the instruments of the Banda Rossa was as follows:

Three flutes, one oboe, fourteen clarinets, one piccolo, four bass clarinets, two saxophones, two bassoons, six cornets, one tenor trombone, three bombardinos, four horns, seven clarinets, four trombones, four basso bombardinos, one kettledrum, two cymbals, five bells, one tam-tam, one bass drum, two small drums.

\* \* \*

The Commetant tells a queer story of the Russian band that took part in the competition at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, July 21, 1867. "They are soldiers, as the other soldiers of the Tsar, and receive as pay only 90 frs. a year. The majority of them did not know a note of music before they entered the regiment. Someone said to these, 'You will play clarinets,' and to those, 'You will blow trombones,' and they became clarinetists and trombone players, and they blow with remarkable intelligence, as they would do any other thing in honor of the Tsar, their Emperor and pope, and for Russia, their beloved, great and powerful country."

Some years ago Constant Pierre wrote a book about the musical instruments in the Paris Exposition of 1889. He then (1890) made some singular statements concern-

ing Italian band instruments. I wonder if these statements hold good to-day.

The Italians as a rule import the instruments in wood, and use their own brass instruments. The latter when made in Italy with pistons are intended for exportation, and are the cheaper kind.

The following instruments are generally used: Pisto-nino, cornettino (little bugle), cornetto (cornet), flicorno (contralto), clavicorno (alto), basso-flicorno (baritone), bombardino or euphonium, bombardore (double bass). There are also basses and double basses, named Pellitoni, after the maker Pellitti. The ophicleide has disappeared.

The Boehm system is by no means universally adopted in Italy. You find a wooden flute or one with metal head, pierced cylindrical or conically, but the old flute with twelve keys and conic piercing is taught at the Milan Conservatory. Emilio Lazzeri, of Florence, in 1880 planed a key rod which should make all the tones sharp or flat like natural tones in the ordinary flute. The Briccialdi system (1882) was an attempt to improve the Boehm system. Nor is there uniformity in clarinets. Professor Orsi, of Milan, patented in 1881 a clarinet of double tonality—B flat and A. There are two concentric tubes. The English horn of Milan is still made in the curved form. Mr. Maldura invented a bassoon in 1885 in which the saliva does not run under the fingers or block the holes. He should have called it the "sanitary bassoon."

\* \* \*

Mrs. von Vahsel did not sing at the concerts of the Banda Rossa last week. I understand she was suffering from a cold. Miss Carlotta Stubenrauch, the child violinist, displayed well grounded, fluent technic and indisputable musical feeling and taste. There was no suggestion of the parrot reciting its lesson.

But after all the two chief soloists were that extraordinary singer through the cornet—although my friend Mr. Aphorpe really believed there was no cornet in the band—and the Banda Rossa itself, which played with an intelligence and a passion that I have never observed in organizations of like character.

\* \* \*

Let me add to the Glazounowiana the fact that a waltz by Glazounow for piano was played here November 5 by Mr. Salmon at a concert given by members of the Faculty of the Boston Training School of Music.

\* \* \*

There will be two entertainments in Music Hall this week. The Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Paur, will play, the 20th, Mozart's Symphony in D major (without menuet), Dvorák's Suite in D major, Auber's Overture "Part du Diable," and Paderewski's concerto for piano. Mr. Jonás will be the pianist.

Wednesday evening, the 17th, there will be a "genuine Southern Cake Walk." There will be "prize buck and wing dancing, hot members from New Orleans and Nashville, and many specialties, including Miss Fanny Wise, the wonderful child soprano, the miniature black Patti."

I also notice in reading the advertisements in the papers of to-day that Mr. William L. Tomlins, "the noted child trainer," will lecture here December 4.

Mr. G. Trewella Martin, tenor, assisted by Miss Spencer, Miss Thomas, Dr. Clark, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Van Vliet, gave a concert in Steinert Hall the 11th. There were new songs by Herbert Johnson, J. L. Gilbert, D. Fitzgibbon, J. H. Richardson, N. J. Spring and Philip Greely announced, but I did not hear them. A young gentleman, whose name I did not learn, began the concert by playing on the piano a grand fantasia on "Yankee Doodle," "Marching Thro' Georgia," and other tunes, arranged after the fashion of a Turkish, Persian or Assyrian patrol. It was wonderful, and applause was tumultuous, but I thought of the sweet security of the streets and the bracing tonic of God's pure air, so I left the musicians to their own devices.

PHILIP HALE.



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## Article XI.

IF Mr. Brown would make use of some good English dictionary he would not draw as many erroneous inferences as he does.

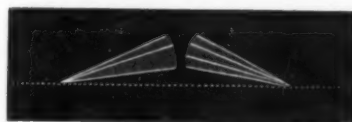
"To give" and "to originate" do not mean the same thing at all. If I give a book to a friend it does not imply that I wrote the book. And when I say that "a proper use of the extrinsic muscles to control the resonance cavities will give the tone the desired quality," I do not infer that the resonance cavities originate the overtones. They do give the tone the desired quality by determining by their size and shape which partial tones shall be reinforced. Mr. Brown can infer what he chooses, but I cannot be held responsible for his illogical deductions. This inference serves to show, however, his ignorance of resonance and the part which resonance cavities play in determining the quality of tone. This relation between resonance cavities and tone quality was very clearly demonstrated by a striking experiment which we happened to make while constructing our photographic apparatus. While tuning our resonators we used at the same time two resonators (one in each ear) tuned to the same partial tone of the voice.

The effect of this was to damp out everything but the partial tone to which the resonators were tuned, and the ear of the listener only recognized this one pitch, although all the other partial tones of the voice were originated at the same time. The effect then of these resonators, as far as the ear of the listener was concerned, was to change the complex tone of the voice into a simple tone, yet we would hardly say that these resonators originated this tone. In a similar manner do the resonance cavities of the voice modify the quality of the tone set up by the vocal cords. Will Mr. Brown still claim that I have contradicted myself in this? Mr. Brown's ideas of registers are original, if nothing more. In referring to me he says: "His predecessors considered all tones produced by tensing the bands for higher pitch by means of the ring-shield (crico-thyroid—F. S. M.) muscle as produced by one 'register' or 'mechanism' or 'action,' and those still higher tones in which the bands are shortened by means of the shield-horn (vocal—F. S. M.) muscle as produced in or by a different register." Mr. Brown also says that the actions of these muscles are "diametrically opposite."

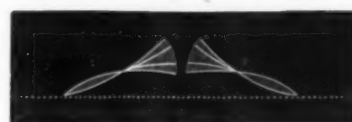
Does he mean by this that these muscles cannot act simultaneously, as we claim that they do? If this is so, how is it that we get changes in the length of the vibrating cord throughout the whole range of pitch? This can easily be seen in the laryngoscope. In that case where would the other register, which is due to the increased tension come in? By referring to the photographs of the vocal cords given in the September 15 issue of THE COURIER it will be seen that there is already considerable shortening of the cords for the middle G. By placing the tip of the finger in the little niche between the cricoid and thyroid cartilages at the front of the larynx there will be found to be considerable tilting of the cricoid on the thyroid, shown by the partial closure of this niche, while singing this octave. As this tilting is the cause of the increased tension, is this not proof that these two muscles act simultaneously and that therefore we have the same mechanism throughout the entire range of the voice? It is probable that in the highest tones in the range there is no increase of tension, but that does not necessarily cause a break in the voice or a division of the voice into registers.

How can Mr. Brown separate the actions of these two muscles so as to make a register out of each? I repeat, then, that "When any teacher or any writer attempts to explain the formation of registers it is proof positive that he is explaining a false mechanism or method, because

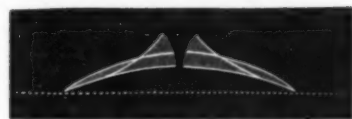
with the correct mechanism there is no such thing." No apology is due to anyone for a statement the truth of which can be so easily demonstrated. Truth needs no apology, and Mr. Brown claims to be looking for the truth. Quoting from article V of this series, in the September 15 issue of THE COURIER we find: "The vocal muscle which lies just outside of the cord sends in fibres which are inserted into the substance of the cord itself. We think that it is reasonable to suppose that the rotation of the arytenoid cartilages brings these fibres into position so that they can contract and thus damp the outer portions of the cord. The more rotation of the arytenoids we get the more of these fibres would come into action, and we would thus get a gradual lessening of the weight of the cord which would aid very materially in raising the pitch. Fig. 12 is a schematic representation of the vocal cord  $l$  and the vocal muscle,  $m$ , showing how it sends fibres into the substance of the cord. When  $m$  is uncontracted or but slightly so the cord may vibrate from the edge  $k$  as far back as  $r$ , but as  $m$  is tightened more and more it holds the cord first as far as  $s$ , then  $t$ , and



(1) Chest Register Action.



(2) Middle Register Action.



(3) Upper Register Action.

FIG. 26.

finally for the highest tones only the part between  $u$  and  $k$  is allowed to vibrate."

A schematic diagram, as Mr. Brown ought to know, serves simply to illustrate in a rough way the relations of the different structures. It is not supposed to represent the exact dimensions or position, but simply to show their relative positions. Who would suppose, for example, that we intended to convey the idea that only three fibres of the vocal muscle were inserted into the vocal cord? In fact, we say in one of the quotations which Mr. Brown makes from our articles that "many of the fibres are inserted into the substance of the cord itself." The diagram, then, simply serves to indicate that these fibres are inserted at different distances from the outer edge of the cord, and not that they are inserted at the exact points  $s$ ,  $t$  and  $u$ . Neither do we intend to convey the idea that these fibres are sent in at right angles to the length of the cord, as represented in the diagram. We know, in fact, that these fibres are sent in in an oblique direction, which position gives them much more power to damp the cord. This, however, cannot be shown in a diagram.

How could any one draw such foolish and absolutely false conclusions from this diagram and the description of it as Mr. Brown has done? Is it not perfectly plain that if the first fibre pulls and the cord is damped as far as  $a$  that the effect is to lessen both the width and thickness of the vibrating cord and therefore the weight of the vibrating

portion? Why then does Mr. Brown ask such a simple question as "Which of these two statements does Dr. Muckey propose to stand by, that the vocal muscle lessens the thickness or the width of the vocal bands?"

This is Mr. Brown's logic. "Dr. Muckey says that  $1+1+2=4$ . He also says that  $2+2=4$ . Now which of these two statements does he propose to stand by?" I will give Mr. Brown a chance to solve this problem. If he fails to do so, I will give him the answer in my next. Is not Mr. Brown doing some quibbling when he asks such simple questions, or does he not know any better? Again Mr. Brown says, "Dr. Curtis gives a different but quite accurate description of these same facts when he says, 'We should liken the action of the thyro-arytenoideus muscles in limiting the vibrating surface of the vocal cords to that of the wire which is used in some organ pipes to press against the reed to lengthen or shorten it, and thus vary its rate of vibration.'"

Fig. 14 is the diagram which Dr. Curtis uses to illustrate this action of the vocal muscle. I ask those who read this article to compare these two diagrams and their respective descriptions, and say whether both can be accurate and if not which is the most reasonable.

Now comes the most remarkable conclusion which Mr. Brown has drawn from this diagram. He claims that because we say that the fibres of the vocal muscle are inserted at different distances from the edge of the cord that we admit that the vocal cord is a reed instead of a string. I would like to know by what process of reasoning Mr. Brown arrived at this absurd conclusion. I am sure it would be a logical curiosity. Is not Mr. Brown familiar with the word "damp" as it is used in acoustics? When we say "damp the outer portion of the cord" we mean that the outer portion of the cord does not vibrate. If the cord is damped as far as  $s$  it means that the vibrating cord begins at  $t$ . If it is damped as far as  $a$  the vibrating cord begins at  $t$ , &c. Mr. Brown's conclusion is that these fibres serve to break the cord up into unequal vibrating segments. In this case the cord would be vibrating in its full width or as far as  $r$  all the time and we would not lessen its vibrating width at all. Again Mr. Brown says: "When Dr. Muckey has admitted that  $uk$  is greater than  $tk$  he admits the one fact on account of which the majority of writers have deemed it preferable to call the vocal bands reeds instead of strings." Here is another logical curiosity. How can I admit that  $uk$  is greater than  $tk$  when  $uk$  is but a part of  $tk$ ?

Does Mr. Brown's logic teach him that the part is greater than the whole? On the other hand, I do admit that  $tk$  is greater than  $uk$ , but by what process of reasoning does he conclude from this that the vocal cord is a reed? Again Mr. Brown says: "Dr. Muckey bases his belief in the string theory on the testimony of the ear or indirectly by the overtone-photo record. The weakness of so doing lies in the fact that the record of the overtones in the vocal tone produced by the voice (what does he mean by vocal tone produced by the voice?—F. S. M.) proves only that some mechanism is present which has produced them, but offers absolutely no evidence that they are produced by the subsegmentation of the vocal bands, regarded as strings, rather than by some other separate mechanism, such as he himself has described when he wrote, 'leaving the klangtint or articulation to the extrinsic voluntary muscles of the pharynx, mouth, &c., or does he now wish to withdraw that statement?'"

Here is another of Mr. Brown's logical monstrosities. In the first place, this last sentence contains 112 words, and such sentences as this are not conducive to clearness. In the second place, his conclusion that I should withdraw the statement that the vocal cords originate the overtones has not been substantiated by anything which has gone before, therefore it amounts to a simple assertion. Mr. Brown's logic, then, consists of simple assertions which are not supported by any process of reasoning. This is my reason

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for calling such a collection of words as the preceding quotation a logical monstrosity. Mr. Brown states: "The overtones then will depend on starting that string into vibrations, so as to produce the nodes and loops requisite for the particular combination of overtones desired. The means in any stringed instrument, whether monocord or violin, are, first, the finger, or its equivalent for damping, to produce a node; second, the bow, or its equivalent for plucking, to produce a loop." He then asks: "Will Dr. Muckey describe what mechanism is used in the vocal in-

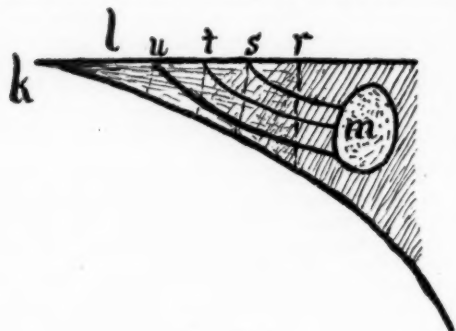


FIGURE 12.

strument to act as the fingers and the bow act on a violin in producing the overtones in the human vocal instrument?"

Does Mr. Brown mean that for every loop we must have "a bow or its equivalent," and for every node "a finger or its equivalent?" In that case to get the fifteen overtones in his overtone series we would need sixteen bows and fifteen fingers. Does not Mr. Brown know that strings which vibrate rapidly enough to produce tone always break up into segments without the intervention of the finger or its equivalent, and that it matters not whether it is the bow, the breath or the hammer, as in the piano, which sets the string in motion?

This is one of the peculiarities of vibrating strings, and as the vocal cord is a vibrating string it does not need the intervention of any muscle or its equivalent to cause it to vibrate in segments. If there were any mechanism of this kind then we could produce the partial tones separately at will, just as we can on the monochord. As there is no such mechanism the fundamental and a certain number of overtones are always present in the voice. If Mr. Brown wishes to know why I think the vocal cords segment in aliquot parts I answer, first, because the vocal cord gives the same overtones as the string, and to do this it must segment in aliquot parts. In the second place, I have often observed, in cases where there is a slight congestion of and consequently too much mucus on the vocal cords, that when tone



FIGURE 14.

is produced the mucus is thrown off from the loops and gathers around the nodes, where there is less motion. These collections of mucus then serve to mark the nodal points of the cords. I have counted as many as six of these on the cords at the same time, and they are always at equal distances from each other and extend across the cord at right angles to its length. If we had the segmentation of the cords which Dr. Curtis describes, then these collections of mucus would extend in the direction of the length of the cord, a condition which I have never seen. This proves that the segmentation is in the direction of the length and not the width of the cords and that the segments are equal.

It is also very strong corroborative proof that the partial tones of the voice are originated by the vibration of the cord in segments. It seems to me that the "organ-pipe-overtone theory" and the "slide-trombone mechanism" have been shown to be out of the question. What then is Mr. Brown's and Dr. Curtis' theory as to the formation of the overtones? Every originator of a theory should be given credit for it.

I happened across a little sketch which illustrates the "slide-trombone mechanism" (see Fig. 25) admirably, but

the artist does not give Mr. Brown or Dr. Curtis credit for originating the idea. I reproduce it here so that Mr. Brown and Dr. Curtis can establish their claim of priority and to give the readers of THE COURIER an illustration of the remarkable results which can be accomplished by this mechanism. Think what a boon this device would be to the small boy, the private detective, and it might even be utilized as a life-saving device! It would enable drivers of coaches and stages to look around a corner before they came to it and thus avoid collision with railway trains, fire-engines and the like.

If segmentation of the cord does not originate the overtones, of what use is it! Will Mr. Brown explain how to raise the pitch one tone by segmentation? In regard to Dr. Curtis' figures, which are supposed to represent the action of the vocal cords in the different registers, Mr. Brown says: "That throughout the chest register range the tones are produced by the bands vibrating always with their full width, the difference in pitch being determined by the number of times they swing per second." This reminds me of the explanations of the old German in "The Girl From Paris," "It is what it is." Of course, it is what it is, but the question is, What is it? Of course the pitch of the tone is determined by the number of times the cords swing per second, but the question is, What is it that determines the number of times they swing per second?

There can be only two pitches produced by the action of the cords represented in these diagrams (see Fig. 25). The action represented in diagram No. 1 or "the chest register action" is a simple tone and from motion of the cord, and would set up but a single series of air-waves and hence would produce a simple tone. This we never have in the voice and therefore this action is incorrect. Suppose the pitch represented by this action to be bass C = 128 vibrations per second. In diagram No. 2 the cord is vibrating again in its full width, with the exception of one point where the node is represented. Observe that the cord is vibrating on both sides of this nodal points. If this is supposed to represent the first segmentation of the reed the tone produced by this action would be a little above the G in alt.

This also would be a simple tone which the voice never is, and therefore this action is impossible. Diagram No. 3 or the "upper register action" represents a combination of these two actions. This action would produce a complex tone composed of the bass C and the "qui alt." Notice here also that the cord is vibrating in its full widths as a

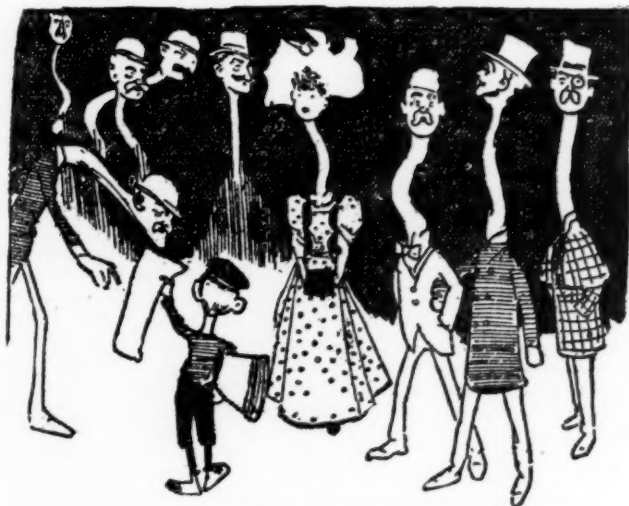
be actually produced by such an action of the vocal cords. As the cord is considered as a reed in these diagrams the factor tension can have nothing to do with the change in pitch.

Dr. Curtis has not even brought in his sliding mechanism, as the cords are vibrating in their full width in all the diagrams. How are the intermediate pitches produced, and if the singer wished to produce the B below bass C what would be the mechanism? I would like the readers of THE COURIER to compare this explanation (which does not explain) of the registers with our reasons for saying that in the correct mechanism there is no such thing, and say which is the most rational. I might ask Mr. Brown what causes these different actions. I might also ask him why we cannot get the shortening of the cords and the increased tension at the same time. What is there in the tilting of the cricoid to interfere with the rotation of the arytenoid cartilages? Or what is there in the rotation of the arytenoid to interfere with the tilting of the cricoid cartilage? I have never seen a stroboscope and therefore never have used one. It may be, as far as I know, "a scientific apparatus of precision."

But if it is it puts Dr. Curtis and Professor Vestel in a very bad light, as the conclusions they have drawn from its use are entirely erroneous. This reminds one of the problem which the boy propounded when he said: "That boy and girl have the same father and mother, yet they are not brother and sister. How do you account for that?" The answer is that the boy lied. I would like to ask Mr. Brown what possible objection he has to the following quotations which he makes from Professor Hallock's address before the Urner Society? "In the first place the string has more overtones and truer overtones," &c. and "This series of overtones is characteristic of the string."

Mr. Brown asks me why I do not correct this. My answer is that I see nothing to correct. Neither do I see any "quibbling of words" here. Poetic license allows us to speak of "the note of a bird," but if Mr. Brown would be scientific he must say the tone of a bird. Notes simply represent tones. Birds do not sing notes but tones. It may be that Dr. Curtis intended his book for a volume of poems and not a scientific work. If so, I admit that we have no right to criticise it from a scientific standpoint.

Mr. Brown objects to the manner in which I quote from Dr. Curtis' book. I will repeat this quotation, and add the sentence which Mr. Brown thinks an essential part of



An Illustration of the Slide-Trombone Mechanism.

FIG. 25.

whole to produce the fundamental, and in two unequal segments to produce the overtone. As the fundamental determines the pitch of the complex tone, the tones produced by actions Nos. 1 and 3 would have the same pitch. That would place the middle register above the upper register and make the chest register, and the upper register the same in pitch, but differing in quality. Now this is not nonsense, as Mr. Brown says (it is easy to dismiss a troublesome argument by calling it nonsense), but what would

it. "Compound tones are the result of compound vibrations (of what?—F. S. M.), and are musical if the waves proceed together with perfect regularity. If, on the other hand, the waves of sound interfere with one another, a mere discord is produced." I quoted the first sentence merely and said, "The waves must proceed together with perfect regularity or we would not have what is known in musical acoustics as tone." Well, Mr. Brown, please show

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how this second sentence renders my comment "inexcusable." Will he show how the second sentence explains the first? Will he show how we can get a discord from a single tone, even though it may be a complex tone? If I were the author, I would much prefer to have the first sentence quoted without the second. It seems to me that Mr. Brown's object in these last two articles has been to confuse the minds of the reader instead of making the truth clear to them. If this has not been his object, this is what he has done, because he has not made one point clearer. He has not proven any of the things he has attempted. He has made many contradictory as well as many most absurd statements. His futile attacks have only strengthened the positions we hold, because they have brought out fuller explanations, and in that way made many points clearer than they otherwise would have been.

In this way Mr. Brown's articles have been beneficial. Taken by themselves they are not instructive, because they are not logical. They are not logical because they are full of contradictions and inconsistencies. His premises are oftentimes false, his reasoning is not clear and consecutive, and his conclusions cannot therefore be accepted. Jevons says in his "Principles of Science": "The criterion of false reasoning, as we shall find, is that it involves self-contradiction. The affirming and denying of the same statement. We might represent the object of all reasoning as the separation of the consistent and possible from the inconsistent and impossible."

If Mr. Brown can point out one contradiction in all the articles which Professor Hallock and myself have written on the subject of voice production, then will I admit that our reasoning is false. If he will show wherein any of our statements are inconsistent or impossible, then will I admit the validity of his criticisms. As it is, I thank him for his articles, for they have served the purpose of making some points clearer in my mind by bringing them into notice, while otherwise their full meaning would not have been appreciated by me. I hope this may have been the experience of others. For this reason I welcome adverse criticism whether just or unjust. I hope Mr. Brown will continue his articles, but I would like to suggest one thing to him, and that is that he make his statements as clear and consecutive as possible. The hardest task I have had in answering his articles, and this also applies to the criticism of Dr. Curtis' book, is to find out just exactly what his meaning is. Many of his statements have been so obscure that it has been difficult to decide just what point he is trying to make.

Bacon says: "Truth more easily comes out of error than out of confusion. Clear and consecutive wrong thinking is the next best thing to right thinking." If then we wish to get at the truth in this matter we must make our statements so simple and clear that their meaning can be easily understood. Then, if they are erroneous, these errors can be easily corrected. Unfortunately the great mass of writing on the subject of voice production is simply a confusion of ideas. The reason for this is that the general principles underlying this subject are not thoroughly understood. Mr. Bouhy, of Paris, criticises this discussion on account of its "too great generalness." He says: "No one can generalize in an art which is the most specific in the world, necessitating almost a method for every voice." Now, is this true? Is it not true, on the contrary, that we all have the same material to work with, and that this material must be used in the same way in every case to get the best results? Are not the functions of the different parts of the vocal instrument exactly the same in every individual? All have lungs, which furnish the breath or the motive power.

All have two vocal cords which originate the air-waves composing the voice, and the action of these vocal cords should be exactly the same in every case. All have the

same resonance cavities, the function of which is the same in every one, and which should be controlled just the same in one case as another. All have one set of muscles which need to be relaxed, and another set which need development. The rules for developing muscle are the same for all. It is just because these *general principles are not understood* that there is so much confusion and mystery surrounding this subject. To say that every voice needs a method of his own is folly, and throws the whole matter into unutterable confusion. Confusion breeds mystery, and if any teacher or writer talks or writes in a mysterious way about the voice it is a sure indication that the subject is not clearly fixed in his own mind. It has been truly said, "He only is a competent teacher who cannot only make himself understood by all the world, but is willing to accept all the world as well qualified judges of the truth or falsity of his opinions."

Is it not reasonable to say that if we could teach a *natural method* we must understand the *nature* of the vocal instrument? Huxley says, "Mother Nature is serenely obdurate to honeyed words. Only those who understand the ways of things, and can silently and effectually handle them, get any good out of her."

(To be continued.)

**The Richard Arnold String Sextet.**—A most successful concert was given at the Germania Club, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, November 6, by the Richard Arnold String Sextet.

From the number and importance of engagements already booked the outlook seems to promise that this well-known sextet will occupy a leading position this season among organizations of a similar kind.

Concerts at Vassar College; Rye, N. Y., at the Rye Seminary; at Mrs. Porter's school, Farmington, Conn., and a series of afternoon recitals in New York city are among the dates to be filled in the near future. The sextet has been engaged by several prominent vocal societies, and will also be heard at the Brooklyn Art Institute.

**Scharwenka in California.**—The concert tour of the famous composer and pianist Scharwenka in the Western and Southern States, has been everywhere attended with almost phenomenal success. The well-known critic, Ashton Stevens, writes the following in reference to the Scharwenka concert recently given in San Francisco:

However, Scharwenka is an important artist for the music lover who wants simple art undiluted by "scenery and effects," and his interpretation of the Beethoven "Appassionata" is a matter of musical record.

He played it last night with beautiful analysis, sonorous tonality and absolute technical perfection.

Scharwenka's temperament is far from torrid—in fact, his pulse is of an even beat and he is never carried away by himself. But there is an intellectual grip, a cerebral authority in his work that realizes the seriousness of this sonata as more hysterical virtuosity could not realize it.

His repose is phenomenal, and rather than being unmagnetic it is especially attractive. His earnestness is so patent and his mode so quietly distinguished that they beautify and soften what might easily be called pedantry. In a way Scharwenka is a pedant, a teacher—in the broadest meaning of the word—who has resolute ideas on piano playing. But there is something cordial and broad underlying this positiveness, and his executive abilities are so nicely adequate to his theories that one is swayed in sympathy with the interpretation.

On last night's program were Chopin's Fantaisie, op. 49, and Scherzo, op. 31, and from the rendering of these it cannot be said that Scharwenka finds the happiest outlet of his Polish nature in the most seductive of Polish music. In the Scherzo he played with much finer imagination than in the Fantaisie, and with notable brilliancy, but the real voluptuousness of the music was not forthcoming.

The "Ricordanza" of Liszt and his own pieces—the "Two Dances," "Novelette," "Spanish Serenade" and "Staccato Study"—were given with good spring and some sense of capriciousness; but the Beethoven was the only really wonderful work of the night.—*San Francisco Cal.*

### The First Arion Concert.

THE first concert of the season of the Arion Society of New York was certainly a brilliant success. An appreciative and intensely musical audience filed through the decorated halls of their magnificent clubhouse at Fifty-ninth street and Park avenue, and evinced its enthusiasm in hearty applause at the close of each number.

The orchestra and choruses were conducted by Julius Lorenz, and although the interpretation of the various numbers was earnest, straightforward and musicianly, he lacked the virile force and positiveness of former Arion conductors. His intentions are good, and he is evidently conscientious and painstaking, but he seems unable to convey his meaning to his forces and consequently awakens no response. In the "Zwei Zigeunertänze," by Heidingsfeld, there was an absence of lightness, daintiness and sparkle. The same criticism applies to the orchestral accompaniments, which were heavy and unsympathetic. The scene from "Cleopatra," by Enna, was well conducted; the melody on the horn, with harp accompaniment, was full of Oriental color, and the strings and woodwind were beautifully subdued. The male choruses were noted for their volume and breadth, but the purity of attack, and the delicacy and shading were not what has been heard from the Arion in former concerts.

"Liebchen wach auf," by Meyer-Helmund, was the best choral number and won a hearty encore.

David Bispham sang "An jenem Tag," from the opera "Hans Heiling," of Marschner, with great depth of feeling and with genuine warmth. "Der Erlkönig," by Schubert, was a revelation. Mr. Bispham certainly is a master of the art of tone color. A more magnificent interpretation is difficult to conceive. A veritable chorus of "Bravos" followed his masterly rendition of the Schubert number.

Fräulein Leontine Gaertner, cellist, whose appearance is charming and graceful, yet withal dignified and womanly,

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is absolutely without affectation, and she is an artist of the highest endowments.

She played the first movement from the concerto E moll, by Popper, with magnificent technic, and her interpretation was marked by breadth and dignity, and a freedom from the false sentiment affected by so many 'cellists. She was compelled to respond to four or five recalls.

The following was the program:

Ouverture zu Tannhäuser.....	R. Wagner
Orchester.....	
Die beiden Särge.....	Fr. Hegar
Männerchor a capella.....	
Arie a. d. Oper Hans Heiling: An jenem Tag.....	Marschner
David Blapham.....	
Scenen aus Cleopatra.....	Enna
Orchester.....	
Sei Landknechtslieder.....	Cavallo
Männerchor a capella.....	
Erster Satz aus dem Concert E-moll für Violoncello.....	Popper
Fräulein Leontine Gaertner.....	
Zwei Zigeunertänze.....	Heidingsfeldt
Orchester.....	
Zwei Männerchöre a capella—	
Ein schön deutsch Reiterlied.....	Rietsch
Ständchen.....	Meyer-Heilmund
Zwei Lieder—	
Die Mainacht.....	Brahms
Der Erlkönig.....	Schubert
David Bispham.....	
Siegesgesang der Deutschen.....	Becker
Männerchor mit Orchester.....	

**Howard F. Pierce.**—Howard F. Pierce, who has recently come to New York, and who intends to locate here permanently, announces a piano recital in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall on the afternoon of December 1.

**Hildegard Hoffmann.**—Miss Hildegard Hoffmann sang at a concert given at the Germania Club, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, November 6, and scored a decided success. She has a soprano of good quality, which was heard to advantage in the Micaela aria from "Carmen." She received an enthusiastic recall, and responded with Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich." She was also encored after a group of songs, one of which, by a resident composer, Louis Kömmenich, was especially effective. Miss Hoffmann, who is studying with Mr. Oscar Saenger, has the promise of a bright future.

**Elliott Schenck to Give "Parsifal."**—"Parsifal" to be given in Albany! A triumph both for the Albany Musical Association and for Mr. Elliott Schenck, its talented conductor. One of the evenings of the May Festival is to be devoted to "Parsifal." The entire scene at the court of the Holy Grail from the first act, together with the chorus of Flower Maidens, and the scene between Kundry and Parsifal from the second act will be given. These are to be followed by the last scene given in its entirety. Ambitious as this program may seem, judging from Mr. Schenck's work in past seasons, a great treat may be expected in hearing his performance of "Parsifal."

Mr. Schenck has already conducted many of Wagner's works. The deep impression made when he conducted "Lohengrin," with Madame Gadske, Herr Kraus and the whole ensemble of the Damrosch Opera Company in the cast, is not yet forgotten. Neither is his performance of "Tannhäuser" in Albany last spring, which still lives as a pleasant memory.

During a sixteen weeks' engagement at Willow Grove last summer, Mr. Schenck conducted a number of Wagner excerpts, which frequently figured on his programs, and always received the warmest praise for his conductorship.



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130 AVENUE DE CORTENBERG,  
BRUSSELS, October 22, 1897.

#### A CHAT WITH YSAÏE.

THE first full rehearsal of the first of the Ysaye concerts was held yesterday. I attended and had a talk with the great violinist during the pause between his solo numbers. Ysaye looks forward to his coming American tour with great pleasure. He likes America and the American public. He will not play the Brahms concerto at his appearance in New York, as has been reported nor will he play it at all. When I asked him about it he said: "No, I am not going to play the Brahms concerto; that report is not true. I never did and never will play it because I don't like it. I like Brahms' music, but not his violin concerto. It gives me no opportunity to sing, and that is what I want above all other qualities in a composition."

I was glad to hear this from the great Ysaye, for I have always been a firm believer in the lyric qualities of the violin. This giving the violinist an "opportunity to sing" is not kept enough in mind by modern composers. Herein lies undoubtedly nine-tenths of the secret of Ysaye's success. He sings his way right into the hearts of his hearers. It is his tone, rich, full, velvety, penetrating, throbbing with life and warmth and intensely musical, that distinguishes Ysaye from other violinists. He has, it is true, a big and brilliant technic, fine command of the bow, superb musicianship and virtuosity, but many violinists have all of these things.

It is in the beauty and sweetness of his cantilena and his temperament that Ysaye is unique. I asked him what he intended to play in America this season. He said: "I shall play chiefly classical works; the Mozart and Bach concertos which you have heard to-day, the Beethoven, Bruch, Saint-Saëns, Mendelssohn and Lalo concertos and of course many smaller works. I must have good music to play otherwise I am not happy. I think, too, that Americans prefer to hear good music."

The two concertos referred to are the Bach concerto in E major and the Mozart concerto in E flat, which Ysaye has recently added to his repertory. It is marvelous how much he gets out of the Mozart concerto. His success with it in America will be tremendous I am sure. I never

heard it played by any other violinist. The ones in A and D are played by Joachim and others. The first movement of this one in E flat is written in Mozart's best vein and it gives Ysaye his chance to sing to his heart's content. It is a beautiful movement—the best of the three. Ysaye showed me his two pets, the "Hercules" Strad. and a genuine Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu. They are magnificent instruments and he will play both of them in America. The "Hercules" was formerly in the possession of the violinist Hugo Heermann, of Frankfurt, who also had at the same time the famous "Jupiter" Strad., Viotti's favorite violin, and Ysaye had his choice of the two, but after carefully testing both he chose the "Hercules." He says it is much superior in tone to the "Jupiter."

He wraps his violin in a small silk American flag. For the "Hercules" he paid 25,000 frs. and he is well pleased with the bargain.

Ysaye was a pupil of Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski. Ysaye told me that he studied with the former six years and with the latter about fourteen months. He said Wieniawski was a better teacher than Vieuxtemps, because he played himself. Vieuxtemps had a lame arm and could not play when Ysaye was with him. He said Vieuxtemps had been a very great performer, but he preferred Wieniawski because he had more temperament. Wieniawski was the favorite violinist. How many people, professional violinists, musicians and laymen, I have heard say "Wieniawski is my ideal!"

What a wonderful performer he must have been! Rubinstein considered him the greatest violinist that ever lived. Oh, that I had heard Wieniawski! Thomson says Ysaye plays more like Wieniawski than like Vieuxtemps.

Ysaye says that he may go to South America with his manager, Johnson, next summer. In that case he will not return to Brussels before October of next year. His success there would be enormous, no doubt, as it is everywhere. It is a well deserved success, for Ysaye is a great artist.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

**Marie St. John.**—Marie St. John, who has just returned from Europe, where she has been playing leading parts in Augustin Daly's Company, has resumed her vocal studies with her teacher, Frank G. Dossert. Her voice is a rich and full soprano, with a wide range, and her singing is marked by dramatic power and great expression. Miss St. John will give a recital in the near future in Carnegie Hall.

**The New York College of Music.**—At the anniversary concert to be given in Carnegie Hall on the evening of November 19, by the pupils of the New York College of Music (Alexander Lambert, director), the following program will be performed:

Overture.....	Symphony Orchestra.
Concerto for piano and orchestra, C major.....	Beethoven
Gussie Zuckerman.....	
Scherzo for piano and orchestra.....	Litolff
Miss Ada Smith.....	
Concerto for violin and orchestra.....	Rode
Tillie Stiller.....	
Concerto for piano and orchestra.....	Hiller
Master Harry Graboff.....	
Concerto for piano and orchestra.....	Grieg
Miss Katharine Campbell.....	
Soprano solo with orchestra, Les Filles de Cadix.....	Delibes
Miss Beckwith.....	
Concerto for piano and orchestra.....	Henselt
Miss Florence Terrel.....	

The Symphony Orchestra (Walter Damrosch, conductor) will assist.



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## Praise from the West.

CHICAGO, November 5, 1897.

Editors the Musical Courier:

ON the occasion of a recent visit to Indianapolis I had the good fortune to assist at the two delightful concerts of the Seidl Orchestra and Madame Rivé-King. It is not necessary to say that I found in the sensitive and spirited interpretations of Mr. Seidl a delightful charm, and although the orchestra numbered only about fifty, the effect in everything they played was very fine indeed. I am not fond of one or two of the pieces upon the list; particularly I am now thinking of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," which sounds to me like a rehearsal in which several of the instrumental parts have not yet arrived. There is a certain desultoriness about it, an incompleteness, a strangeness, which I have never been able to overcome, because, if you must know it, I am a person who has to hear serious music a number of times before I fully understand it, not having originally been endowed with the faculty which enables a critic to settle the whole business in five minutes, out of hand, no matter how great the author or the work may have been.

I was especially delighted with his Wagnerian readings. He played some selections from the "Meistersinger" and the "Tannhäuser" overture; also the prelude and closing scene of "Tristan and Isolde," with a long piece between, the name of which at this moment I have forgotten, having mislaid my program. The insertion of this middle piece between the prelude and the closing made the "Tristan" selection too long, and in my opinion impaired the effect of the "Tristan" representation; but the interpretation was simply delightful, and I have never heard these things played as well. Particularly do I admire his sensitive and flexible rhythm, which in the "Prize Song" of Walther was extremely satisfactory, and gave a charm of improvisation to this much played piece, which by the way, the original critics said was no melody at all, or if a melody, a very poor one, such as any blockhead could easily surpass. Similar qualities also struck me in the "Tannhäuser" overture, although I do not think I found his tempi in this any more satisfactory than those of Mr. Thomas. Such are the influences of environments and prejudice.

And to finish up with my admiration for Mr. Seidl, who gained such a well deserved success I am sure at Bayreuth last summer, it is sincerely to be hoped in the interest of the higher art of music in America that the effort to place this artist upon a more solid footing in New York will be successful.

It is impossible for you in New York to understand the peculiar relation of Madame Rivé-King as a piano educator to the great bulk of the American people. As you remember, the ball was set rolling in a small way long ago by Leopold von Meyer, Thalberg, Gottschalk and Rubinstein. Meyer had a most beautiful touch and a unique personality. Thalberg had a finished art and Rubinstein almost any kind of a quality that the weather and the incidents of the previous twenty-four hours involved, from the most intense passion and rapture down to a commonplace pounding. And by this time the American public had become somewhat waked up to piano playing. There was a time, you remember, when Louis Moreau Gottschalk played piano concerts all over the country with most charming success. In fact it was only yesterday that Carl Wolfsohn was saying to me that if Gottschalk were to return now and play the piano just

as he did then there would be no one to put him in the shade, such was the charm of his touch and his entire musical personality. He said that in spite of the years that had elapsed since he had heard Gottschalk, everything stood out in his memory perfectly clear and we all know that Gottschalk had quite a genius for melody, as well as a certain remarkable quality of rhythm and of contrast.

After these Rubinstein appearances Julie Rivé came back from abroad, a young girl, rather quiet in her own way, but even then with an astonishing power at the piano, and through the sagacity of her manager, Frank H. King, she made long and very successful tours throughout the country in recitals, the programs of which would have done honor to Rubinstein or any other artist, although I do not remember that any of them were so inhuman to the audience as Rubinstein's famous last five sonatas of Beethoven at a single sitting. This particular recital, by the way, ought to have been prevented by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on the ground that one of the audience, overcome, might have fallen out of the window and killed a horse; horses and other four-footed beasts coming in for special care.

Rubinstein, as you remember, only played in the larger cities, and in consequence of this he was heard by a comparatively limited number of hearers; or, to speak more properly, those who heard him were generally residents in the large cities, with a few country people who had come in for the purpose; whereas Madame Rivé-King went to the smaller cities and sometimes to the seminaries, and thus, during the years from 1876 to about 1884, she played an enormous number of recitals, the educational value of which was very great indeed. Then, later on, she had those long tours to the Pacific Coast with the Thomas Orchestra and her concert engagements with Gilmore, which placed her art before a still larger public and in a way to bring it out to its full value. Since she ceased to travel about the country so much this department of the work has been carried on very largely by Mr. William H. Sherwood, who has generally maintained a high standard of educational programs and has been heard far and near.

And so, when I went to the Indianapolis concert to hear Julie Rivé-King play the Saint-Saëns Concerto in G minor in the afternoon, and in the evening the Rubinstein Concerto in D minor, it was partly as if I were hearing an old friend, with a certain curiosity to ascertain how far this consummate technic of hers had maintained itself, and how her playing sounded from a musical standpoint after all this that we have been hearing since, for it is now several years since this great artist has been heard in the West. Upon these points I was delighted. I found her playing beautiful in every way, technically and artistically. It was thoroughly musical and beautifully finished. Neither tame on the one hand, nor widely rhapsodical or reckless on the other, and as for the ensemble, a more delightful union of orchestra and piano I think I never heard.

The perfect understanding between the conductor and the artist, and the control of the orchestra by the conductor, left nothing to be desired, so that both performances were such as one hears with satisfaction and remembers with pleasure. The audience also took it in the same spirit, and after being recalled many times Madame King played in the afternoon a Chopin nocturne in G minor, and in the evening her own arrangement of the "Vienna Woods," Strauss waltz, the latter a very brilliant

and pleasing affair, which might be heard oftener than it is.

I do not know whether it is permitted an outsider to praise the piano, but I will frankly say that the instrument upon which she played on this occasion seemed to be remarkably successful. It had a great deal of character and singing quality, and, while the hammers were perhaps a little hard, the tone of the running work came out very clearly in every part of the hall, no matter what the orchestra might be doing. It is very rare indeed that an artist has a better instrument for orchestral purposes.

Speaking of managers also reminds me that our old friend, Frank H. King, seems to retain all that enterprise and "go" that used to distinguish his efforts in the old Centennial days and at many periods since, and the present tour, provided the performers get back to New York in sleeping cars, will show that his old sagacity is not deserting him.

Respectfully,

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

## OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

## MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

R. De Koven.  
Fritz Scheel.  
Frederic Sueve.  
S. Penfield.  
Mrs. James Peterson.  
Miss Marie Donavin.  
Miss J. Delman.  
Nahan Franko.  
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Perring.  
Mr. S. P. Warren.  
Miss P. Gscheielle.  
M. A. Bernay.  
A. Mildenberg.  
E. B. Adams.  
Miss M. Gill.

## MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Prof. A. J. Goodrich.  
F. X. Arens.  
Miss A. Metcalf.  
Miss M. Reese-Davies.  
Miss Lillian Blauvelt.  
Mr. Evan Williams.  
C. De Vaux Royer.  
Miss R. Ring.  
Miss F. Roselle.  
Miss S. C. Beale.  
Mrs. J. K. Morrison.  
Mrs. E. Northrup.  
J. J. Racer.  
Geo. Lehman.  
Mlle. Versin.  
Mrs. Sophia Markee.

**Henrietta Beebe.**—Miss Henrietta Beebe has joined the Professional Women's League of this city, and will at once organize a glee club in connection with the association. It is expected that some concerts will be given by this club during the winter. Miss Beebe is specially fitted for this work, as she has made an exhaustive study of English glees.

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All changes in advertisements must reach this office by Friday 5 P. M. preceding the issue in which changes are to take effect.

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

No. 924.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1897.

*The London MUSICAL COURIER* is published every Thursday from 21 Princes Street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,  
New York City.

THEY are to do the "Ring" next season at Covent Garden, but we greatly fear that the Bayreuth innovations will not be successful. London will never take kindly to music drama at 5 in the afternoon, for during the season dear old London likes to drink tea at 5, don't you know, and Wagner might impede that social function.

WE must be careful before accepting in its totality the cablegram from Berlin that announces the insanity of Felix Weingartner, one of the directors of the Royal Opera orchestra at Berlin. It is said that this misfortune is caused by overwork and that he has been sent to a sanitarium. Our Berlin office will report the matter in full. His arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" was performed by Theodore Thomas at the Auditorium, Chicago, Saturday night, about the time the cable was flashed over to us.

THE young man sent by the *Sun* to write up the Lotus Club reception tendered to Ysaye and Pugno must have enjoyed himself considerably, for in last Sunday's issue we hear of the "Parsifal" music being a novelty here—despite its half dozen and more performances by Seidl and Wilhelmj's violin transcription. Wagner died in 1883; therefore the fourteen years spoken by the *Sun* for the general performance of "Parsifal" are about due, are they not? We always understood that 1913 would be the expiration of Bayreuth's hold on the sacred music drama. Someone must have got hold of the *Sun's* young man and filled him up with fairy tales.

AU REVOIR, Mr. Grau, *bon voyage* and when you return in February—if you do, give us another maddening list of the highest priced singers on the globe!

Mr. Grau has engaged everyone, even going to Mr. Damrosch's company for Madame Galski. Calvé, Eames, the Reszkés—of course—Plançon, Van Dyk, and possibly Melba are to be brought in again, and of course—bankruptcy again. No matter how artistic the season is, bankruptcy is sure to bob up serenely in the spring with the usual hard luck stories. Everything will be to blame except the precipitously high salaries, Mr. Grau will calmly inform the newspapers after the smash up in the spring of 1899.

Chicago is to get the first taste of the new Klondike vocal organization.

THE definite news has been issued that there will be no public appearance of the de Reszkés on the Continent after all—just as this paper long since predicted. St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, all other German cities, Paris and, of course, Bayreuth—all these advertised, proposed engagements one after the other evaporate like a summer cloud. The people on the Continent will not pay even as little as 1,000 frs. a performance to listen to Reszké. Are they the great mass of dupes, or are we, who pay this man \$2,000, \$2,500, \$3,000 a night, sometimes three times a week—are we the dupes? Is he not a great artist in Europe? Or does Europe not appreciate great artists? Or do we not understand art at all, and merely visit in masses the advertised curiosity because it becomes valuable through advertising? This is no longer an artistic question; it is a sociological problem.

People in Europe will not pay to hear de Reszké. We give him \$250,000 a season—more than he gets in Europe during his whole life. Where is the secret of this contradictory phenomenon? It is an amazing situation. Are we idiots? Is Europe idiotic? Are we misdirected? Is Europe not the true source of true musical art? After all, this paper has at least given an impetus to the investigation of these problems, and that is in itself sufficient.

### A PRETTY PLEA FOR BARTH.

HERE is a pretty and thoroughly feminine plea for Barth, of Berlin, sent to us by a talented and ambitious young pianist, so we gladly publish it:

STEINWAY HALL,  
NEW YORK, November 5, 1897.

Editors the Musical Courier:

While noting with pleasure your ardent efforts to advance the cause of American music and musicians, I can but take issue with you regarding my former master, Prof. Heinrich Barth, of Berlin. In a recent number of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* the question was

raised, what became of the Barth pupils, since his class was always full of Americans. I take pleasure in answering this question in so far as it concerns the pupils of '91 and '92. In your own city you have as representatives of that class, of which I am proud to have been a member, the Sutor girls, Howard Brockway, Amelia Heineberg and Ernest Schelling. Miss Heineberg is better known to critics in North and South Germany than in New York, which is not a bad indication for the future, and Mr. Schelling refused an offer last year to go to Australia with Albani, preferring to remain in this city and study and dream.

It is a pity that when a man who is really conscientious and respectable is found in the army of musicians he must be court-martialed, as Barth has been of late by *THE COURIER*. Why, Heinrich Barth reads *THE COURIER*, and he reads it with interest, and a man who is an artist has inevitably a capacity to feel. Why, then, hurt such a sensitive nature by pin pricks of insinuations? What is gained by such a paragraph as this: "Of course, art with a big A is spoken of in hushed whispers at the Barth lessons, yet good American money is not refused." It must be that no one has told of the lessons between lessons that are not reckoned in Barth's bills. It must be that those whom he has recommended to go to a cheaper teacher have forgotten to tell of it.

Professor Barth is not a flashing, meteoric genius. He is a sane artist, a conscientious teacher, and a man that any of us may well be proud to know. More than this, he is one whom none of us should have cause to defend.

Respectfully yours,  
KATHERINE RUTH HEYMAN.

Miss Heyman seems to overlook the fact that we entertain no personal animosity against Herr Barth, of Berlin; against Herr Leschetizky, of Vienna; against Herr Teufelsdröckh, of Teneriffe and Senegambia. We give these amiable, estimable, highly moral and deeply religious men their due. They are saints of the fold and citizens beyond reproach, but what has that to do with the question?

We have known subscribers and readers of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* to be bad men and bad musicians. We are delighted to hear that Herr Barth, of Berlin, reads *THE MUSICAL COURIER*. It shows that he is an enlightened man, and we hope that he may learn the truth in its columns—i.e., that all American young people do not have to go abroad to study music. We do not blame Herr Barth for making hay while the sun of Yankee prosperity shines on him, neither can we blame him for the foolishness of American students who seek him for instruction.

These articles are not written for Barth or Leschetizky, but for the *American student*. Herr Barth is an excellent pianist, an excellent pedagogue, we have been assured; that does not disturb our central argument in the least. Why should, we ask, students make a trip of 3,000 miles and more to study with a man whose pupils are never heard publicly? Now, we don't mean heard in the same place where the Joseffys, Godowskys, Burmeisters, Bloomfield-Zeislers, or where the European visitors play, but heard frequently during the season.

As we never hear them, why go to Barth to study, only to return and remain obscure? We admire Miss Heyman's loyalty, and doubtless Herr Barth will feel flattered at its exhibition, but facts are facts.

Stay at home, you restless students of piano, voice and violin; stay at home and study. When you are an artist you can go abroad and take huge doses of that mythical musical atmosphere!

### THE GREAT QUESTION.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY,  
LINCOLN, ILL., November 3, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

I have followed with great interest the heroic struggles you have been and are still making in behalf of American artists and American music and against what you have named "The High Salary Crime." You have deemed it wise and right to select Jean de Reszké as a special target, because he is one of the most notable beneficiaries and upholders of the system. That is so far good, but would it not be well to inquire whether these foreign artists are the only persons responsible in the matter, and whether others are not equally culpable, the managers, who make a business of importing these artists, for instance? That you view the matter somewhat in this light is shown in your condemnation of Manager Damrosch for making engagements with artists at exorbitant salaries.

This is a good start, but why not go farther and examine more closely into the managerial industry of handling foreign artists? Every year a goodly number of European notables (?) are brought over here by the New York managers, and, I understand, paid a substantial sum, guaranteed in advance by the manager, a sum far in excess—so we are led to believe—of what they are paid in Europe. The managers secure readily good engagements for their artists, judging by your own columns. Is the American musical public then not entitled to know why it is that these managers are able to secure these engagements so readily at most of the large festivals and in the concerts given by Thomas in Chicago, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Van der Stucken and Seidl? It is not possible that the merits of the artists are always known to these gentlemen and the managers of their societies. The musical managers doubtless regard themselves as purveyors of musical celebrities (?), music traders, so to speak, and as long as a good commission is in sight, or a goodly profit from a lump contract, entered into with the foreigner, is likely to accrue to them, American music and American artists can go where brimstone is monstrously plenty and cheap. It is notorious that one of the most influential of these managers will not listen to an unknown American artist, and it is whispered about among New York artists that the gentleman referred to is even loth



to take any American up until he has made a place for himself and is, vulgarly speaking, a sure thing.

As has been already pointed out, these foreign artists are not all celebrities or even great. That being so, why is it that the managers of the musical organizations already named engage these foreigners—good, bad or indifferent—so readily. Is it because the conductors of these orchestras are pro-European in their sympathies, and believe that these foreigners are always better than the native artists, or do our people desire foreign novelties? It is surely not possible that they desire other than good foreign novelties. It looks as if these conductors give undue preference to the foreigner, and if so, the sooner the public is made aware of that fact the better for the future of American music.

While it must be admitted that some of the foreign artists are greater than our own, for greatness is not confined to nationality nor—even in music—dependent upon nationality, it does not follow that they should be paid exorbitant prices, because American success usually helps the artist to secure future lucrative engagements at home. If it were not so, the American success of an artist would not be so carefully heralded in Europe. Plunket Greene's success in America was given liberal space in the London papers, but whether his London manager took care of that I have no means of knowing. Santley's success here made him in England. The great evil of the system is that the New York manager, having guaranteed a very liberal honorarium to his artists, must create a demand for them, and this he can only do by creating and fostering the impression that the foreigners are better than the natives in all cases. The notices used for this purpose are often gotten in connection with appearances that were paid for, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were paid for likewise. I am inclined to believe that a thorough exposure of the corrupt practices indulged in by some European centres would be salutary. It would have a double influence; it would enable our people to make a more just estimate of European notices, and make it more difficult for managers to hawk around this country other than most remarkable performers, who have gotten their laurels justly; it would also help to reduce the exodus of American students, more especially aspirants for stage honors, who have little money, although worthy, and it might have the effect of leaving in the European opera arena only those American students who are able to pay large sums to either managers or teachers for securing them a first engagement. It would be well, however, not to create the impression that it is only in Europe that such things are done, if there is any place in America where it is necessary for Americans or others even to pay to make an appearance with a musical organization.

I presume the musical judgment of the best American cities is practically sound, although I am inclined to believe that a thoroughly sound musical judgment is not possessed at large anywhere. I have heard a great many performers applauded in Europe that I thought very poor.

I notice in your issue of October 20 that Miss Von Tetzl your Milwaukee correspondent, speaks of one Schoenfeld in Chicago, who has written two suites for orchestra, said to be very fine, but that the orchestra will not play them. Why not?

If I may be permitted to digress a little I would like to say that the operatic situation in New York in the last few years reminds me of what an educated Englishman, writing under the pseudonym of "Altamant," said of opera in London in 1797 in his little book entitled "Letters from Altamont to His Friends in the Country." He says: "The most prevailing amusement among them at present (that is, among Londoners) next to cards is music; everybody, therefore, must have an ear and acquire a taste for music. It is true a taste for music is to all appearances acquired every day in this place. The first thing that is necessary is to get by heart the names of the most eminent performers upon every instrument, and those of the most favorite singers, for both singing and playing is here a trade, and it sometimes happens that a talent for either of them is the happiest with which a man or woman can be born, as they turn to better account than the most useful science can do. When you have gotten the names of the singers you must next get the three or four first words of the favorite airs which they sing, for the taste of the great world is so confined, even in their most favorite amusement, that perhaps four or five single airs engross the attention of the whole town for a year, which next year give place to four or five others. When you have once attained to the being able to talk of these airs by their names, and to know who sings them best, you will make a better figure in conversation than if you know all the music which was ever composed except them. The next thing to be learned is the fashionable notions with regard to the comparative merit of the several performers, for nobody is allowed to judge for himself; a few leading people judge for all the rest, who implicitly subscribe to their opinions. You are not, therefore, to listen whether Giardini accompanies better than Hay, or Manzoli sings better than Elisi, but you are only to remember that Giardini does accompany better than Hay, and that Manzoli is a better singer than Elisi. When you have done this you are qualified to go to the opera and come home in raptures."

Hoping that you can spare the space for the foregoing lines, I am  
Yours respectfully, ALEX. S. THOMPSON.

ALL the views propounded in this Socratic letter have been discussed frequently in these columns, and none of these discussions could have arisen unless the agitation could have been created. It is therefore all a question of agitation and keeping before the public eye and in the public mind the fundamental evil, and the desire to seek for its causes. It is a desperate struggle, because we are antagonizing a system of belief somewhat akin to a religion, for the American people believe that the foreign article is always the better. How is this idea and belief going to be eradicated? Only by agitation, and constant agitation.

The American manager says: "Why, what is the use of my engaging American musicians or musical artists? Nobody will buy them from me, because nobody will pay to hear them." That places the American manager in the same position in which the local manager is placed, for the latter writes to him that he doesn't care for any Americans because the people of Detroit and Nashville and Kansas City will not go to any concerts unless there are some foreigners engaged as an attraction.

Naturally, years ago, there could have been no

American artists, and the first musical artists to appear in America had to be brought from Europe. THE MUSICAL COURIER is opposed to the continuation of this system, which excludes the American artist. Like our correspondent from the Lincoln University, we are not opposed to the foreigner; but we do not propose to have the Americans ostracised in the future simply because they are Americans, because if the present system continues we shall never have any American artists.

We do not pretend that a manager could produce grand opera or opera comique with an American cast and an American orchestra and American auxiliaries, but we do pretend that if the present system is continued without the opposition which this paper has fomented and which shall continue to grow, the time will never come when American artists will be able to do this work, simply because they are not permitted to develop under the laws of natural selection.

The managers—well, the managers are merely the tools of the public; the managers do not create any opinion, but follow in the wake of opinion. They endeavor to satisfy and gratify the prevailing taste, and they cater to it. They are not a compact, cohesive mass operating under a system; they are merely individually struggling to market commodities at the most profitable rates, where they pay best, and most of them are indifferent to music or art, and candidly admit that it is none of their business. One of them recently said in this office: "Look at the managers in this country that know something about music; they have no standing, and they handle no great artists. I look only at the commercial value of an artist, and I never make a fool of myself by pretending to know anything about the art, except when I am at the front of the house, where I meet the public, which knows as much about it as I do."

The great point attained in this agitation lies in the fact that it has become a national question, and that the people are beginning to think on the subject, and as soon as the people begin to think, something has been accomplished.

### THE LESSON OF CHORAL MUSIC.

THE lesson of choral music is—Brahms. He is the legitimate end toward which the study of choral music tends. If any choir or society stops short of the study of Brahms it stops short of the highest musical knowledge, for Brahms assimilated in logical order all musical traditions. He extended the meaning of romanticism and he gave to romantic music a solid structural basis.

Berlioz, Schumann and Rubinstein, whom we spoke of last week, embodied three striking phases of romanticism. Schumann, the greatest of the romanticists, perceived and encouraged the genius of Brahms, and it is said therefore that Brahms received the inheritance of Schumann. In one sense, it is true, he may be called Schumann's successor, but he is also the lineal descendant of Palestrina, Bach and Beethoven. He stands unswervingly on the solid ground of unsurpassable structure. Upon this structure he weaves with incomparable skill the mysteries of counterpoint, of fugue, of polyphonic imitation; primarily in this aspect he is more classicist than romanticist, but he also gives full modern interpretation to the spirit of romanticism.

If certain qualities of Brahms had not been so fully presented by the RACONTEUR in late numbers of THE COURIER we should be tempted to enlarge upon these qualities, but we may best confine ourselves to those which stand in direct relation to choral music. Particularly we may note that Brahms has no touch of defilement. His purity of language is unmistakable. The ideal, the natural, the human—all emotions possible to man—appear in his music, but ever in their true relations. He can set specific ideas in their proper places. He rises above the storm and stress of his time and bases his work upon the fundamental and unchanging laws of mind.

The poetry of Brahms is too manifest to all who look intelligently at his compositions to need exposition; it is not the poetry that weakens and destroys; it is the poetry of conscious knowledge, the poetry through which shines not merely a Will-o'-the-wisp

flicker of fancy, but the divine light of reason. His is the language of absolute musical beauty.

One secret of Brahms' power seems to be that he pursued a perfectly natural course of development. He began in childhood by covering reams of paper with exercises in counterpoint; under the wise guidance of Marxsen he studied folksongs and dances, the natural expression of a people's emotion; he studied ecclesiastical modes; he followed the progress of church music, and the gradual development of choral writing through the various cantata art forms, from the chamber cantata of Carissimi and the Church concerto of Viardona, to that great mass of Palestrina, which has never been equaled by any written since for the Roman Catholic service; to that Passion Music of Bach with which ended all adequate Passion Music, and through the polyphonic variations of later oratorios to the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, whose structural firmness gave Brahms the necessary point of rest. He studied carefully the works of Haydn, Mozart, Händel, Mendelssohn and was influenced by them occasionally, but never to the extent of modeling his work upon theirs. He has left on record his appreciation of their special excellencies and also of the excellencies of certain composers of his own day. He was in every sense of the word eclectic.

It may be said that all this historical study is a matter of course; that all composers follow the same method of development; but the assumption is based upon theory rather than on fact. Many composers of the purely romantic school show by a looseness of structure that they have studied in different fashion; for certain methods bring certain general results notwithstanding predisposition of temperament. We are not attempting, be it remembered, to depreciate the natural characteristics of other composers which lead them to another course of development. We are simply indicating the palpable superiority of beauty based upon order—the order taught by nature and by reason.

Brahms' intellect was equal not only to absorbing all traditional values but to giving them new significance by his marvelous sense of beauty. He did not neglect the harmonic ideal as maintained by Schumann, but he restored the structural ideal; and he purified the extravagances of the romanticists as Palestrina purified the extravagances of the early Church composers.

In passing at once to Brahms, in these steps from one climax to another in choral music, we are compelled merely to refer to another composer who ranks in the estimation of most critics as midway between Brahms and other modern choral composers. Max Bruch is not so generally known in this country as he deserves to be. His "Frithjof Scenen," imbued with genuine dramatic fervor; the subsequent composition "Frithjof auf seines Vaters Grabhügel," a concert scena for baritone, female choir and orchestra; his "Schön Ellen," with its Scottish coloring; his choral masterpieces "Odysseus," "Arminius" and "Achilleus" stamp him as one who lives on musical heights, while technically his choral works are adapted to general interpretation and are particularly desirable as preliminary to a study of Brahms.

Dvorák, although his peculiar gifts are best revealed in his instrumental music, and many French, English and American composers are also entitled to high consideration. But we are concerned with climaxes. And Brahms marks the fifth climax in the history of choral music.

That there are certain technical difficulties to master in order to properly interpret Brahms is quite true, but this is said in every age of every great composer. This saying is the sign manual of progression. And if intellectual effort is to be eschewed, and if music is to be regarded first of all as a mere emotional accident, as a haphazard titillator of the senses, nothing can be said by way of argument to those who have so unworthy a point of view. Suffice it to say that those who honestly try to master the technicalities of Brahms to find themselves sooner or later introduced to a new world and will experience the same emotions felt by Keats when he first looked into Chapman's "Homer."

Brahms' songs, from the earliest to the latest—and we may remind those who have forgotten the fact that he has written more than 300, not counting



duets, trios or songs for four and six part choirs—though varying in value, are nearly all instinct with tender or brilliant melody. His "Liebeslieder" and "Soldatenlieder" reach the highest point attained in the development of the German lied. Among his lesser choral works may be indicated, as examples of musical beauty, quite aside from any question of technical beauty, the "Ave Maria," for female choir and orchestra; the "Rhapsodie," for male choir and orchestra, with alto solo; the "Gesang der Parzen," for six part, chorus and orchestra; the trios for female choir, with two horns and harp; the Psalm XXIII., for female choir and organ, and the melodious "Rinaldo."

But it is in his greater choral works that he shows himself the master of the modern music world. In these he solves some of the music problems which neither Bach nor Beethoven were able to solve. The greatest of his choral works are, as all musicians know, the "German Requiem," the "Triumphlied," the "Schicksalslied." The first is considered by most German critics the greatest achievement in modern sacred music. It is alive with true spirituality. From the first chorus "Blessed are they that mourn" to the great double fugue "Lord, thou art worthy" the choruses represent the high tide of modern choral writing. Two wonderful ideas embodied in this work are the idea of all humanity marching toward the grave, the solemn tramping expressed by a march in triple time, and the idea of God in the great fugue built around a pedal point—"But the righteous souls are in the hands of God."

In a description of this fugue Bosanquet (quoted by Humphreys) says:

"That name is translated into music by the pedal note which is held down from beginning to end of the fugue in which these words are set. The pedal note persists, makes its presence felt throughout, is all-enduring, all-pervading. The fugue starts from it, and finally after many intricate wanderings returns to it. \* \* \* Everything proceeds from it and returns to it; it alone is permanent and steadily, continuously and irresistibly self-asserting. Neither poetry, nor painting, nor architecture can express such mysteries as these with such searching force and directness."

Concerning the "Triumphlied" there have been divers opinions regarding the good taste of thus commemorating the Austro-Prussian war, though but little dispute as to the musical merit, especially of the great baritone solo with eight part chorus and orchestra. The "Triumphlied" contains two good examples of chorale adaptation—"Heil dir im Sieger kranz" and "Nun danket alle Gott." The "Schicksalslied," that exquisite setting of Holderlein's "Song of Destiny," seems to mark the climax in sensuous beauty of all Brahms' works. The technical perfection, it is said by those who have heard it, pass unnoticed in the loveliness of the whole.

To enter into any dispute concerning the relative merits of Brahms and Wagner at this late day would be absurd. It is not needful to depreciate the one in order to appreciate the other. Brahms did not enter the field of opera, but in the realm of choral music he is supreme. Like Beethoven, he always suggests the power to master pessimism, to rise above all terrors that beset humanity.

Wagner is dominated by the Zeitgeist, the unrest of the present age. Brahms conquers the Zeitgeist, stretches forth his hand and calms the turbulence. He preaches in his music the eternal, the undying. Wagner fumes and frets and disturbs the soul. He cannot reach the everlasting heights of calm. Brahms, immovable as the Sphinx and as undisturbed by passing whim or fancy, is firmly implanted in the sands of the past, but upon his forehead play the beams of the morning sun which tells a musical day.

**M. R. ARMSTRONG**, of the *Chicago Tribune*, says that there is no truth whatever in the report from Cairo, Ill., that Melba will sing Brünnhilde in "Siegfried" in Chicago this season. While we fully credit Mr. Armstrong, we must, however, say that Melba is apt to do lots of things not suspected by the people of Cairo, Ill., or by Mr. Armstrong, and that he need not be surprised if she sings the Bohemian Girl, much less Brünnhilde. The role of the Bohemian Girl is not entirely unknown to the Polynesian prima madonna.

### JOSEF HOFMANN.

IT is almost ten years since the sturdy little boy named Josef Hofmann set music lovers of this city wild by his performances of classical and modern piano music, and his extraordinary improvisations. His triumphs in America are musical history, and again we are to have him, now a matured artist not much out of his teens, yet singularly reposeful in his playing and finished in style.

In last week's *MUSICAL COURIER* may be found in the Berlin letter a thoughtful criticism by Mr. Otto Floersheim, in which the breadth and scholarly manner of the very young virtuoso are dwelt upon, qualities usually absent from the playing of youth. There were ripeness and finish in the boy Hofmann's play when we heard him; ripeness, even matured feeling, as was evidenced in his clear, sound reading of Mozart's D minor Concerto; as was evidenced in his astonishingly emotional performance of Chopin's E major nocturne, op. 62. In the latter the boy was actually far in advance of his years, and experienced judges declared that he would never develop into a sane, healthy musical maturity.

But all these prophets have been false ones, for Josef Hofmann has reached manhood's estate without being shipwrecked through the intensity of his emotions, nor has he grown stale, as have so many wonder children. He has, we are assured, grown broad and forceful in his readings, and is a pianist eminently of the intellectual school, without having lost any of the charm of style and delicacy of touch which rendered his music so agreeable, so grateful.

His study under Rubinstein's masterly hands made him a finished artist, and as we welcomed him in 1888 and predicted for him a great career, so will we welcome him in 1898—a master indeed.

We have always maintained that personality in piano playing is its most important factor. Josef Hofmann is a case in point. As a boy he was, as Tennyson said of Swinburne, a reed shaken by music. With what charm and freshness he played Mozart and Weber, those two eternally young composers. This virginal quality of touch and style—a quality which consisted of seeing sweetness and beauty, sweetness and light in every melodic curve of the classical composers—this quality, we believe, Hofmann has not lost. Rubinstein's tutelage made him master of the keyboard, master of modern music. Strange to say, in a young man of so marked a personality, an ample eclecticism distinguishes his playing. He is broadly objective and plays Bach as well as Tchaikowsky. There is never a suspicion that his perfect manipulation of the mechanism of his art will betray him into displays of empty virtuosity. He, too, can be brilliantly rhetorical, but in compositions of Liszt and the latter day pyrotechnicists. He has the right feeling for Scarlatti, and is a sound Schumann interpreter, plays Beethoven and Saint-Saëns equally well and, of course, Rubinstein as no one else. It is this sympathy with composers of such widely severed epochs and styles that will make Hofmann's playing so grateful.

His portrait to-day on the cover gives you an excellent idea of the sort of young man we may expect. He has changed but little in expression and his regard is as manly and charming as ever.

IT is cabled from Paris that the performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger" at the Grand Opéra has at last reconciled the French to German opera. This paper has for years persisted in claiming that in course of time the French would become the most enthusiastic supporters of Richard Wagner. There is no chasm between Wagner's methods and the views held in France on art or musical art in particular; in fact there is great reason for agreement. Wagner himself lived in Paris, loved Berlioz's theories, and absorbed the French spirit thoroughly. Richard's music is not Teutonic, we all know by this time.

**Avon Saxon.**—Avon Saxon, the baritone, and his wife, Virginie Chéron, known as the Natal Nightingale, have returned from a South African tour and are at present in Paris.

### Second Sunday Night Concert.

THE program presented at the second Sembrich concert last Sunday night at the Metropolitan Opera House:

Overture, Martha.....	Plotow
Aria, Faust.....	Gounod
Sig. Campanari.	
L'Arlesienne suite.....	Bizet
Nocturne.....	
Parandole.....	
Piano solo, Concerto in F minor.....	Chopin
(Orchestration and cadenza to the first movement by R. Burmeister.)	
Mr. Richard Burmeister.	
Aria, Semiramide.....	Rossini
Madame Sembrich.	
Kammenoi Ostrow.....	Rubinstein
Duo, Barbiera.....	Rossini
Madame Sembrich and Sig. Campanari.	
For string orchestra—	
Traumerel.....	Schumann
Anitra's Dance.....	Griro
Waltz, Voce di Primavera.....	J. Strauss
Madame Sembrich.	
Aria, Brindisi.....	Tirindelli
First time in America, and dedicated to Sig. Campanari.	
Coronation March, Prophet.....	Meyerbeer
Conductors, Anton Seidl and Sig. Bevgnani.	

There was a large and enthusiastic audience present. Sembrich, who was not in the best of voice, warmed up as the evening wore on and sang quite brilliantly. For encore she gave "Ah non guinge," "O Luce di quest anima," from "Linda," and accompanied herself in Chopin's "Ringlein," singing in Polish. With Campanari she also sang, "La ci darem." Mr. Campanari sang "Dio Possente" nobly, and Mr. Burmeister played with great spirit, delicacy and power two movements of Chopin's F minor concerto. His cadenza is very interesting and very musicianly. The orchestra played in a fatigued manner.

**Clara A. Korn.**—One of the pupils of Clara A. Korn has written a piano composition of merit, a "Valse Poétique," which will soon be published. Good work is expected from the pupils of so excellent a teacher. Mrs. Korn has recently published five of her own compositions, which are dedicated to Joseffy.

**A Metropolitan College of Music Lecture.**—The first of the series of lectures announced by the Metropolitan College of Music was delivered by Professor Waldo S. Pratt in the Assembly Rooms of the Presbyterian Building at Twentieth street and Fifth avenue, on Thursday afternoon, November 11.

The subject was "The Scope of Music History," and, as the lecturer stated, "was intended to serve as a portico through which the other lecturers might enter."

Professor Pratt touched briefly upon a vast number of interesting details relative to the history of music, to any one of which a volume might have been devoted.

From what is understood to-day by the term "modern" as applied to music, the lecturer carried his listeners backward step by step to the very dawn of civilization, through every country on the globe he traveled with nineteenth century speed, dwelling, however, at some length on the musical possibilities of that wonderful "land of flowers"—Japan.

"Art Poems" occupied an important place as one of the divisions of the subject. The lecture was interesting from first to last, and was enjoyed by a large number of earnest and attentive students.

The second of the series will be given on Thursday, November 18, by Mr. John C. Griggs. The subject will be "Mystery Plays and Passion Music."

**Arthur Beresford.**—Mr. Beresford, who has been concertizing for the past five weeks through the West with Clementine De Vere, Listemann and others, has been particularly fortunate with his audiences. Although his greatest successes have been won in oratorio or works like Max Bruch's "Arminius," yet he has never, on this trip, no matter how cold or unresponsive the audience, failed to arouse enthusiasm and make what would be styled "a hit." Below are some of the company's notices.

The star of the company was Arthur Beresford, who possesses a magnificent bass voice. Mr. Beresford claims Boston as his home, though he is an Englishman by birth, and has studied in half a dozen climes. Not only does he possess a fine vocal equipment, but he is a thorough artist as well and his singing was truly delightful. His voice is of good range, adequate volume and he has thoroughly mastered the art of using it.—*Morning Star, Rockford.*

Arthur Beresford, the basso, was given a reception of which any one might feel proud, and he deserved it. He has a voice of incomparable quality, and is a true singer. His power and richness are beyond measure, and he can stir his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.—*Duluth Evening Herald.*

Mr. Arthur Beresford, the basso, was the favorite of the evening, and his singing deserves special mention. The entire company is a strong one, and the engagement was one to be proud of.—*Springfield (Ill.) Morning Monitor.*

Mr. Arthur Beresford, the bass soloist, divided the honors of the evening with the star. His enunciation is unusually fine, and in his "Honor and Arms," by Handel, and "The Two Grenadiers," by Schumann, he showed himself a thorough artist.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Redpath Company is this year made up of a list of stars. The audience last evening was very impartial in its praise, no one receiving more applause than another it was Arthur Beresford, whose cultured bass voice won the merited praise of all.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.*





A MODERN MUSIC LORD.

V.

IN reviewing these tentative studies I not only find many sins of omission and commission, but also a tendency to return on my trail, which gives an appearance of hasty, superficial, hand to mouth work; indeed I must plead guilty to hasty research and the liberal taxation of an overburdened memory. The music of Tchaikowsky has made its main appeal to me through the nerves; by that I mean the emotional, not the thinking faculties. Naturally these classifications are childish to the trained psychologist, but I have endeavored not to write of the things I never heard nor dwell upon the things I do not admire. So conspirators, mine of uncritical crimes, judge not these leaflets as the last word passed upon Tchaikowsky—by me; later I shall prune, revise and build up, not necessarily for republication, but as an evidence of good faith in the matter of form.

Now I am sure you are prepared for apologies, and you are right. I was agile enough last week to waive responsibility for dates; unless the figures are before me I can never remember when a man was born, when a man died; so I thank the fates for Mr. Hale and his phenomenally well equipped memory. A period placed near Von Bülow's name in the third of these papers nullifies the statement I intended. Von Bülow played the B flat minor concerto, op. 23, in Boston, as Mr. Hale writes, October 25, 1875. I heard it in Philadelphia in December of the same year. Perhaps Mr. Bunting, of that city, may furnish the exact date of the concert. "The Tempest," which I never heard, Mr. Richard Aldrich, the accomplished colleague of Mr. Krehbiel, tells me, was first given here at an Arion concert conducted by Frank Van der Stucken some five or six years ago, so that performance antedates Mr. Thomas' in Chicago, as Mr. Hale rightfully suspected. I thank the Only Philip for jogging my memory cells about Madeleine Schiller, for to her belongs the honor of having introduced the second piano concerto in 1881. I may add that there is no one, not even Mr. Hale, who knows as much about Russian piano literature as Zielinski, of Buffalo. This fact I have tested both in conversation and hearing him play music by composers with names that summoned up for me all that is terrible, sweet and dangerous in Russia. Mr. Vance Thompson, who wrote an admirable article on Modeste Moussourgski over a year ago, deserves the thanks of students who never knew whether Moussourgski was a drink or the name of a railway station. I also wish to apologize for a nasty slip which I have not the hardihood to lay at the door of the Blumenberg Press. Tchaikowsky's Symphony in C minor was made in the major key, and really I am beginning to despair of ever writing with gelid poise and critical exactitude. I don't think I even suggested that the fulminating "Overture Solennelle," op. 49, is better known to us as "1812," with the possible sub-title of "Gilmore and Sousa Outdone!"

To be quite frank with you, I would rather tell you a story to-day than go on with this Tchaikowsky catalogue; a story about the time when I scandalized Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber by writing of "Dr. Antonin Dvodka," but perhaps it would be a thrice told tale, so back to the road, a short road that is rapidly closing in, narrowing down to where the grim, tender figure of Walt Whitman's Dark Mother of All, Death, sits facing Piotr Illitsch Tchaikowsky.

But I may be excused if I retell a story of mine about the second piano concerto which first appeared in this journal May 18, 1892. In it I find there that I

did mention the name of Madeleine Schiller, so I must make further apologies to Mr. Hale for my sadly degenerate memory. The story is the following:

"The second day of the Philharmonic Festival Mr. Seidl produced the Russian composer's second piano concerto, op. 44, and the result more than compensated Mr. Seidl and Mr. Rummel for their pains. While as a composition it may never excel in popularity its predecessor in B flat minor, it nevertheless will ever appeal to those music lovers who admire beauty of theme and imaginative qualities.

"There is no uncertainty in the ring of its first theme, a theme of sonorous nobility and virile assertiveness. The man who made such a theme has the blood of musical giants in his veins, peradventure the blood is a bit crossed with a Calmuck strain. The first movement is admirably developed, and the orchestra and piano have it out hammer and tongs fashion, the piano getting the better of the situation, particularly in the tremendous cadenza set in a decidedly unconventional place in the movement. The second movement contains some lovely writing, and the piano *volens volens* has to concede to the violin a solo of charming interest, although it later takes its revenge by playing the melody harmonically amplified.

"Franz Rummel, who for the first time really gave us an adequate realization of the beauties of the work, told me how he first played it for the composer.

"H'm! H'm!" came from the lips of the bearded Muscovite.

"H'm! H'm!" echoed Rummel, Then the composer and virtuoso glared at each other.

"Will you pardon me in advance," asked the pianist, who unites to Gallic breeding the unquenchable habit of telling the truth in a trenchant way.

"Yes, yes; I know it is too long," cried Tchaikowsky, reading at sight the other's thought, and both men smiled and smoked the cigarette of peace.

"Blue pencils were produced and the work of pruning began; with a Cossack groan Peter Illitsch lost as many notes as if at Monte Carlo. You may fancy how much was accomplished when pages 57 to 69 were slashed away, not to speak of numerous smaller cuts. Even with these excisions the concerto is too long, especially in the first movement. The cadenza is only ten pages long.

"The last movement, despite its disjointed form, is a rattling, lusty rondo, full of vigor, fire and a bit too robust for beautiful music, but characteristic withal." Then followed a criticism of Mr. Rummel's admirable performance.

\* \* \*

I still have left for review the "Romeo et Juliette" overture-fantasia without opus number, the Sixth Symphony, op. 74, in B minor, and the third piano concerto in E flat, op. 75. The Jurgenson catalogue goes no further than op. 74, so the piano concerto is posthumous. An unpublished piano nocturne is announced for early publication; that ends the list.

\* \* \*

As the "Romeo et Juliette" was first played here in 1876 it must have been composed about the time of the first piano concerto, perhaps later. You see I have absolutely no data, not even "Kashkin's Reminiscences," referred to by Mr. Hale. It is evidently a work of the composer in the first gorgeous outburst of his genius. It is a magnificent love poem, full of the splendors of passion and warring hosts. How it strikes fire from the first firm chord! Imperial passion flames in it, and the violins mount in burning octaves. The "Juliette" theme is sealed with the pure lips of a loving maid; but to spare you further rhapsodizing let me quote the judgment of such a cool-headed critic as Mr. W. J. Henderson:

"This overture-fantasia begins with an introductory section founded on two themes, one of which is one of the two chief melodies of the whole work. The composer's leaning toward melancholy and sombre instrumental color is at once shown in the sad theme in F sharp minor, announced by clarinets and bassoons. The second melody, also minor, is uttered by flutes and clarinets, the accompaniment being on the violas. These two themes are worked up by the common orchestral device of gradually adding to the number of instrumental voices, and increasing the tempo until the first subject is repeated

by the full wood choir with string accompaniment, and the second by the violins with an accompaniment by the oboes, bassoon and harp. We begin to see that there is trouble ahead of us and the composer's mind is intent upon the impending struggle between the Capulets and Montagues.

"A sharp, vigorous theme in C and B minor is announced by strings, wood and horns in unison. A figure expressive of rage is worked up after this, and we have a grand orchestral picture of the war of the two houses. A decrescendo follows, and the English horn and muted violins sing a new melody in B flat minor. All the muted strings breathe now a passage in close harmony. This is worked up in a crescendo by the use of the harp and scale passages in the wood, and passes into a new tempo marked *dolce ma sensibile*. Some interesting episodal bits lead into a somewhat extended development of the C and B minor theme, in which the composer uses much variety of color and a plentitude of force. After a decrescendo a new melody appears in the oboe and clarinet, and leads through a general amplification in the woodwind into the theme previously given out in B flat minor by the English horn. This melody is now sung by the strings and flutes, and it leads to the finale, in which the vigorous theme in C and B minor is treated in a new fashion, and the work closes with a solemn presentation of the former English horn theme."

\* \* \*

The third piano concerto, like Beethoven's fifth, is in the key of E flat, but there the resemblance ends, although the work is unusually vigorous and built on a theme even shorter than the one used in the B flat minor piano concerto. The posthumous concerto is really a fantasy for piano and orchestra with a nine page cadenza in the first part. It is not as long as its predecessors, and the subsidiary themes are very amiable and fetching. I should dearly love to hear it if only for the orchestration, hints of which appear in the second piano part. Fantastic in form, it has one rattling good theme in the *allegro molto vivace*, a theme that is rhythmically related to one in Moniuszko's opera "Halka." It is very Slavic, very piquant. The composer juggles with three subjects, and the cadenza is utilized as a working out section. It is very florid, possibly made so to suit the style of Louis Diemer, to whom the concerto is dedicated. The last movement is a more brilliant restatement of the first themes, and the song motive, this time in the tonic—it was in G at first—is very rich and melodious. The coda, a *vivacissimo*, is muscular and brief.

As far as the piano partition may be judged—this and several others I owe to the courtesy of Mr. Dynssen, of Schirmer's—this last composition of Tchaikowsky's does not build, neither does it detract from his fame. It smells a little of the piece made to order, although I may be mistaken in this. In any case I hope someone will play it; it is not very difficult nor trying to one's endurance. Its technical physiognomy resembles that of its brethren; there are octaves, chord passages in rapid flight and there are many scales; rather an unusual quantity in this composer's piano music. The cadenza is especially brilliant.

\* \* \*

My first impression of the Sixth Symphony, the "Suicide," as it has been called, has never been altered; the last movement is Tchaikowsky at his greatest, but the other movements do not "hang" together; in a word, there is a lack of organic unity. Tchaikowsky is never a formalist. He works more freely in the loosely built symphonic poem, the symphonic poem born of Berlioz, although fathered by Liszt. Yet we look for certain specific qualities in the symphonic form, and one of them is homogeneity.

Consider this last symphony. The opening allegro has for its chief subject a short phrase in B minor, a rather commonplace phrase, a phrase with an upward inflection, that you may find in Mendelssohn and a half dozen other classical writers. The accent is strong to harshness, and after the composer considers that he has sufficiently impressed it upon your memory the entrance of an episodal figure leads you captive to the second theme in D. Here is the romantic Russian for you! It is lovely, sensuous, suave. It is the composer in his most



melting mood, and is the feminine complement to the abrupt masculinity of the first subject. Atop of it we soon get some dancing rhythms under a scale-like theme, and then the working out begins.

The second subject is first treated, and this is followed by an exposition of the first subject, and in thundering tones and with all the harmonic and rhythmic skill the composer knows how to employ so well. There is constant use of scales for contrapuntal purposes, and the basses shake the very firmament. It is the old Tschaikowsky—sombre, dreary and savage. The mood does not last long. The sky lightens with a return of the cantabile, and then comes the *schluss*. This is wonderfully made and very effective. The movement ends peacefully. Its color throughout is beautiful, leaning toward the darker tints of the orchestral palette.

But the second and third movements are enigmas to me.

\*\*\*

Raff introduced a gay march into a symphony. Beethoven a funeral march and Tschaikowsky penned a lugubrious valse for his fifth symphonic work; but the second movement of this B minor symphony is in five-four time and sounds like a perverted valse, but one that could not be danced to unless you owned three legs. It is delightfully piquant music and the touch of Oriental color in the trio, or second part—for the movement is not a scherzo—produced by a pedal point on D is very felicitous. The third movement starts in with a Mendelssohnian figure in triplets and scherzo-like, but this soon merges into a march. The ingenuity displayed in scoring, the peculiar and recurring accent, which again suggests the East, helps the movement to escape the commonplace.

But why these two movements in a symphony? They are episodic, fragmentary and seem intended for a suite. Can it be possible that Tschaikowsky has only given us a mosaic—has made a short rosary of numbers that bear no active relationship! As well believe this as strive to reconcile these four movements. Dr. Dvorák's words return with peculiar force after listening to this symphony. "Tschaikowsky can not write a symphony; he only makes suites."

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The most tremendous surprise, therefore, follows in the finale. Since the music of the march in the "Eroica," since the mighty funeral music in "Siegfried," there has been no such death music as this "Adagio lamentoso," this astounding *torso*, a *torso* which Michel Angelo would have understood and Dante wept over. It is the very apotheosis of mortality, and its gloomy accents, poignant melody and harmonic coloring make it one of the most impressive of contributions to mortuary music. It sings of the entombment of a nation, and is incomparably noble, dignified and unspeakably tender. It is only at the close that the rustling of the basses conveys a sinister shudder; the shudder of the "Dies Ira" when the heavens shall be a fiery scroll and the sublime trumpet sound its summons to eternity.

No Richard Strauss realism is employed to describe the halting heart beats; no gasps in the woodwind to indicate the departing breath; no imitative figure to tell us that clouds of earth are falling heavily on the invisible coffin; but the atmosphere of grief, immutable, eternal, hovers about like a huge black-winged angel.

The movement is the last word in the profoundly pessimistic philosophy which comes from the East to poison and embitter the religious hopes of the

West. It has not the consolations of Nirvana, for that offers us a serene non-existence, an absorption into néant. Tschaikowsky's music is a page torn from Ecclesiastes, it is the Cosmos in crape.

Whether or not the composer had a premonition of his approaching death is a question I gladly leave to sentimental psychologists.

This movement will save the other three from oblivion.

The scoring throughout is masterly.

Again we must lament the death of the master. What might not his ninth symphony have been! He was slain in the very plenitude of his powers, at a time when to his glowing temperament was added a moderation born of generous cosmopolitan culture.

Verily a great man went from us when Tschaikowsky died!

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Little remains to be said. All who met Tschaikowsky declare that he was a polished, charming man of the world; like all Russians, a good linguist, and many sided in his tastes. But not in his musical taste. He disliked Brahms heartily, and while Brahms appreciated his music, the Russian shrugged his shoulders, and frankly confessed that for him the Hamburg composer was a mere music maker. In a conversation with Henry Holden Huss he praised Saint-Saëns, and then naively admitted that it was a pity an artist whose *facture* was so fine had so little original to say. He revered the classics, Mozart more than Beethoven, and had an enormous predilection for Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner. This was quite natural, and we find Rubinstein, with whom Tschaikowsky studied, upbraiding him for his defection from German classic standards. Curiously enough, Wagner did not play such a part in Tschaikowsky's music as one might imagine. His operas were made after old-fashioned models, and, despite his lyric and dramatic talent, have never proved successful. He dramatically expressed himself best in the orchestra, and totally lacked Wagner's power of projecting dramatic images upon the stage. His French sympathies were acute, the result, as I have once told you, of his mother's blood.

As regards the suicide story, I can only repeat that while it has been officially denied, it has never been quite discredited. Kapellmeister Wallner, a relative by marriage of Tolstoi, and an intimate of Tschaikowsky, told me that his nearest friends had the matter hushed up, as there was another scandal looming up, not the first in the lamented and unhappy man's life. He is supposed to have died of cholera after drinking a glass of unfiltered water, but his stomach was never subjected to chemical analysis. The fact that his mother before him died of the same malady lent color to the cholera story. It is all very sad.

Tschaikowsky lived, was unhappy, composed and died, and he will be forgotten, for man born of woman is as smoke, and his memory not long in the land.

Let us enjoy him while we live and until "all the daughters of music shall be brought low."

(Concluded.)

**Flavie Van den Hende.**—Mme. Flavie Van den Hende, the celebrated violoncellist, is booked for the following important engagements: Troy, November 14; Albany, November 16; Aeolian recital, November 20; New York, musicale, November 25; Passaic, N. J., November 29; Jersey City, December 1. Mme. Van den Hende is also engaged to play in the Astoria with the Seidl Orchestra in January.



NEW YORK, November 15, 1897.

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.

WHICH the same leads me quite naturally to the mention of the 250th anniversary of the adoption of the Westminster standards, and more especially the prominent part the music, under William C. Carl's direction, played in it. The gathering Monday evening at Madison Square Garden Concert Hall found a large assemblage, of church folk principally, and the evening opened with an andante by Hoffmann and an intermezzo by Gouvy, played by the Kaltenborn Sextet, their first appearance. We all know what a rattling good quartet Mr. Kaltenborn has, so it is no wonder the sextet excels in unity of ensemble, in self-effacement of each individual part when required, in sharp attack and warm musical diction. Later they played an andante by Tschaikowsky and the Boccherini Menuett; Händel's Largo and an allegro by Krug—at least this was scheduled, but I left at about 11 P. M., ere Part II. of the program was even in sight. Too many words, brethren, too many words! As the sextet is new let us here record their names: Franz P. Kaltenborn, first violin; Edwin Walther, second violin; Ernst Bauer, viola; Hermann Beyer-Hané, cello; August Kalkhof, bass, and Ernst Wagner, flute.

Evan Williams sang, to the extreme delight of all, Mendelssohn's "If with all Your Hearts," and with the devotional intensity and emotional quality, which have made him famous. Tumultuous was the applause after his number. Later he was down for three gypsy songs by Dvorák.

The semi-chorus choir of the Old First, fourteen in number, sang both secular and sacred music, of which I heard only Buck's Cantate Domino, sung with excellent vigor and style, accompanied by the sextet, the whole under the baton of that indefatigable and tactful musician, William C. Carl. Their succeeding numbers were:

Great Apollo, Strike the Lyre!.....Webbe  
The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.....Robbie  
Who Is Sylvia?.....Schubert  
Hail, Smiling Morn.....Spofforth  
Swedish Folk Song.....Carl  
The Rhine Raft Song.....Pinault

The choir consists of sopranos, Miss M. Ida Benedict, Miss Ellen Fletcher, Mrs. H. N. Hyneman, Miss Ida M. Ryerson; contraltos, Miss M. Carrie Holmes, Mrs. Ambrose B. Tremaine, Miss Helen L. Andrews; tenors, Mr. John A. Gallagher, Mr. Edward Gray, Mr. Gustav H. Ripps, Mr. William Crawford; basses, Mr. Albert Eugene Andrews, Mr. Edwin D. Levinson, Mr. Andrew J. Schneider.

As one of the olde Englyshe mynisteers said, some 200 years ago, "Their long some ness was awful."

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The first recital of his present season was given by the pupils of Conrad Wirtz, at his new studio, 2166 Seventh avenue, last Saturday afternoon. The recital was supplemented by an interesting and instructive lecture on "The Things Which Piano Students Ought and Ought Not to Do." The lecture related to some of the most common faults in the playing of the average pianist, and showed why and how they must be avoided.

The pupils displayed considerable skill and careful train-

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ing in their work, and played with ease, accuracy and good taste. The following was the program:

Bolero.....Lack  
Thine Own.....Lange  
Scherzo.....Gade  
Nocturne.....Leybach  
Spinning Song.....Mendelssohn  
Impromptu.....Reinhold

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A kind friend who was there writes me that "Edward Bromberg, the well-known basso-cantante, sang at a musicale given by August Gemünder of the Gemünder art violins, at his residence. The musicale was one of the most delightful I have ever attended. He sang with great success. 'The Two Grenadiers,' by Schumann, and a song by Goetze; after each number he had to sing two encores."

All of which I am truly pleased to hear, for Mr. Bromberg is a most pleasing singer and pleasant person, and deserves all the success which comes his way!

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A. L. Barnes, organist of the Central Presbyterian Church, Summit, N. J., gave an organ recital there last Thursday evening, assisted by Miss Arabella Duncan, soprano; Miss E. Louise Russell, organist and accompanist, and Mr. Wm. Irving Lyon, organist, when this was the program:

Prelude and Fugue in B minor.....Bach  
Mr. Barnes.  
Offertory in D flat.....Salome  
Capriccio.....Le Maigre  
Mr. Barnes.  
Soprano solo, Hear My Prayer.....Mendelssohn  
Miss Duncan.  
Processional.....Barnes  
Reverie.....Barnes  
Mr. Barnes.  
Offertory in D minor.....Batiste  
Miss Russell.  
Offertory in B flat.....Hall  
Allegro in D minor.....Higgs  
Mr. Lyon.  
Soprano solo, With Verdure Clad.....Haydn  
Miss Duncan.  
Sonata No. 5.....Guilmant  
Allegro Appassionata. Adagio. Scherzo.

Mr. Barnes is starting in energetically and tactfully, and must ere long become well known here. He recently received a letter from Clarence Eddy, in which he says: "Your processional is a dignified and solid composition, and ought to meet with great favor; I hope to incorporate it—also your Toccata—into one of my programs this season." This is praise from a high authority.

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Recently I read this in a paper published not far from here:

The accompaniments were skillfully executed by Miss Kate Stella Burr. Miss Burr, who is well known in local music circles, is now the organist in Grace M. E. Church, New York city, having recently concluded a four years' engagement at the Central Congregational church in the same city. Miss Burr was one of the stars at the convention and her organ recital was one of the best.

Miss Burr plays a great deal for tenor Thiers, who, a fine pianist himself, knows and fully appreciates the quality of her work.

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Miss Jessie L. Gardner, the pianist, pupil of Scharwenka, and teacher, finds herself very busy. She is engaged at the Conservatory of that name, with her numerous private pupils, and otherwise, and her success is well merited, too, for 'tis a long road!

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Messrs. F. and V. Toledo, of the Æolian Company, issued most original and artistic invitations to several hun-

dred friends to meet Ysaye and Pugno last Monday evening at the Æolian Hall. More later.

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Thomas & Fellows, choir agents, in Carnegie Hall, are looking for two of New York's best sopranos, who are willing to go out of the city. Salary, they say, is no object. The singer must be of the highest order. Here's a chance for some of our great sopranos who are "New York weary." There seems to be no diminution in the business that Thomas & Fellows are doing in their choir agency and entertainment bureau in Carnegie Hall. The following well-known names were registered with them the past week:

Mrs. Eva Gardiner Coleman.....Soprano  
Dr. Victor Baillard.....Baritone  
Dr. Ion A. Jackson.....Tenor  
Adele Laeis Baldwin.....Contralto  
M. W. Bowman.....Tenor  
Miss A. L. Van Name.....Accompanist  
Miss Carolin C. Wood.....Soprano  
Miss Katherine Bethune.....Soprano  
Miss Alice W. Bates.....Accompanist  
Mrs. M. T. Gibson.....Soprano  
Miss Agnes Crawford.....Reader  
Mrs. Cora T. Friedrichs.....Soprano  
Dr. Franklyn Palmer.....Organist  
Miss Jennie King-Morrison.....Alto  
Miss Florence M. Klein.....Alto  
Miss Fannie Hirsch.....Soprano  
Miss S. Luster.....Soprano  
E. K. Macrum.....Organist  
Miss Cecil A. Stollberg.....Soprano  
Miss Marion Coudray.....Soprano  
Geo. A. Chapman.....Baritone  
Miss Sophia Markee.....Soprano

All this has kept Thomas & Fellows busy the past week. It is quickly becoming known that they are hustlers, and their increased office force is evidence enough that things are coming their way.

**Burmeister-Petersen.**—The second symphony concert in the Föresten, Magdeburg, October 18, was crowded by an audience anxious to hear Mme. Dory Burmeister-Petersen, court pianist of Coburg-Gotha. In the D minor concerto by R. Burmeister she displayed a perfect technic, and the public listened in silence to the tones of the magnificent Steinway piano, till at the close it broke into loud applause. Mme. Burmeister-Petersen played also Liebestraum and Rhapsody No. 6, by Liszt. She was especially effective in the change from crescendo to decrescendo and the reverse, and displayed all the fire required by the rhapsody. The applause was so great that she had to give another piece as encore.

**Manuscript Society Announcements.**—The Manuscript Society announces a series of three public orchestral concerts to be given this season in Chickering Hall, on the following dates: December 15, 1897, and February 10, and April 14, 1898. Six monthly private meetings will also be held, five on the evening of November 8, December 7, 1897, and January 5, March 4, April 2, 1898, at the Transportation Club rooms, in the Manhattan Hotel, Forty-second street and Madison avenue, and one on the evening of February 3, 1898, at the hall of the Presbyterian Building, Twentieth street and Fifth avenue.

For the first public concert to be given on the evening of Wednesday, December 15, the committee in charge has already selected the following compositions, which will be given under the direction of Anton Seidl, a fact which will insure their most perfect interpretation: A symphony, by Henry K. Hadley, of Garden City, L. I.; overtures, by E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, and Platon Brunoff, of New York; an aria for soprano, with full orchestra, by A. M. Foerster, of Pittsburg, and a rhapsodie, by Ernest Lent, of Washington.

## THE VOCAL ART.

### An Anomaly.

By EDMUND J. MYER.

It is strange, strange beyond measure, that among all the arts, in all the range of athletic sports and athletic training, among all the many systems of physical culture, which require muscular development, not one can be mentioned that is taught, studied, trained, developed or mastered as is the vocal art; I should say the so-called vocal art. Not one system that is studied, controlled and mastered by direct local effort, by direct manipulation, control and adjustment of muscle and of the parts, except that which is called the vocal art; the development, control and mastery of the human voice for the purpose of speaking and singing.

I do not say that this is true of all systems for the training of the voice, but it is true beyond question of 90 per cent. of the prevailing systems for the training of the singing voice.

The skilled teacher of the piano does not make his pupil think of and locally control and adjust the muscles of his arm, wrist, hands and fingers; but he gives him movements which bring all the muscles into flexible action, and thus he is taught to develop and control them.

The man who teaches sparring or fencing does not make his pupil think of the muscles of his arm, and locally pull and push them, but they are controlled and developed by flexible automatic movements; the mind being placed not upon the direct manipulation of the muscle, but upon the object to be attained or overcome.

So with the sprinter or runner; he is taught to think, not of the muscles of his legs, but of the manner or style of his step, of his movements during training, and of the goal to be reached when running the race.

This rule holds equally good in all systems of training which require muscular development, adjustment and control, except in that of the so-called vocal art. Hence the so-called vocal art may be said to be an anomaly, a freak, as it were, among the arts and sciences.

Let us see why this is so; why men who attempt to teach the vocal art, the highest of all arts, feel that they must, if possible, better nature.

Let us see why 90 per cent. of the prevailing systems attempt, by direct local effort, to do that which nature alone can do correctly; to do by direct effort and control that which can be done artistically, through flexible, automatic movements only. Also why the prevailing systems differ so diametrically in many vital and important points.

### THE SO-CALLED SCIENCE OF VOICE.

That which is called "the science of voice" is beyond doubt largely responsible for the unnatural, artificial theories and systems which prevail. All art is based upon science. Science is truth; if not true it is surely not science. Mark me, I am not saying one word against science or the science of voice. Science is truth, and in nothing which requires physical or muscular development and control is the truth so highly important as in the training of the singing voice. I repeat that that which is called the "science of voice" is largely responsible for

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many unnatural theories; that and man's lack of common sense.

The old Italian masters taught the art of singing pure and simple. They studied for effects, for results, and based their system on flexible natural movements. They knew but little of the science of voice. Later scientists and many so-called scientists, through study, research and experiment, discovered, formulated and published the phenomena of voice, the movements, the position, the action, the adjustment, the form of all the parts, the muscles, the cavities, &c., which nature has given us for the production, reinforcement and control of voice. Instantly teachers of the voice formulated their systems, based upon the theories of the scientists or so-called scientists.

This work or co-work of the scientist and the practical teacher has been going on all through the nineteenth century and at this late day is constantly repeating itself, for at no time has that which is called the science of voice been written upon more than at the present day, and, like the past fifty years, 90 per cent. of that which is written lacks anything and everything which is at all new or practical. If I said 99 per cent. I think I would be nearer the mark.

All through the nineteenth century, or for more than 100 years, I might say, scientists or so-called scientists have formulated their theories, and at every decade, as at the present day, they differed radically upon the most important, the most vital and practical points in the training of the voice. So also, all through these many years, as at the present day, the teachers, the supposed practical trainers, formulated their systems based upon the theories of the so-called scientists. The result is they also differed radically on the most vital points.

The most serious error or mistake, however, made by both scientist and teacher was the effort to compel the phenomena of voice, the movements of the parts, form, adjustment, action, &c., the effort to control, directly or by local effort, all the parts, instead of studying the conditions which let or allow them to act as nature intended they should.

The same condition of things prevails at the present day. Thus, one scientist says positively that the larynx must always be low. All teachers who accept this as true attempt by direct local effort to constantly compel a low larynx—a flagrant violation of nature's laws. Another scientist declares that according to the science of voice the larynx must always be high during tone production, and the teacher who accepts this on faith attempts constantly to compel a high larynx. And yet others declare that the larynx must rise when the voice ascends and fall or depress when the voice descends, and, strange to say, there are many teachers who try by local effort to compel the larynx so to do.

In like manner one so-called scientist declares that the soft palate must always be low, another that it must be high. The tongue, it is declared, must be held flat in the mouth. The lips locally formed and controlled, &c.

Even now, at this day, in the name of science, teachers are attempting to control locally the intrinsic muscles of the larynx, and what is being said about the breathing muscles, and the way breathing is being taught, by direct local effort, is enough to drive the poor, suffering student of the voice to distraction. To mention the many foolish, unnatural things resorted to in the training of the singing

voice and in the name of science would fill a volume, and would astonish the average reader.

Thus in the name of science many systems have been formulated—have been formulated regardless of the truth, of reason, or of common sense. And these systems have been taught and applied by direct local effort, thus compelling the phenomena of voice in a way that no other thing in the wide world which requires muscular development, muscular control, ever has been or ever will be taught. Hence we repeat that the so-called vocal art is an anomaly.

But if this is so what is the outlook for the vocal art? What are its chances for the future? might be asked. I answer, its hopes for the future lie in the new movement, in the new school of singing, which is gradually but surely making itself felt.

#### THE NEW MOVEMENT.

There has been, and is at the present day, a gradual but sure evolution of the vocal art. The trend of the best thought of the profession is away from the conscious, direct local effort theory of the prevailing systems of the nineteenth century. The thinkers of the profession are beginning to feel that the laws of nature have in this way been constantly violated. Common sense and reason are beginning at last to make their influence felt in the vocal profession. Though, it must be confessed, as yet in a very slight way. There are those, however, who begin to see that direct local effort to form, adjust and control is by no means the best way to develop and train the singing voice. There are those who begin to see that the profession has constantly, for years, to use a homely phrase, "placed the cart before the horse."

The belief has prevailed, and prevails with the majority, that we sing because we do certain things. The few are beginning to see that we do certain things because we sing in a certain way; this is the hopeful sign of the day, the one ray of light, the beginning of the new movement. The advanced thinkers begin to see that the larynx is low tone is not the result of a low larynx; the low larynx is because a certain effect is desired and produced. The tone is not the result of a low larynx; the low larynx is the result of the tone. The same applies to the high larynx, it is the result of a certain tone.

This is equally true with regard to the position or level of the soft palate, of which so much has lately been said. Its position is the result of the tone, of the effect produced, and not the tone the result of the position of the soft palate.

We do not correctly sing o or oo because we round and protrude the lips; the lips round slightly, should never protrude, because we sing o. I defy any man to produce the best possible o by locally rounding, protruding, or locally influencing in any way, the form and adjustment of the lips. This same principle holds good with regard to all the vowels.

So it is with the breathing muscles. The advanced thought of the profession has found that no man sings properly because he locally or directly hardens or sets the diaphragm, pulls it in or pushes it out; or because he locally arches and carries the chest. But it is found that all the muscles of the body act and apply in response to will or thought when allowed to, because the desire is to sing in a certain way.

For years the technic of singing has been upside down, wrong end foremost, as it were, in the mind of teacher and

singer. The effort has been made, or has gone before the thought; hence, direct and local effort to form, adjust and control, hence violation of natural laws.

The new movement, the new school, believes and knows that the thought must go before the effort; that the effort must be the result of the thought, of the effect it is desired to produce; in fact, of self or emotional expression. No one properly sings a clear, bright tone because he fixes, adjusts and arranges locally all the parts to do so. When properly done, however, everything, every part of the singer lends itself to the will, thought or desire of the singer. So also with regard to a sombre or sad tone, every movement, even more intensified than on the clear timbre, acts in response to the feelings or emotion of the singer. Some one grossly insults you. You exclaim, "Rascal!" "Liar!" in a high, ringing tone, but surely you do not think of the mechanism of the voice. Someone does you a great favor, you say, "My dear fellow, I want to thank you," in a soft, low, emotional voice; again you have no thought of the mechanism of the voice. Here the thought goes before the effort, and all form, action and adjustment are automatic.

No man laughs because he shakes his sides; his sides shake because he laughs. No one yawns because he arches his throat; his throat arches because he yawns. So it is with the art of singing. The new movement, the new school believes that the mechanism, the technic of singing, to be artistic, must be automatic—must be the result of correct thought, and never of direct or local effort.

#### "THE PARTING OF THE WAYS."

Artistic tone is the result of certain conditions—conditions at and above the organ of sound, the larynx. These conditions are due to, or are the result of, form and adjustment of all the parts. So far all scientists and teachers agree, but at this point comes "the parting of the ways." From this point scientist is diametrically opposed to scientist and teacher to teacher. Among the better teachers of the world there is at this day, undoubtedly, less difference of opinion with regard to the fundamental principles of voice than ever before. But even among the better teachers of the world there is yet a wide difference of opinion with regard to the devices used to study, develop and apply those principles.

All agree that artistic tone is the result of condition due to form and adjustment. For more than 100 years the prevailing systems determined for themselves what correct form and adjustment are or should be, and sought by direct local effort to carry all the parts, to arrange or adjust themselves according to their individual ideas, regardless of natural laws.

Result, the prevailing local effort systems of the nineteenth century. These systems have been tried and tried, and have proved themselves a lamentable failure. But now comes the reaction. Undoubtedly the hope for the future of the vocal art is to be found in "the new movement," that which is becoming known as the "new school of singing."

For years the prevailing systems placed the effort before the thought. Result, mechanical, muscular voice. The new movement places the thought before the effort. Result, free, spontaneous, soulful voice. How is this done, or to be done, may be asked.

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ment. The movement is the result of the thought. The desire is to sing a tone which represents a certain thought, feeling or emotion. Instantly, if the singer has been thought to think aright, has been properly trained, every part of the vocal organization and every muscle of the body will respond—respond spontaneously and automatically to the desire of the singer. Result, free, spontaneous voice. All the parts naturally and automatically form and adjust in response to the will of the singer, and true conditions prevail. This is as nature intended it should be.

Nature never intended that man, in order to sing beautifully, should be compelled to locally fix, adjust and control the lips, the tongue, the larynx, the soft palate, the chest, the diaphragm, &c., thus making a mere muscular machine of himself. But nature intended that every part of man, during the act of singing, should respond to thought and feeling, to that which we call "the singer's sensation" or "the sensation of artistic singing." In this way every part of man becomes a servant to his will—to his finer, higher, emotional nature. How is this done? How is the pupil trained and the singer prepared for this free, spontaneous production and automatic control? are questions frequently asked.

We answer, by flexible body movements; movements controlled by thought, which constantly places the singer upon a level with the tone, upon a level physically, mentally and emotionally. In this way true conditions are secured and maintained throughout. Result, spontaneous, artistic tone. The day is fast coming when a right training of the human voice will be recognized as a right training of the human body. We sing from the body, through the throat; never with the throat. The body is the keyboard upon which we play. In this way we develop not only tone, but absolute control, automatic breath control, which I have said and which I believe to be the most important question for the singer solved in the nineteenth century.

When spontaneous production and automatic control are secured and all restraint thus removed we develop that which is known as "the third power," the emotional nature, the true motor power of the voice. This question of "the third power" would of itself require an entire article to fully elaborate, but the true artist will no doubt understand what I mean.

The hope for the future of the vocal art undoubtedly lies in "the new movement," in the study of spontaneous voice, through flexible, automatic movements, as opposed to direct local effort. But can this be done? is the question. Ask the local effort man, the man who has never a thought beyond local effort, beyond the direct manipulation of muscle, and he will say: "All nonsense, there is nothing in it." Ask the so-called scientist of the present day and he will exclaim, as have scientists for years, "Impossible!" So the great scientist, years ago, proved not only to his own satisfaction, but to that of many others, that it was impossible for a steamship to cross the ocean. As the steamship discredited the scientist of the past by actually crossing the ocean, so are we con-

stantly discrediting the so-called scientist and the local effort teacher of the present day by developing spontaneous voice and automatic control through flexible bodily position and action based upon natural laws.

### Is the English a Musical Language?

By A. J. GOODRICH.

THE natural inquiry, "What constitutes a musically vocal language?" must first be answered. To say that there should be a maximum of vowels and a minimum of consonants, is to give only a superficial answer to the question. Vowels form merely the basis of speech; consonants are necessary in order to give expression, strength, character to intelligent human utterance. Any sound which maintains an open position of the mouth, without too greatly disturbing the natural position of tongue, is suitable to vocalization. Certain vowels are, however, greatly inferior to others in liquid euphony. Dental, palatal and guttural sounds are most objectionable, and any language in which these and the digraphs predominate may be considered an unmusical language.

In a country where abound poisonous insects and reptiles and carnivorous animals we would expect to hear many hard, tenacious and sibilant words. With every important change in condition there would be a corresponding change in the mode of speech. Therefore euphony would seem to indicate some process of development and improvement in a people using a given language. As they became more enlightened or more artistic their oral discourse would lose many discordant terms and acquire a more harmonious expression; for language is the vehicle for communicating thought and naturally conforms to governing conditions. Indeed, pure language has always seemed to me symbolical; the word expresses, or in some manner corresponds to, the thought or thing to be designated. The peculiar sound produced by the rapid wing movements of such insects as bees, flies and mosquitoes can be readily suggested by means of a certain word corresponding to the audible effect.

In English we have this word, and primitive man probably used it as a warning against insects of the genus *vespa*. Thus his exclamation, "buz-z" would serve the same purpose as our more wordy warning, "Beware the wasp." Our language is very well provided with these natural, descriptive words, such as hiss of a snake, the thunder of artillery, murmuring waters, the hoot of an owl, &c. In these orthoepists, since the symbolism of all such words reveals at once their origin and their proper pronunciation. Whoever first applied the term Sierra to the Nevada Mountains in Spain was both poet and philologist, since the resemblance of those indented mountains to a huge saw is at once picturesque and suggestive, and in a remote age might have enabled the explorer or the wonderer to determine upon an exact geographical location.

Dr. James Hadley, of Yale College, collected several specimens of early English, from the first Bible translations down to the time of Tyndale. The eighth chapter of Matthew is selected, and during a considerable period of the time the text remains incomprehensible, excepting to Anglo-Saxon scholars. When we come to the time of Chaucer the text begins to look familiar, and in the Tyndale translation the main peculiarities are its orthography and slight difference in terminations. At first we have: 1. "Tha fylgdon him mycle manis." 2. "Many comparyes folewiden hym." 3. "Mych people suede hym." 4. "Much people followed him." 5. ("When he was come down from the mountain) great multitudes (much people) followed him." The last is the present version, and the gain in euphony has been considerable, particularly in the eliminating of such dissonances as fylgdon, mycle, sodhlice, &c. On the other hand we have lost in sonorousness by substituting "s" for "e" and "en" in plural terminations. "Texts," "hosts," "thirsts," are examples, and it must be admitted that these sibilants are decidedly unmusical. In fact it is all but important to sing them.

But apart from the scientific and technical words which have been incorporated into our vocabulary, it seems to me the English is a fairly musical language. It is certainly very direct and free from circumlocution, though frequently lacking in variety of inflection. For instance, the following sentence: "The boy went up the hill and then came down." This is very monotonous and it must be owned that it is a peculiarity of our own language. But fortunately such sentences are of rare occurrence.

The digraphs constitute another peculiarity of English. They are nearly all impossible in vocalization, and "th" especially, with its wheezy lisp, is fatal to sonorous or harmonious expression. Exception is made in favor of descriptive words, such as "harsh." The merit of the word consists not in its euphony, but in the fact that it expresses a condition agreeing with the effect of the word.

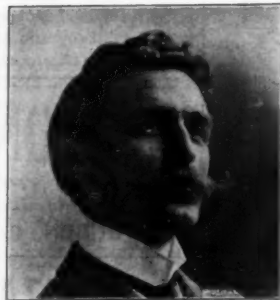
When a race reaches its highest point of development and begins the downward course of degeneracy, the language also shows signs of decay. This was forcibly illustrated to me in California. The race of Indians had become almost extinct, and the few survivors, corrupted and elbowed aside by their pale faced conquerors, were the most hopeless and pitiable examples of degeneracy I have ever seen. Morally, mentally and physically inferior to their ancestors, these "Digger Indians" (as we used to call them) had lost even their language, and chattered among themselves in a harsh, mongrel dialect, utterly devoid of euphony, but evidently well suited to their miserable condition. I remember one word which they applied to their bread and porridge made from acorns. It was "chemuck," a compound sufficiently uninviting even for porridge made of acorn meal and sand. Now the aborigines possessed a very bright, musical language. Though not extensive, it was rich in descriptive words, such as "Minnehaha" (laughing water), and in pictorial combinations. Some of our words, like hate, despair, re-

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morse, abomination, are not found in the Indian tongue. The "red man" had no use for these words, which belong to "a more civilized race."

Fortunately we have incorporated a number of Indian words into our language, especially for geographical purposes. Onondaga, Owahgena, Cheyenne, Comanche, Minnetonka, Sioux, Walla-Walla are mentioned as fair specimens.

Every name, whether of a person or a place, was significant, even if not symbolical. Whereas our names are usually arbitrary and meaningless, as, for instance, High-bridge, which was so called because (as the boy from that borough admitted) it is not high and has no bridge. Even more absurd are our borrowed names, such as Athens, Palestine, Rome, Paris, London, and so on *ad nauseum*. Whereas Minneapolis, Chicago, Oswego, Oneida, Toronto, Wabash, and the like are American, and therefore individual. Even Deadwood and No-man's-land seem preferable to such counterfeits as Syracuse, Troy, Cairo, Berlin, Versailles and Vienna, nearly all of which are mispronounced after having been misapplied.

In similar manner many high sounding words have been borrowed from foreign languages. There is that much abused conglomeration, environment. A certain class of writers go out of their way in order to introduce this stranger, because they fancy it has an aristocratic four-in-hand appearance. These polysyllabic words are seldom harmonious, but they are supposed by the uninformed to be big with meaning and to sound grandiloquent. Still worse is that Chicago hybrid, Midway Plaisance. It is a fit companion to environments—especially since the Columbian Exposition.

Much prejudice has undoubtedly been created against the English language by the manner in which it is (mis-)pronounced. But the same objection may be made to any other tongue. The ignorant will naturally evolve a dialect peculiar to themselves and their surroundings, and in such instances euphony is entirely sacrificed. The corruption "aint" is sufficient example. The people who use such words would pronounce the first words of the old Latin hymn to the Virgin, "Ave Maryah," which is neither Italian nor English—it is simply horrible. The Italian pronunciation "Ave Maria" is soft and beautiful. Many singers give too much of a nasal sound to the first word, "a-vey," instead of a slightly vanishing effect to the ve, as in have. The English equivalent ("Hail Mary") is fairly harmonious, and well adapted to song.

Our lyric poets have amply demonstrated that the English language is rich in euphony expressions and melodious phrases. Indeed harmony and rhythm are essential elements of poetry, and a master of versification needs no knowledge of the requirements of vocal music in order to express his fancy in smooth and flowing words. Hugh Blair, in his great work on rhetoric, quotes two extreme examples from Milton's "Paradise Lost." The first describes the sound made by the opening of the gates of hell; the second the opening of those of heaven.

On a sudden pen froy,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors; and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder.

The other here follows:

Heaven opened wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,  
On golden hinges turning.

This dissertation must now pass from generalities to particulars in order that we may examine the vocal element of certain words. Our initial letter is perhaps most important on account of the various sounds of which it is capable. We may pass over the fundamental, long sound

of "a," because it is an indispensable element and one which admits of scarcely any modification. The broad sound of "a," as in all, is still more musical, and therefore it is not to be modified in singing. The Italian "a" is a natural vocal element and very desirable, especially in sustained tones. Fortunately it is very nearly the same in all European languages. The fourth sound of "a" (according to this classification) is very undesirable in vocalization. Orthoëpists call it the short sound of "a," as in add? But it is so flat and nasal that I am sorry to say it is an element peculiar to English. Despite this latter fact I am forced to the conclusion that in vocal work (either exercise or song) the sound of "a" ought to be proscribed. It is in all cases destructive of pure tone and even in ordinary speech this stopped vowel is frequently disagreeable to sensitive ears. In singing all words which contain this element (such as "fast" and "passed") should be sufficiently modified to ameliorate the disagreeable quality. The Italian vowel (ah) is, for such words, too open, and the stopped vowel (an) is too nasal. Therefore we choose between these two extremes. Webster gives this as an "occasional sound," thus: "a," as in ask, grass, dance, branch.

This intermediate pronunciation is not always easy, but after a few intelligent efforts the difficulty will disappear. The simpler method is to sound the extremes as a preparatory exercise. Then endeavor to produce the intermediate sound of "a" in dance or branch without opening the mouth as wide as in saying father. The gain in tone quality will be considerable and it would eventually be the means of eliminating the most unmusical and disagreeable element among all our vowel sounds. The long sound of "e" is another troublesome element to manage and the cause of many impure tonal effects in vocal music. I refer particularly to sustained tones in which "e" is the vowel element. The principal objection is to its acuteness; it vibrates more rapidly (so Helmholtz informs us) than does any other vowel sound. It may be well to quote here what Dr. Webster has said about this vowel sound:

"In the formation of this vowel element the tongue is raised convexly within the dome of the palate, pressing against the smallest possible passage through which a vowel sound can be uttered. E is therefore the closest lingual or palatal vowel, and is one of the extremes of the natural vowel scale, 'a' and 'oo' being the other extremes."

I have listened to many great vocalists (including the immortal Parepa-Rosa) as they sang this vowel, and the analysis showed that the long sound of "e" was temporarily altered to obtain "eh" or "en," in order to obtain a more open aperture for the tone. After this temporary modification the long sound of "e" is given by depressing the end of the tongue. In singing these remarks will apply also to the Italian "i," the final French "is" and the German "ie." The third vowel, though a more open sound than "e," is more nasal, and almost invariably requires diphthongal treatment. But this alteration is easily managed. The vowel sound upon which the tone is sustained is simply "a," as in far, to which the vanishing "i" is joined as the tone is discontinued. A brief example in notation will illustrate this, as well as other altered or modified vowel sounds:



This represents the actual manner in which the "i" is treated. Very few suggestions are needed in the management of the fourth vowel. It is the softest of all sound

elements and very euphony in vocal music. In words which require the long sound of "o" no alteration is advisable. The only difficulty it presents is to persons with thin lips, who are inclined to produce a sound resembling "eh." This is bad and ought to be corrected. The contour of the mouth should be as round as possible, like the original form of the letter, "o," and the lips are to be projected forward. The fifth vowel is similar to the fourth. The "u" or "oo" is slightly more acute than "o" and requires a more closed position of the mouth. The lips are to be projected still farther forward than in singing "oh." In forte passages the "u" might be somewhat broadened, but, as with all vowel sounds which may be temporarily altered or modified for musical purposes, the singer must not neglect to give the required articulation to the vanishing sound.

The Italian sound of "a" seems to be employed more frequently in singing lessons than any other sonant element. It is undoubtedly a very open sound and for this very reason not always desirable in vocalizing. Singers who have large mouths will produce a better quality of tone upon "aw," "oh" or "oo," and especially with the intermediate sound, "a," previously mentioned. But in the case of a person whose mouth is small the "ah" is inclined to sound smothered and the open vowel ("ah") will, in such instances, conduce to a more full and satisfactory tone quality. It is, however, a very narrow, ill-considered "method" which requires pupils to vocalize upon any single vowel sound, for the singer must learn to produce an agreeable tone upon any vowel sound. Singers should remember that music is only one-half of a song, and sometimes the lesser half.

In a brilliant song like Proch's air and variations, "Stella Amate," the words are of small consequence, and therefore the principal object is to make merry with the notes. The sentiment is easily understood and in truth the variations might be vocalized on an open vowel without serious detriment to the listener's enjoyment. But if the words are from such a poet as Shakespeare, Heine, Burns or Bryant it is surely unpardonable to "mouth them."

These matters of pronunciation, articulation and enunciation have been so frequently neglected that we no longer expect to understand the words of a song, yet in the majority of instances it would be better to sacrifice somewhat of the music in favor of the poetry.

(To be continued.)

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## Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, November 15, 1897.

MRS. ETTA EDWARDS read a paper before the Illinois Association, which met at the Parker House one day last week. The subject of the paper was "Illinois in the Musical World," and Mrs. Edwards made a careful study of the history of music in that State, with a short history of prominent musicians who were natives of Illinois or otherwise identified with the State.

The paper was listened to with the greatest attention, and Mrs. Edwards received much applause from the large audience, as well as many compliments from individuals who sought her acquaintance after the formal business was over. Mrs. Edwards is one of the young, successful teachers to-day in Boston. She studied with Delle Sedie the year before last, and this summer made a visit to London to coach on some English music. Her pupils are rapidly making names for themselves, although this is only her second winter of teaching. Miss Blanche Parker, who sings two solos to-morrow night at the Unitarian service in Music Hall, is one of her pupils, and Miss Lois Shepard, contralto, another pupil, who has just returned from a successful concert trip in Connecticut, is to sing at a benefit concert to-morrow evening in one of the Boston theatres.

H. Lucius Chase has been engaged by the Cecilia to sing the great baritone part in Max Bruch's "Odysseus" on December 2. Mr. Chase was formerly a Boston man, but after some years' study in Paris has recently located in New York. Those who have heard him are very enthusiastic in regard to the beauty of his voice and his excellent method.

Miss Elsa Lothner, a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Stockholm, will teach this season at the Virgil Clavier School of Boston, 355 Boylston street. Miss Lothner is a talented musician, and has taken a thorough course in the Virgil method of piano instruction at the Virgil Clavier School of Boston, and has received the teacher's certificate from the Virgil Piano School of New York. The first regular recital of this school will be given on Monday evening, November 15, in their hall, 355 Boylston street. The program will be played by Mme. Ellen Berg Parkyn. This is the first of a series of four recitals to be given before the holidays at the school. Anyone interested is always welcome at these recitals.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Selinger have issued cards for an "at home" Sunday, from 8 to 11 P. M., at her studios, 711 Boylston street, corner Exeter, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Russell, of London. Mr. Russell is a charming singer, and was for years baritone of D'Oyley Carte's Opera Company.

Miss Laura Webster played at a concert in the Y. M. C. A. Hall at New Bedford on Thursday evening. Miss Bertha W. Swift and Mr. Edmund Grinnell also participated.

Mr. Everett E. Truette and Miss Gertrude L. March played Merkel's sonata in D minor, op. 30 (two movements), for four hands and double pedal, at Grace Church, Worcester, on Tuesday evening.

Miss Harriet S. Whittier and Mr. John C. Manning will give a song and piano recital at Steinert Hall on the evening of November 18. Miss Whittier will sing German, English and French songs.

Mme. Helen Hopekirk's recital will take place in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, November 16. The program is an interesting one. Among the foot notes, or remarks below the list of pieces to be played, is one that might be well placed on many programs in the city, when

the pause between two movements of a number is taken advantage of by late comers to rush for their seats. It is this: "No admission can be had to the hall during the performance of any piece."

A meeting of associate members of the Dorchester Symphony Society was held Saturday evening, and organized by adopting laws and election of the following officers for the year 1897-98: C. F. Kittredge, president; Judge J. R. Churchill, vice-president; Mrs. T. B. Hennigar, secretary; G. E. Kimball, treasurer; executive committee, B. B. Whittemore, Mrs. Mary E. Ryan, Miss Emily P. Robinson, Mrs. William F. Kakas.

Charles McLaughlin, the music director, laid before the meeting the most attractive plans for the coming season.

The limit of associate members has been raised to 150, to admit applicants who have applied in excess of the original limit.

The first meeting of active members has been called for next Tuesday evening, in Winthrop Hall, for practice and to organize the orchestra and to assign parts to the musicians.

The present number of associate members is about 125, and the active members will be limited to forty members.

Miss Stella Davis, Miss Pauline Woltmann, Joseph P. Dwyer and Frank Theobald, of the advanced classes at the New England Conservatory of Music, will be the soloists at the recital to be given in Sleeper Hall on Wednesday evening.

W. A. Corey, who is well known in Boston, has just been appointed business manager of the New York Seventh Regiment Band, and he has been the recipient of many congratulations the past week from his friends in the Hub.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich will appear in concerts in Music Hall on November 23 and 27, with the assistance of an orchestra of fifty and her own company.

Charles McLaughlin, director of music at St. Peter's Church, Meeting House Hill, has in preparation for Christmas the "Messe Pontificale," by Th. Dubois, director of the Paris Conservatoire and organist at the Madeleine. This brilliant work was given for the first time in M. S. form by the Society of Artistes Musiciens in Paris in November of last year, and made a great success. It is scored for four solo voices, mixed chorus, strings, harp and organ, and will be given in this form at St. Peter's Christmas as the first performance in America.

Miss Gertrude Capen is giving a course of talks at 418 Massachusetts avenue on Tuesday afternoons. Her subject last week was "Ease or Dis-ease."

Miss Gertrude May Stein has been engaged to sing the part of Penelope in the coming performance of Max Bruch's "Odysseus" by the Cecilia. The club will give three concerts with orchestra this season instead of two, as in former years, and will probably sing Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" at its last concert in April.

The second term at the New England Conservatory of Music will open next Thursday, November 18.

At the recital given by the pupils of the Faeltten Piano School on November 9 Grace Field, Chrissie Powell, Kathryn Randall, Grace Gilman, May Stephenson, Natalie Toward, Gladys Toward, Esther Reilly, Grace Chandler, Ethel Agnes Taylor, Miss Nellie Dean, F. J. Cressman and Wm. D. Strong took part. The Faeltten School opened in September with 150 students, since which time the number has been increased to over 200.

A course of lectures on Musical History will be given by George A. Burdett at the Faeltten School, commencing in the first week in January. These lectures will be free to pupils in the advanced classes, and a limited number of outside students will be admitted.

## The National Conservatory Harmony Classes.

THE harmony and counterpoint classes of the National Conservatory of Music are under the guidance of Max Spicker, Louis V. Saar, Clara A. Korn and Henry Waller. They are all well known in the musical world, and especially fitted for their positions by natural gifts and careful training under celebrated masters.

Mr. Spicker bears a familiar name to musical people. He is a skilled contrapuntalist, an excellent master of orchestration and the composer of songs and compositions in large forms.

Mr. Saar is a Rheinberger pupil, a pianist and the composer of some very poetic songs and original piano pieces. He comes fairly by his musical aptitude, for his father is Louis Saar, formerly one of the conductors of the Metropolitan Opera House during the Grau régime. Mr. Waller is a piano virtuoso, a Liszt pupil, and composer, among other works, of "Fra Angelico," an opera that was produced in the Royal Opera House of Berlin. He, too, is an excellent contrapuntalist. Mrs. Korn studied with Dvorák, and the following letters to her from Peter Tschaiakowsky show in what esteem the master held her talents:

DEAR MADAME—I have just arrived after a long journey, and find your charming letter and the fugue which you have had the kindness to send me. I find that this fugue is very well made, and proves your talent as well as your knowledge. I desire that you persevere in your praiseworthy efforts, and beg of you to believe in my unalterable esteem.

Kline, near Moscow, Russia.  
[Translated from the French.]

Also:

MADAME—Your compositions prove that you have great natural talent for music. I advise you, therefore, to persevere in your studies, and wish you complete success in all things.

Bien a vous.  
[Translated from the French.]

[Written in New York, May 8, 1891, during the master's brief visit to this country.]

Altogether, President Jeannette M. Thurber may feel well satisfied with the classes of harmony and counterpoint at the National Conservatory of Music.

Julie L. Wyman, the celebrated contralto, and a member of the faculty of the National Conservatory, has been engaged for the choir of Dr. Coe's church in this city.

**Charles Meehan, the Soprano Soloist.**—Mr. Meehan continues busy. Last week he sang in Elizabeth, N. J., at Mr. Drake's promenade concert; also the soprano solos in the "Holy City" at Flushing last Monday evening, with Mr. Rieger, Mr. Bushnell and others. Appended we reproduce comment on Meehan's singing in Sullivan's "Te Deum":

As for young Meehan's singing of the solos in the "Te Deum," it was the most effective work heard here in years. The softest tone carried to the most remote corner of the large church. The quality of this wonderful soprano's voice is luscious and round and full, resembling in its limpid purity, especially in the higher tones, the voice of Gerster when she was in her prime. Mr. Meehan's voice is a pure lyric soprano, and he uses it with all the fineness, ease and smoothness of a great prima donna. It is said that there is no boy soprano in the country besides young Meehan who possesses the dramatic ability of voice necessary for the great "Te Deum" of Sullivan. Then, too, Mr. Meehan, who, by the bye, is a pupil of William H. Lee, knows the work thoroughly. He sang it in Brooklyn four years ago with 800 voices to support him and an orchestra, and has sung it many times besides. — *New Haven Register.*

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"Mme. Beumer is undoubtedly a well schooled and experienced singer, and she was heartily applauded and recalled."—*New York Herald, Nov. 10, 1897.*

## First Philharmonic Concert.

THE first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society took place last Friday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, the regular concert being given Saturday night. This was the program at both affairs:

Symphony, No. 5, E minor, op. 96, from the New World.....Dvorák  
Adagio—Allegro molto.  
Larghetto.  
Scherzo. Molto vivace.  
Allegro con fuoco.  
Concerto for violin, E flat major.....Mozart  
(The cadenza composed for this occasion by M. Ysaye.)  
Allegro moderato.  
Un poco adagio.  
Rondo. Allegretto.  
M. Eugene Ysaye.  
Dram. Pantomime, from Hänsel and Gretel.....E. Humperdinck  
Concerto for violin, E major.....J. S. Bach  
Continuo by F. A. Gevaert.  
Allegro. Adagio. Allegro assai.  
M. Eugene Ysaye.  
Vorspiel, Die Meistersinger.....Wagner

The hall was jammed, and it was easy to see that the magic name of Ysaye had attracted the unusual audience. And it was not disappointed, for even greater, even broader, even more magnetic is this Belgian virtuoso, with the mane of a giant and a heart as tender and as naïve as a child's, who played the Mozart concerto, new to us, and played it to perfection. It is in the difficult key of E flat. The beautiful cadenza of Ysaye's was sufficiently in the Mozartean spirit, and was given with splendid audacity. As a whole the concerto is too much pattern music of the composer's epoch, especially the rondo.

The Bach was the noblest playing of this most modern master that New York has listened to since Wilhelmj. Ysaye's technic was beyond criticism, and the quality of his tone in the adagio was ravishing. Raoul Pugno, the pianist, screened from the audience, sat at the organ and played some harmonies to fill in the accompaniment. Then, as if the two concertos were child's play, Ysaye, after a half dozen recalls, gave us the rondo of Mendelssohn's concerto, being mindful, no doubt, of the tonality of the Bach work. In the graceful, elegant *genre* of Mendelssohn, Ysaye is enchanting; and the *elan* of the performance, the perfect bow attack, *staccati* and virtuosity of his left hand, were all magnificent.

He is a wonderful man, and then what music he makes, and how luscious is his cantabile, how fine his repose. He is surely the dazzling star of this season's music.

The repetition of the Dvorák work was welcome. Antonin Dvorák is a genius, there is not much doubt about that. His fifth symphony, however, does not prove it as strongly as his earlier one in D minor. He has much of the naïve, sunny and fertile qualities of Franz Schubert, and he is to be praised for not giving us the huge doses of pessimism we find so often in the spirit of Brahms' and Tchaikowsky's music. Dvorák is still a child at heart and he takes you into his forest, where there are also many colored flowers and bids you be gay. The sun is bathing, naked in the azure, and God is still with the world.

Little matter if the flowers he offers be those of the North, South, East or West. They are beautiful, and are richly scented, and the indescribable bloom of early life hovers about them. Into no hot Horses, with its heavy, dangerously seductive atmosphere, does Dvorák lead one. He lives in the open air, he is the great landscape painter of music of the century-end; just as Tchaikowsky excels in characteristic dramatic figure subjects; just as Brahms is at his best in introspective and philosophical thought. It is this quality of youthfulness, natural, unfeigned gaiety, cheerful strong, manly life that Dvorák puts into

his music, and after it we are spiritually braced and exhilarated, and the soul, as Walt Whitman says, "loafes and invites itself."

Still the most abiding impression of the new work is its musical character and the absence of any undue striving for American local flavor, either in the character of the themes or in their treatment. Dr. Dvorák has assimilated well his material, and his themes are his own. He has evidently studied the so-called negro music of the South, and evolved thematic material, which while preserving some of the spirit and color of the original, lends itself readily to symphonic treatment, and was greatly metamorphosed in the crucible of the composer.

Dvorák is primarily a symphonist. This symphony is supposed to embody his impressions of the New World. But why American? Indeed is there such a thing yet as native American music, music racy of the soil? If there is, MacDowell's "Indian Suite" comes nearer to it than this symphony of Dvorák's. Certainly aboriginal music has some character.

The most marked theme of the first movement is Celtic in quality, and it appears in every movement of the work. Dr. Dvorák evidently believes in organic unity. This theme is excellently adapted for treatment, and is superbly handled by the composer. The second subject is Oriental—negro, if you will. The slow movement is poetically conceived, and there is a sense of loneliness, of enormous perspective, suggested by the English horn and its melancholy background of divided strings. This movement can hardly be called American. The scherzo, with its curiously harmonized *macabre* suspension (Saint-Saëns?), before the entrance of the flute solo, is eminently Slavic and Dvorákian. The last movement is Celtic or Scandinavian—it is hard to distinguish—for Grieg is suggested, but the Celt in all his bravery predominates. This movement also contains a reminiscence of the Venusberg music. It abounds with vigorous touches, and even "Yankee Doodle," hinted at by the violas, does not make it American. It works up in the singularly powerful *coda* and triumphantly ends in the major key. This movement was written first, and in Europe, years ago, and was utilized, after some changes, for the finale.

Of the cunning workmanship, the multifarious rhythms, the appropriate orchestral coloring, the happy employment of the pentatonic scale, the intellectuality and logic of the development of all these, it is not necessary to write again. The composer is, as we all know, a passed-master in his art, and his reverence for older forms prevents his out-Heroding Herod in the mad chase after musical ugliness. Dr. Dvorák believes in euphony, his orchestra always sounds well, and there is no turgidity in his polyphone writing, no crabbed, abstruse scholasticism in his handling of themes. All is spontaneous, clear, airy, sane, healthy and logical.

The reason for the popularity of this symphony is not difficult of understanding. The themes are simple, their exposition enjoyable, while the lustre and brilliancy of the instrumentation and the many delightful rhythms all conspire to make captive the music loving world. And then it has that unmistakable ring of the folksong, which will endear it to all nationalities. In the cosmopolitan alone sense it is American, just as America is a country of many different nationalities. But the great American symphony, like the great American novel, is yet to be written. And when it is, an American born will have composed it.

The orchestra has evidently been working. We have raised such a row for the past two or three years that eventually the idea will penetrate the senile intelligence of the directors of the society and make them realize that the Philharmonic Society of New York city should be in deed what it is in name—the conservator of all that is high and

noble in music. But how can you talk to men who are so dense or else so set in their opinions as not to be pervious to logic? This city is fairly hungering for good orchestral music, and certainly Anton Seidl is doing his best with the material at hand. But what material! Why, the very opening of the Dvorák symphony was marred by a horn "quack" that must have made the heart of the conductor bleed! There was, however, honest enthusiasm in the swing with which "The Meistersinger" overture was played. Humperdinck might have been omitted. It is very pretty, but it made one number too many. Ysaye and Seidl made this first concert a success. The second occurs December 10 and 11. Pugno is to play the Grieg concerto.

**A Yonkers Concert.**—A delightful concert was given on Tuesday evening, November 11, in the Amocassin Club house at Yonkers. The program was well selected, and was excellently carried out by the artists. Among those who took part and earned the deep appreciation of the audience were Franz Kaltenborn, Paul Morgan, Mrs. Grace Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Kelley, J. Stanford Brown and others. The following is the program:

Concert Polonaise.....Edgar Stillman Kelley  
Mr. and Mrs. Kelley.  
O Saviour, Hear Me.....Gluck  
Mr. Brown and Mr. Beatty.  
Scène de Ballet.....De Beriot  
Mr. Kaltenborn.  
Fiona.....Adams  
Mr. Shaw.  
Adagio, from op. 581.....Mozart  
Mr. Morgan.  
Je ne veux pas autre chose.....Widor  
Bonne Nuit.....Massenet  
Premieres Fleurs.....Lenormand  
Misa Gregory.  
Nocturne.....Chopin-Sarasate  
The Bee.....Schubert  
Mr. Kaltenborn.  
Recitative and air from Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi  
Mr. Burton.  
Romanza.....Goltermann  
Gavot.....Popper  
Mr. Morgan.  
It Was a Lover and His Lass.....Walthew  
Mr. and Mrs. Burton.

**George W. Fergusson.**—The famous baritone, Mr. Fergusson, is meeting with great success in England. He returns to America next February. We append some abbreviated criticisms:

The latter (vocal numbers) were given by George W. Fergusson, who deserves commendation for his delivery of tasteful settings by Edward C. Booth, of "O Mistress Mine," and "Sigh No More."—*The Chronicle*.

Mr. Fergusson was in splendid form; he knows "the art that conceals art," and his singing of the prologue from "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo) was of the finest and most subtle conception.

The Wolfram of Mr. Fergusson was an artistic portrayal of the actions of this honored knight. While it may have lacked breadth it was a cameo in its completeness, and for that reason most satisfying. Mr. Fergusson's voice was ample for the large auditorium, and its quality very pleasing indeed.—*LONDON MUSICAL COURIER*.

A favorable impression was also made by \* \* \* and by Mr. Fergusson, who gave the prologue to "Pagliacci" in excellent fashion.—*The London Globe*.

Mr. Geo. Fergusson gave the prologue to "Pagliacci" with dramatic effect.—*The London Mail*.

With such artists as Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Clara Butt and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Plunket Greene and George Fergusson, there could be no doubt of the adequate rendering of the pieces in the program.—*Weekly Dispatch*.

Mr. Geo. Fergusson's fine baritone voice was displayed in two songs by Edward C. Booth.—*London Times*.

Wagner's dramatic story, "Die Bieden Grenadiere," and other vocal items were well interpreted by Mr. Geo. Fergusson, who possesses a fine voice of baritone quality.—*The Standard, London*.



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ISABEL SCHILLER, Soprano.  
GRACE PRESTON, Contralto.



CINCINNATI, November 13, 1897.

MR. GEORG KRUEGER, of the Conservatory of Music faculty, gave its first recital on Tuesday evening, November 9, in the Conservatory Recital Hall. He was assisted by Miss Helen May Curtis, reader. The following program was presented:

Sonata, op. 27, No. 2, C sharp minor.....Beethoven  
Recitation, The Sailing of King Olaf.....Brotherton  
La Source, op. 36, No. 4; La Consolation, op. 40, No. 2.....Leschetizky  
Nachtgesang, op. 8, No. 2.....Genas  
Recitative und Romance, O du, Mein Holder, Abendstern.....Liszt-Wagner  
Concert Etude, op. 23, No. 2, C major.....Rubinstein  
Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2, G major; Etudes, op. 10, No. 5, C major;  
op. 10, No. 3, E major.....Chopin  
Ballade, op. 47, No. 3, A flat major.....Chopin  
Recitation, Batushka.....Aldrich  
Recitation, Muckle-mouth Meg.....Browning  
Recitation, Strange Sights.....Reinecke  
Fantaisie, C minor.....Mozart  
Allegro Commodo, op. 32, No. 6.....Bargiel  
Aus den Kinderscenen, op. 15.....Schumann  
Capriccio, B minor, op. 76.....Brahms  
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt

Mr. Krueger's program was an exceptionally difficult and diversified one, and he proved himself equal to the task of giving it an enjoyable interpretation. There is nothing uncertain in Mr. Krueger's playing. He plays with confidence and assurance. There is a decisive and emphatic ring about it. His periods are well accentuated and his phrasing never lacks definiteness. His interpretation of the "Moonlight Sonata" was in a genuine Beethoven spirit and mold. The first movement particularly was thoughtful, impressive and poetic. In the matter of technic Mr. Krueger develops an almost virtuoso ability. He seems to be the easy master of technical difficulties. The Rhapsody, the Schumann number and the Rubinstein Etude were in evidence of that. But there is something which particularly distinguishes his execution—that is, its singing tone. He brings out the melody distinctly through all the mazes of harmonization. His reading of the Liszt-Wagner Romanza was delicate and poetic. The Chopin numbers were classically wrought with just the right proportion of the tempo rubato.

Mr. Krueger was warmly greeted with applause after each number. He is an artist whose tendency is upward, and whose work for progress is incessant. He was assisted by Miss Helen May Curtis, of the Conservatory Faculty, with some enjoyable readings.

\* \* \*

Anton Van Rooy, of Rotterdam, who sang Wotan and The Wanderer at Bayreuth last summer and who is engaged to sing in German opera during the London season, is a pupil of Mr. Paul Haase, the newly engaged vocal teacher at the College of Music. Mr. and Mrs. Haase will announce a series of three subscription concerts for the season. Mrs. Haase has a mezzo-soprano

voice of dramatic power. She taught with success for several years at the Conservatory of Cologne.

\* \* \*

Mr. Van der Stucken has his student forces in the College orchestra and chorus classes well under control, and the first concert, to be given jointly on Saturday evening, December 11, promises to be a surprising demonstration of what can be accomplished with student performers under the direction of a master hand. Other concerts announced by the College are the faculty and chamber music series, the first of the latter series to occur on Saturday evening, November 27, in the Odeon.

\* \* \*

Prof. A. J. Gantvoort, of the College of Music, has announced a series of twenty lectures on historical subjects. They will be delivered, not in a technical, but a popular style. Mr. Gantvoort is thoroughly informed and knows how to communicate his knowledge plainly and attractively. His subjects will be as follows:

"Ancient and Primitive Music."  
"Greek Music and Its Decline."  
"The Music of the Early Christian Church."  
"The Beginning of Polyphonic Music."  
"The Popular Music of the Middle Ages."  
"The Age of the Netherlands."  
"The Reformation and the Renaissance."  
"The Golden Age of Catholic Church Music."  
"The Birth of Opera and Oratorio."  
"The Development of Italian Opera."  
"The French Opera."  
"The German Opera."  
"Church Music and the Development of Oratorio in Germany."  
"Händel and Bach."  
"The Development of Instrumental Music."  
"Haydn-Mozart-Beethoven."  
"The Early Romantic School."  
"Wagner and His Contemporaries."  
"Music in America."

\* \* \*

The invitation concert giving on Friday evening, November 12, in Lavassor Hall, by pupils of Messrs. H. G. Andrés and Adolph Hahn, was a very creditable affair. Their training reflected particular credit upon their teachers. The piano pupils of Mr. Andrés showed good taste, touch, facile execution and musical temperament. Miss May McChesney evidenced these qualities in her playing of a mazurka and caprice by Chopin. Miss Elsa Seasingood played the Rubinstein Barcarolle and the Schumann-Liszt "Hark, Hark the Lark." Two violin solos were performed by Miss Louise Parrish, an elegie by Bazzini and Canzonetta by Godard. There was proof of the development of musical tone and technical proficiency. The vocalist, Miss Grace Littleford, a pupil of Mrs. H. G. Andrés, has a mezzo soprano voice of pure intonation and promising material. She sang "Dreams," by Bartlett, and "He Was a Prince," by Lyons. The concert began with a piano duet by Bach played by Mr. André and Mrs. Mohlengraf, and closed with a Dvorák sonata for piano and violin.

\* \* \*

The Bellstedt-Ballenberg Band is in the city at present, and will fill several important engagements during the season. The band achieved a veritable triumph during the Nashville Exposition, where it received the exceptional honor of a re-engagement. The solo artists are all first class, and the material is altogether excellent, making up a band that is far above the ordinary. Mr. Bellstedt, the leader, is a thorough musician and a composer of note. As a cornet virtuoso he ranks among the first. He had the advantage of playing in the best orchestras of the country, under Theodore Thomas, Anton Scidl, Henry Schradieck and Frank Van der Stucken. Mr. Ballenberg is a manager whose tact and ability are recognized throughout the country.

It is now being discussed by the Orchestra Association to give in addition to the Symphony Concerts a series of nine popular concerts in the Odeon. The plan is to give these concerts on successive Sunday afternoons by the Select Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Van der Stucken's direction. As the popular concerts in Music Hall have been suspended for the present season, this would be at least a seasonable substitute. Only local soloists would be engaged.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Anna Spanuth, soprano, has arranged for three "Lieder-Abende" for January, February and March of next year. Mr. Philip Werthner will assist at the first concert. Mrs. Spanuth will sing songs by Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, d'Albert, Heller and some new English ballads.

\* \* \*

The auction sale of seats for the Symphony Concerts, held in College Hall Thursday and Friday of this week, was altogether gratifying in its results to the Orchestra Association. The bidding, especially in the beginning of the sale, was of a lively and spirited character. The total amount in premiums at the first day's sale was \$1,703.25; average premium, \$6.02. The highest premium paid was \$30.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt has been engaged as the soloist for the first Orpheus Club concert. The club is doing earnest, serious work in its preparation for this event, and prospects are that the artistic results will be better than ever before.

J. A. HOMAN.

**Lulu A. Potter's Newark Concert.**—Miss Potter's concert, the opening one of the season, was an event, as may be seen:

The selections by Miss Potter were charmingly rendered and greatly appreciated by the audience. Mr. Arnold enraptured his listeners by his excellent playing on the violin, and was encored several times. The musical selections rendered by Mr. Burgemeister were executed in an able manner and greatly appreciated.—*Newark Town-Talk.*

The first concert of the season in Association Hall, under the direction of Miss Lulu A. Potter, was given last night before a select audience of 800 people.

The program was well received. A feature was a violin solo of Van Goen's composition, rendered by Hubert Arnold. Miss Potter's voice was in excellent condition, and she responded to two encores. Dudley Buck's "Where the Lindens Bloom" was one of her selections.—*Newark Call.*

**Bernard Sinsheimer.**—Bernard Sinsheimer, the well-known violinist, played at the recital given by the Æolian Company at 18 West Twenty-third street, on Saturday afternoon, November 13. Mr. Sinsheimer was the first to play the Wieniawski "Legende" with the Æolian accompaniment, and this number especially, elicited the warmest commendation of the audience. The recital was an emphatic success. The following was the program:

Overture, Si j'étais Roi.....Adam	Æolian pipe organ.
Romance.....Ketterer	Æolian piano.
Legende.....Wieniawski	Mr. Sinsheimer.
Polonaise.....Gaos	Æolian grand accompaniment.
Meditation.....Mietzke	Æolian grand.
Rondo Brillante.....Weber	Æolian pipe organ.
Berceuse.....Godard	Æolian piano.
Mazurka, Obertass.....Wieniawski	Mr. Sinsheimer.
L'Arlesienne, Farandole.....Bizet	Æolian grand accompaniment.
	Æolian pipe organ and piano.

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**Mr. Bernard Hemmersbach, Paris.**

**A**N addition to the piano circles of Paris is the above well schooled artist, who has come to make the French capital his headquarters as concert pianist and as teacher. Having lived for several years heretofore in Paris, Mr. Hemmersbach has many solid friends among the best musicians here and his tastes and spirit are wholly in harmony with the place. His admiration for the many excellent qualities of the French piano school is strong and deep.

He has himself been trained in the Cologne Conservatory and was a pupil for many years of the esteemed Dr. Neitzel. He was also a student in the Brussels Conservatory and the celebrated Jensen has been his teacher in harmony and composition.

Returning from Brussels, he played in several German cities with success and was warmly received in Cologne. In Brussels he also won deserved credit and his newspaper notices speak a real appreciation for a conscientious and painstaking artist, as well as for one endowed with superior gifts. Speaking English as well as German and French, he went to America, where his distinct success in connection with the Cincinnati College of Music may be remembered. He also taught in Chicago and played in the large American cities, where he was always well received and made hosts of warm personal friends. In Chicago alone he played fourteen times.

Among friends who certify to Mr. Hemmersbach's artistic worth are Dr. Neitzel, Adolf Jensen, Arthur de Greef, August Lesimple, Mr. Van der Stucken, Dr. Wiellner and others of that exceptional stamp. Rummel, together with d'Albert, Rosenthal, Diemer, Pugno and Goldschmidt, are among his warm friends.

Mr. Hemmersbach goes to Cologne in March to play an engagement. His repertory is extensive and his fingers and memory are always in order. He will play in Paris salons during the season and will also make several concert tours. He is a young virtuoso, full of promise, who is willing to go slowly, work earnestly toward the top ranks and certainly is worthy of encouragement and influence. His playing is essentially dramatic, with much shading, careful pedal action and a certainty in regard to his work which gives authority. Dr. Otto Neitzel signs the following in regard to him:

Mr. Bernard Hemmersbach has for the past three years received instructions from me in piano playing and in the art of composition. In consequence of a superior natural aptitude for both branches

he has developed eminent skill in each of them; particularly in piano playing he has attained a dexterity in mastering the most difficult compositions, in the interpretation of which he exhibits a naturalness and warmth which frequently indicate also great originality. He has frequently appeared in public with decided success. He has also manifested great skill in the various forms of musical composition.

Further earnest study in this department will undoubtedly be followed by equally well merited success. His solid, true musical sentiments are everywhere evident as his chief characteristics.

(Signed) DR. OTTO NEITZEL.

COLOGNE, July 8, 1895.

and Professor Jensen this:

Mr. Hemmersbach is a conscientious young musician, full of promise. He studied under Dr. Otto Neitzel, the celebrated Beethoven player of Germany; De Greef, at Brussels, and Professor Jensen. His training was chiefly at the conservatories of Cologne and Brussels, and he won deserved recognition in his travels with Dr. Neitzel. August Lesimple, a noted critic of Cologne, thus wrote of one of Mr. Hemmersbach's performances, when he played four movements of Rubinstein's piano suite and second ballad of Liszt: "He commands an apt musical conception, fullness and delicacy of touch, as well as capacity for virtuoso brilliancy."

Mr. Bernard Hemmersbach, a pupil of the excellent master Dr. Otto Neitzel, has not only acquired a remarkable virtuosity as pianist, but under the guidance of his worthy teacher has also unraveled the intricacies of the theory of music to the development of the four voiced fugue. (Signed) PROF. GUSTAV JENSEN.

COLOGNE, July 2, 1894.

The Cologne Gazette says:

... The success of the evening, however, was due to the superb playing of Mr. Bernard Hemmersbach, who gave a most spirited rendering of the four numbers from Rubinstein's suite for piano, a composition rarely attempted. He also played the second ballad of Liszt, which, on account of its technical difficulties, is almost unknown. He possesses the gift of a most inspiring musical interpretation, great power of conception and brilliant touch and execution. He has all the qualifications of a brilliant virtuoso.

The Chicago Presto says:

The pianist displays in his numbers the keenest intelligence of the most opposite styles, his renderings are clear and plastic, and rhythmical precision is apparent even in the most difficult passages. He dazzles and charms his audiences.

Other papers of Europe and America reiterate these opinions in varying words, but always with enthusiasm.

The young pianist will be well received in Paris. His modesty and earnestness are qualities which the French always appreciate.

His address at Paris is A. Durand et Fils, 4 Place la Madeleine, Paris.

**Geraldine Morgan Honored.**—Miss Geraldine Morgan, the great violinist, was recently made an honorary member of the Westchester Woman's Club.

**The First Chickering Hall Concert.**

**T**HE first of the six grand orchestral concerts of the season of 1897-8, under Mr. Seidl's conductorship, was given Tuesday afternoon of last week in Chickering Hall. After the Egmont overture, delivered by the Seidl orchestra, Mr. Richard Hoffman played the Mendelssohn G minor concerto, a composition long since given to the conservatory graduate, yet one of the best specimens of its class. Mr. Hoffman, who first played it a half century ago, gave an almost ideal reading. Nervous, fluent and facile in technic, his graceful and restrained style is well mated to Mendelssohn's music. In a group of piano transcriptions he was less happy, for Liszt has set the same Schubert songs: "Am Meer," "Barcarolle" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark." The Wagner transcription from the "Ring" was played as encore. Mr. Hoffman is still an admirable exemplar of the school of piano playing that Thalberg originated, finished, graceful and never transcending the tonal limitations of the keyboard. It is a style eminently adapted to Mendelssohn.

In addition to the inevitable Scotch Symphony—for Mendelssohn ruled last week—Mr. Seidl gave as a novelty a Norwegian suite by Ole Olsen, of which "Gypsies" and "Northern Light" were the most characteristic. "Dawns and Elves" sounded suspiciously like Grieg. Olsen has written some excellent piano music. He seems to have the color sense in his orchestral music, which in this suite is rather slim thematically. December 7 is the date of the next concert and it will be given in the evening. Xaver Scharwenka is to be the pianist.

**Ernest Gamble.**—The young basso is meeting with great success as a song recital artist. Mr. Gamble arrived in this city last week. Here is one of his recent notices:

The concert last evening in Carnegie Music Hall, by Mr. Ernest Gamble, more than met all the pleasurable anticipations of the large audience, in an artistic sense. None of the auditors had been led to expect something that was not forthcoming. Of Mr. Gamble's voice little need be said here, for it must only be a repetition of what has frequently been said in these columns. He has a splendid voice and knows how to use it. His work last evening assured the audience that what had been said of him by this paper before the concert was, perforce, true. Mr. Gamble sings the "Armorer's Song" probably better than any other bass on the operatic stage. The concert was gratifying in its financial results, equally with the sum of artistic success that was obtained.—*Braddock Daily News.*

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## The Boston Band.

THE first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last Thursday night in the Metropolitan Opera House, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the house was full. Rafael Joseffy was the solo performer and played the Schumann Concerto with both finesse and breadth, but hardly with romantic intensity. If, however, the note of passion was sometimes missing, the charm and clarity of tone, the delicious quality of touch and the rhythmical elasticity were admirable. The finale was especially brilliant. After many recalls Mr. Joseffy gave a little poem by Brahms—one of the Intermezzi, from op. 116, and in E major—with an intimacy of feeling and subtlety of expression quite amazing. It was the music of some soft star-lit summer night—a true nocturne. Joseffy was then the poet, not the virtuoso.

Mr. Paur and his orchestra played the Third Brahms Symphony in F with musical feeling and consummate virtuosity. The allegretto was read most tenderly. The Grieg "Peer Gynt" suite was faultlessly played and "The Hall of the Mountain King" was redemanded. An access of weakness induced the conductor to repeat it. It is good music for a variety show; that mountain king must be at least thirteen feet high and very lame, that is, to judge from the rhythm of his fabulous stride.

The Chabrier "Espana" is not altogether a novelty, yet it is always welcome for its glittering color, rhythmical swirl and delightful atmosphere of abandon, presented with masterly musicianship, make it a capital ending for a severe program. This first concert of the Boston band was a tremendous success and quite discounted the technically bad performance of the Philharmonic Society.

## Dyna Beumer's Concert.

DYNA BEUMER made her New York debut Tuesday of last week at the Astoria before a brilliant and enthusiastic audience. The Belgian soprano had instantaneous success for her singing—of the true coloratura school—being just short of phenomenal. Her voice is not large and in the lower and middle registers it is not altogether pleasant at times—Madame Beumer was slightly hoarse on this occasion—but the upper tones are clear and sweet as a flute and her technical facility is amazing. Her control of vocal dynamics is most artistic and very audaciously does she sweep over scales, trills, ornaments, as if they were the veriest commonplace. She sang Masse's air of the nightingale from the "Noces de Jeannette," and with the capital flute obligato of Mr. Rucquoy; also "Come par me," from "La Son-nambula"; Massenet's "Crépuscule" and Eckert's "Echo Song." As an encore she sang Chaminade's "Berceuse." She is a striking looking woman and sings even her most crystalline staccati with supreme repose. She was wildly applauded.

Emilio de Gogorza is steadily improving in his art. Few baritones before the public to-day sing with such

taste, with such feeling, and few possess such a rich voice. He gave "Vieux Châmer mon cœur amoureux," from Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," and as encore Massenet's catching menuet. Gogorza is a fine, satisfying artist.

Mr. Paolo Gallio was the pianist, playing the war-worn Liszt Hungarian Fantaisie with uncommon brilliancy and reckless dash—too much dash in several places for rhythmical rectitude. He made an excellent impression and had to play Chopin's berceuse as a recall piece. Mr. Seidl led the orchestra in the "Oberon" overture, Tschai-kowsky's Andante Cantabile, Wagner's "Dreams" and "Ride of the Valkyries." It was a most auspicious debut concert.

## Circulars and Pamphlets.

THE artistic cuts, half-tones and reproductions of the photographs and portraits published in this paper are known to the whole musical profession. These are printed, together with this paper, by the Blumenberg Press, 214 William street, which is prepared to print the most artistic kind of circulars and pamphlets and catalogues for musicians or others.

The Blumenberg Press has a large line of samples and specimens of its work, which can be submitted as evidence of the artistic finish of its productions, besides offering every week THE MUSICAL COURIER as the best evidence of rapid newspaper production, typographically as perfect and beautiful as anything in its line in the world—in fact, superior to the great majority of weekly or magazine publications. All questions on printing cheerfully answered in detail.

**Seidl Astoria Concert.**—The program for the second Seidl subscription concert at the Astoria Hotel on Thursday evening of this week is:

Overture, Benvenuto Cellini.....Berlioz  
Violin concerto, B minor.....Saint-Saëns  
M. Ysaÿe.

For string orchestra—  
Slow waltz.....Volkmann  
Anitra's Dance, from Peer Gynt.....Grieg  
Wanderer Fantaisie.....Schubert-Liszt  
M. Pugno. (His first appearance.)

Pilgrims' March, from Harold en Italie.....Berlioz  
Viola Obligato.  
M. Ysaÿe.

**The Dannreuther Quartet.**—At a concert given in Buffalo by the Twentieth Century Club on November 3 the Dannreuther Quartet, of New York, scored a decided success, and won tremendous applause for the finished and masterly ending of a delightfully classic program. The quartet will be heard at the evening musicale to be given in Chickering Hall on November 18, when the following program will be given:

Concerto Grosso, in F major for strings.....Händel  
Quintet, op. 97, in E flat major, for two violins, two violas and violoncello.....Dvorák  
Concerto in A minor, for piano, violin and flute, with accompaniment of two violins, viola, violoncello and contra basso.....Bach

## Verdi's Wife Is Dead.

ROME, Sunday.

SIGNORA VERDI, wife of the celebrated composer, Giuseppe Verdi, now in his eighty-fourth years, is dead.

The death of Signora Verdi will undoubtedly be a severe blow to the great and venerable composer. He has had many sorrows in his life, and this last one is probably among the greatest. The signora was Verdi's second wife. She was formerly Madame Strepponi. It was while she was singing Abigail in Verdi's opera "Nabucco," at Milan, more than fifty-five years ago, that the great composer fell in love with her. Madame Strepponi played in the first performance of "Nabucco," which was the opera that established the genius of the composer. The romance of the courtship was continued in married life, and Verdi was devoted to his wife.

This grief, coming at his advanced age, will fill the musical world with anxiety, as to whether Verdi himself will be able to bear the shock. His wonderful vitality has been a theme for years, and it may be sufficient to withstand the present sorrow.

Verdi's first wife was Margherita Barezzi. She was the daughter of Antonio Barezzi, a well to do Italian distiller. Verdi used to practice upon Barezzi's piano when in his teens, and in the course of time played pieces "a quattro main" with Margherita, who was Barezzi's eldest daughter. It was not long before Verdi fell in love with the distiller's beautiful daughter, and won her. Barezzi offered no objection to the marriage. At that time—in 1835—Verdi was struggling for a livelihood. The first wife died in 1840. Within the next two months Verdi's two children died.

These sorrows laid a heavy hand on the composer. He went into solitude, and announced that he had retired from life. But in a short time his love for active work returned, and he was seen in public.

A short time ago the aged composer was reported to be critically ill, and many of his friends feared he would never rally, but he recovered.—Herald.

**Clementine Sheldon-Hess, Soprano.**—That this charming young soprano was much enjoyed on her appearance in Wilkesbarre is evident from the following:

Miss Clementine Sheldon made her first concert appearance in Wilkesbarre and she received quite an ovation. Her manner is modest and unaffected. She wore a sweet costume of white, with gloves to match, and the pink roses she carried and her color heightened by the excitement, gave a charming contrast. It is scarcely necessary to say that Miss Sheldon has worked for three years under the best masters in New York, for her singing revealed a highly cultivated method. Her voice is a pure soprano of the sweet non-penetrative quality. She executed the pretty cadenzas without blur. The highest notes in her voice are as sweet as the lower and apparently as easily produced. She responded to the encore with a pretty little German song.—Wilkesbarre Leader.

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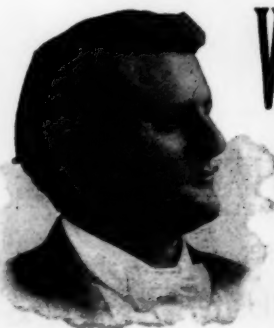
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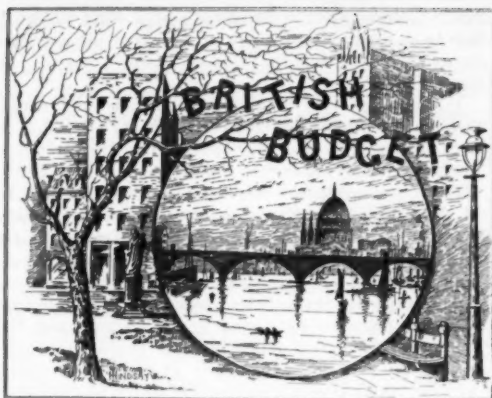
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LONDON, W., November 4, 1907.

**MISS REGINA DE SALES** sails Saturday on the *St. Paul*, her first visit to America since coming to Europe for study. She has won for herself a fine reputation as an oratorio singer, having given special attention to the acquirement of the correct traditions, and having appeared with great success in both London and the provinces in "The Elijah," Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride"—in fact, in nearly all the works usually given here. She has also met with great success in concert and recital work, having a large repertory of English, French and German songs.

Edward Grieg is so ill from an attack of bronchitis that he is unable to appear to conduct his work at the Philharmonic Society's concert to-night. It is hoped, however, he will recover, so as to keep his other engagements in England, none of which come for another couple of weeks.

The Bohemian String Quartet will return to England at the end of February next, to give concerts both in London and the provinces.

"The Grand Duchess" is now in rehearsal at the Savoy and will be produced shortly. The cast will include Miss Florence St. John as the Grand Duchess, Mr. Charles Cunningham as Fritz, Mr. Walter Passmore as General Boom. The English book has been rewritten, the lyrics by Adrian Ross and the dialogue by Chas. H. E. Brookfield. Mr. Percy Anderson has designed entirely new costumes for this production, and Mr. R. Barker is conducting the stage rehearsals.

Mr. Charles Clarke, whose sympathetic baritone voice and style in singing have been highly appreciated here—both by the public and press—returns to America on the 18th, to fill a number of important engagements which have been booked through his agent, Mr. Henry Wolfsohn.

At the Mansion House on Tuesday evening a representation of "The Tempest" was given by the Elizabethan Stage Society. The play was acted as a court masque, being so performed before James I., at Whitehall, in 1611,

on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. The designs for the costumes were taken from an old masque of that date. On November 13 the play will be repeated in Goldsmiths' Hall, by permission of the court of the company.

Mr. Eugen d'Albert has completed arrangements to visit America, where he will open an extended tour in New York, November 15, 1898.

Mr. Edward Lloyd has been the recipient of a letter from Her Majesty the Queen, and accompanying it was a silver Jubilee medal.

Miss Susan Strong made her début in the provinces at the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's concert on October 26, when she was well received by both press and public. She appeared in varied selections, viz.: Isolde's "Liebestod," "L'Altra Notte," from Boito's "Mefistofele," and the aria from the "Reine de Saba" of Gounod.

M. Ysaye appeared at the same concert, in the place of M. Gregorowitsch, who refused to play on account of the high pitch of the orchestra. The former will play in Bristol during this week and will sail on Saturday next for America.

Mr. Van Biehe, who in his play, "The Broken Melody," sustained the twofold part of actor and musician, is preparing a new play. From its title, "A Wandering Minstrel," it will probably be of the same kind as the first, in which he became so popular.

Mr. Malcolm Mackinlay, the elder son of Mme. Antoinette Sterling, takes his B. A. degree at Trinity College, Oxford, on the 11th inst. He is an Eton boy and bore off some of the honors of his class. He has decided to make music his profession and is taking lessons in singing of Signor Manuel Garcia, and is reading for his Mus. Bac. degree with Dr. Pearce. He hopes to secure his degree in about two years, when he will be ready to enter the profession. Mr. Mackinlay has much musical talent, and, with his brilliant scholastic career, we may look for a talented artist and possible composer.

"Samson and Delilah" will be given at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, with Madame Brema, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Orme Darvalle as principal vocalists. The following Saturday afternoon Master Bruno Stein-del will appear as the soloist in Mozart's concerto in D minor.

The season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company closed Saturday night with a performance of "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria." On Friday night "The Bohemian Girl" was repeated, when Miss Bertram, of Boston, made a very successful début as Arline.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, will arrive in London the 18th inst. He plays at the Crystal Palace, Dundee and other places before Christmas.

Herr Rosenthal is spending the winter in Italy and anticipates visiting London in the spring, when he will give a series of piano recitals. He will not adhere to the historic series he contemplated some time ago.

Mr. Gregorowitsch, besides his appearance at the Philharmonic Society, when he will play Moszkowski's violin concerto (conducted by the composer), will appear at the Crystal Palace and other places during his present London visit.

Mr. Alfred Caldicott, principal of the London College of Music, died at Worcester, after a long illness, at the age of fifty-five. He was the eldest son of Mr. William Caldicott, a well-known hop merchant of Worcester, and was educated at the Cathedral School in that city. Mr. Caldicott acted as organist successively at St. Stephen's and St. Martin's, Worcester, before finally settling in London. Among his numerous musical compositions are thirteen operettas.

Dr. Richter has settled the dates for his next year's season of concerts, which will be May 23, June 6, 13 and 20. The autumn tour will open on October 15, and besides two other concerts in London, the usual provincial dates will be made. Dr. Richter, who has been the pioneer in making Wagner known to the people here, is going to draw up some original programs for his forthcoming concerts. These will be looked forward to by musicians with great interest.

The libel case of Fry v. Runciman came up for hearing on November 2 before Mr. Justice Lawrence. The plaintiff, Mr. Charles Edward Fry, the professional reciter and teacher of elocution, brought an action against Mr. J. F. Runciman, now music critic of the *Saturday Review*. In December, 1895, the *Magazine of Music* contained a notice of a performance of "Athalie" by the Queen's Hall Choir, in which the alleged libel appeared, viz.: "By this I intend no personal reflection upon Mr. Richard Temple, who is infinitely more tolerable than the ass who goes about grinding out the words of Mr. Joseph Bennett's lucubration, 'The Dream of Jubal.'" Mr. Fry said that he was the person designated as an ass, as from 1889 to 1895 he took part in that cantata, which was written by Mr. Joseph Bennett, and set to music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. He admitted that an apology had been published in the *Magazine of Music*, but he did not consider it sufficient.

Mr. Joseph Bennett said he had no doubt that the paragraph in question applied to Mr. Fry, because he knew of no other person who was in the habit of "going about" the country reciting the piece in question. On being asked if he were not annoyed at his poem being spoken of as a "lucubration," Mr. Bennett replied that he was quite used to that. Sir Alexander Mackenzie gave evidence for Mr. Fry, and further said he wished his music were as good as Mr. Bennett's poem. Mr. W. J. Coates, formerly proprietor and editor of the *Magazine of Music*, said the whole of the article on the Queen's Hall Choir was written by Mr. Runciman, who, however, denied that he either wrote or dictated the paragraph in question, in which statement he was supported by the evidence of his shorthand writer. The jury, however, without leaving the box, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, and awarded £200 damages.

#### CONCERTS.

If the French wit who long ago wrote that "the English take their pleasures sadly" had visited the Queen's Hall last Saturday afternoon he probably would have reversed his phrase, and made it read: "The English take their

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miseries joyfully." Such a program as that of Mr. Wood's second concert was enough to

Harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.—*Hamlet*.

Fortunately, however, the emotional strain is not so severe on the audience as on the composer; if it were, I fear we should have become an assembly of lunatics and suicides, transforming the pleasant concert room into a madhouse and a morgue.

Händel's "Dead March," from "Saul" (played in memoriam), began a program ended by Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, and including Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique" and the "1812" overture. Two more compositions, both in the minor, lent additional charm to the sad afternoon. In one of these—Saint-Saëns' B minor concerto for violin—M. Achille Rivarde played the solo part most intelligently, in tune, in time, and with combined breadth and sympathy. With the musical value of those arpeggios in harmonics at the end of the andantino I am not now concerned; suffice it to say they were neatly executed. M. Rivarde might add to the general effect of his playing if he would avoid those angular and unnecessary bodily contortions which make the picture to the eye clash with the tone poem to the ear.

The Richter concert of last Monday evening served to introduce to the British public selections from the works of one Richard Wagner, of whom, I believe, a great deal is expected in the near future. Being of a timid disposition myself, I hesitate to pronounce a decided opinion on music so different from that on which I was nurtured in the halcyon days of my youth. If his works are good, I should be sorry to retard their acceptance; if they are worthless, it would be a pity to extol them to the detriment of better compositions languishing for a hearing.

I find that Sterndale Bennett calls Wagner a "Brummagem" Berlioz, and that G. A. Macfarren, in his "Musical History" (which, by the way, should be "History of Music"), dismisses him quickly, saying that "a few years will determine the permanence or evanescence of his productions. So many words would not here have been spent on an individual but for his notoriety throughout Europe and through half America." I am still more at a loss when I turn to John Hullah, for he says: "I find an entire absence of musical construction and coherence; little melody, and that of the most *mesquin* kind; and harmony chiefly remarkable for its restless, purposeless and seemingly helpless modulation." H. F. Chorley says that "the instrumentation is singularly unpleasant." Will not offer my readers any criticism "made in Germany," because the German public has contemptuously ignored the verdict of its own critics. It will be safer for me to follow sagely the practice of some of the more experienced London critics and "wait until further acquaintance with these works will enable us to pronounce more definitely upon them."

In one respect I feel myself justified in criticising Wagner, and this is for writing so high the part that Miss

Marie Brema had to sing. It would have been considerable of the composer to have better respected the natural upward limitations of her voice. In grasping Miss Brema's dramatic instinct, however, Wagner has succeeded admirably. Mlle. Rosa Olitzka's vocal production is somewhat throaty, but on the whole she is a satisfactory singer. Mr. Andrew Black, in his desire to make his words understood, sometimes forgot the legato.

On October 28 the Thursday evening choral concerts were inaugurated at the Crystal Palace, and Sullivan's "Golden Legend" was presented. The music of Elsie was sung by Mme. Medora Henson, the remaining characters being taken by Miss Jessie King, Mr. Herbert Grover and Mr. William Paull. The Crystal Palace Choir and Orchestra acquitted themselves well.

At the concert on Saturday Tchaikowsky's "Pathétique" symphony was played, but not so well as could be wished. It is possible that some shortcomings were due to the fact that Mr. Manns' new orchestra has been comparatively a short time under his guidance, but there was a want of feeling in parts that detracted almost as much from the beauty of the work as actual roughness and want of rhythm. The scherzo was crisply played, and was the most successful of the four movements. Miss Fanny Davies introduced Mozart's beautiful D minor concerto, and played it with all her accustomed charm of feeling and technic. Her second solo was a couple of pieces by Liszt. Mme. Ella Russell was the vocalist, and sang "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" (Weber) and Liszt's "Lorelei" with great brilliance. The orchestra played the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" and the "Leonora" overture No. 3.

A certain amount of regret was mingled with the pleasure which the popular concert of Monday night afforded us: regret that the splendid quartet party so long familiar at St. James' Hall would be heard there no longer.

Lady Hallé is to grace the scene of her former triumphs on a few occasions, and Joachim, with his own quartet, will be here in February. Meanwhile we have the Frankfort party, so we may be content and take courage. Herr Heermann is an artist *au bout des ongles*, we know that Herr Becker was so before him, and it is clear that Herren Bassermann and Koning have the same *apercus* as their distinguished colleagues. Their tone is not big, nor what, for want of a better word, we may call distinguished, but they interpret Mozart and Beethoven much better than some players who have these qualities. In Mozart's quartet No. 6, in C, I could only once detect a trifling unsteadiness, and that in but one bar, while no fault could be found in the observance and rendering of the most delicate nuances. Mozart's quartet, in which the *allegro molto* was taken at a tremendous pace, though without any lack of clearness and grace, was played with all the charm and spirituality that the angelic master could have desired. Beethoven's F minor quartet suffered from a want of power in tone, but all string players cannot be Joachims or Piattis.

Herr Heermann showed virtuosity in Hubay's "Fileuse," and commendable restraint in Wagner's "Albumblatt,"

No. 3. Mme. Blanche Marchesi sang a song written by Haydn in a curiously Italian manner from his unfinished opera "Orfeo," Gluck's "On s'étonneroit moins," and the "Erkling."

I found my way, not without difficulty and danger, through the Cimmerian darkness of the first London fog to St. James' Hall on Friday and was more than rewarded by Mr. Aramis' concert of "old popular Greek music." Mr. Jacques explained the aim which Mr. Aramis and M. Bourgault-Ducoudray had in view, namely, to point out that the ancient or so-called Gregorian modes lend themselves to peculiar and sometimes most beautiful melodic treatment, and that their harmonization would be a worthy study for the modern composer. The illustrations of Greek melodies were sung by Mr. Aramis and Mlle. de Saint-André, and Mlle. Sandrini accompanied them by dances, or rather explanatory gestures. Mr. Aramis, who is a clever singer, always shows to the best advantage in the songs of his native land. He himself collected some of the most remarkable of those he gave and others are from M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's collection. The second part of the recital consisted of illustrations of the old French and German dances, beginning with the Pavanne (sixteenth century), sung by Mlle. de Saint-André and danced by Mlle. Sandrini, ending with Rameau's "Rigaudon." Before each dance M. Jacques gave a short explanation of each, translated by him from the original of M. Bourgault-Ducoudray.

F. V. ATWATER.

### The Damrosch Prospectus.

M. DAMROSCH has put forth an elaborate prospectus of five weeks' season of grand opera in French, German and Italian, at the Metropolitan Opera House, beginning the middle of January.

The following is a full list of the singers: Sopranos and contraltos, Mmes. Melba, Gadske, Barna, Seygard, Toronto, Staudigl, Mattfeld, Van Cauteren and Nordica; tenors, Messrs. Ibos, Rothmühl, Salignac, Breuer, Van Hoose, Vanni and Kraus; baritones, Messrs. Campanari, Staudigl, Stehmann and Bispham; basses, Messrs. Boudouresque, Rains, Viviani and Fischer; conductors, Mr. Damrosch and Signor Bimboni. The following is the repertory: "Barber of Seville," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Romeo et Juliette," "Aida," "Faust," "Les Huguenots," "Rigoletto," "Scarlatti Letter," "Manon," "Lucia," "Flying Dutchman," "Tristan und Isolde," "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung."

**Falcke in Scandinavia.**—The eminent French pianist, Henry Falcke, has recently appeared as soloist at one of the symphonic concerts in Copenhagen, Denmark, under the direction of Joachim Andersen. The Danish press speak with unstinted praise of the Saint-Saëns concerto and its interpretation. Mr. Falcke was accorded an ovation, and responded after several recalls to play a new "Bauerntanz" by Grieg. Mr. Falcke has also played with orchestra at Schwerin, Germany, under the direction of Zumpe, with pronounced success. Mr. Falcke's wonderful technic and ability as a virtuoso are winning for him fresh laurels in the large capitals of Europe.

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A LETTER appears in this week's issue from Messrs. Thomas & Fellows' choir agency and entertainment bureau, located in Carnegie Music Hall. The letter is addressed to our business manager, and again illustrates the value of advertising in THE MUSICAL COURIER.

It must be remembered that this paper is now closing its eighteenth year, and is rushing along rapidly toward its one thousandth number. There is no person in the musical profession, or in the musical affairs on the globe to-day, making any pretensions for position or prestige, character or influence, who does not read this paper regularly; and hence it is not surprising that advertisers who have something to advertise, either in material goods or artistic merit, or special performance, receive substantial returns for their investment in these columns. As it stands to-day this paper is a necessity to the world of music, and is recognized as an inherent part of it.

#### Frances Miller and Viola Pratt Gillett.

THESE two representative young American singers are meeting with most gratifying success; each is a fine soloist, and together their voices are beautifully harmonious. Here are some press notices:

Miss Miller delighted all with her clear tones; she has a sweet pure soprano, and made a most favorable impression. She won the hearts of the audience with her pleasing solos.—*Caledonian, St. Johnsbury, Vt.*

Miss Miller charmed the audience by her clear, even and brilliant voice, and attractive personality. The aria from "Elijah" was heartily applauded.—*Chambersburg Daily.*

Miss Pratt's rendering of the soprano solos form the oratorios "Messiah" and "Stabat Mater" shows her artistic ability and rich contralto voice to be among our few excellent contraltos of to-day.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Miss Frances Miller possesses a truly rich and powerful soprano voice, and this, together with her charming manner, captivated the audience from the moment of her appearance. Miss Miller delighted the audience by her rendering of a "Song of Love," by Mrs. Beach, and also in the "Balladella" from "Pagliacci."—*The Montclair Herald.*

Miss Pratt gains new laurels at each appearance before the public. The 9,000 listeners at the Tabernacle last night gave her an enthusiastic reception.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

**Clementine De Vere.**—The following notices are an indication of the success which has attended Mme. Clementine De Vere in her recent concert tour. Large audiences and an enthusiastic welcome have everywhere awaited her.

Mme. Clementine De Vere's voice was clear, bell-like and sympathetic, with perfect tones in all registers alike and with an attack that showed remarkable technic. She sang the bird song from David's "Pearl of Brazil," an aria from Handel, and took the lead in Gounod's "Christmas Morn."—*Indianapolis Sentinel, September 4, 1907.*

Mme. Clementine De Vere is a handsome woman with easy, graceful manner and a presence that awakened interest and aroused expectation. She was very soon accepted as a prime favorite and the charming singer was obliged to respond to many encores. She sang the exceedingly difficult bird song by David as her introductory selection, and responded with the "Spring Song," by Sapio. Madame De Vere is the happy possessor of a voice of great sweetness and wide range, and she sings with a spirit and feeling which captivate the ear of every listener. The air "Samson," by Handel, was rendered by Madame De Vere later in the evening, an imperative recall eliciting a beautiful English ballad which touched every heart with its tenderness and expression.—*Denver Daily News, September 9, 1907.*

When Mme. Clementine De Vere came upon the platform she was greeted with a hearty burst of applause. Her first selection was the "Bird Song," from David's "Pearl of Brazil." In this she displayed her technic, while producing a quality of tone as sweet and as pure as the most critical ear could wish to hear. Grace, beauty and delicacy of shading are united in her singing. Although the singer had been forced to ride steadily for thirty-six hours to fill this engagement, there was scarcely a suggestion of fatigue in her voice. As an encore she sang a lullaby. Her second selection was an air from Handel's "Samson." In this she was able to show what oratorio solo singing really means. There was dignity, strength, a sustained power and wonderfully pure tones—much in contrast with the brilliant style of the bird song. Madame De Vere has a wonderful voice, a fine method and a very pleasing presence.—*Denver Republican, September 9, 1907.*

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER, {  
295 Wabash Avenue, November 13, 1907. }

HAVING been investigating music in another city, concerts here have been neglected. However, I am informed that they have not been numerous and with few exceptions unimportant.

The date of the convention to be held by the delegates from the various music clubs of the country is not being disclosed; personal reasons are assigned for this action, but it is said that the date is close at hand. Now it behooves the delegates to be cautious in their management and election. At present the entire arrangements are said to be in the hands of one woman, who is a business manager for artists and whose ability, while admirable for her clients, will be fatal for the clubs' entertainments. This federation to which I have reference proposes to have an interchange between the clubs of a list of artists and lecturers, who make special rates. This is an injustice to the big managers, who won't, if they are wise, drop their prices on the great artists, but will simply ignore all the amateur clubs whose members will, if they wish to hear celebrities, be forced to pay the regular admission to the regular recitals given by the artists themselves apart from the clubs.

This federation of clubs was inaugurated during the World's Fair, and the authorities of the different amateur musical clubs have worked gradually. The federation was not begun for the purpose of making the whole organization into a manager's bureau for the benefit of one individual who it is proposed should have entire control. It seems to me that the amateur musical club has ceased to exist, that it is run in the interests of one or two people—to speak plainly, that the amateur club is in the hands of a manager. Where formerly it was an educational institution for the improvement of its members, it is now run solely for the benefit of members who were formerly amateurs, but have now joined professional ranks.

The dire wrath of the organists has descended in righteous force on your correspondent. To all my accusers, let me say that I do not pretend to be infallible; that it is quite possible, and probable, that memory may occasionally fail, so that when I said, "so far as I remember, Wilhelm Miedelschulte is the only organist I ever heard who can give a recital without music," I was libeling my own memory. Sundry eminent organists have resented the statement; even a lawyer, with more time than practice, found it necessary to call my attention to the injustice done to the organists. But he might have spared himself any disquietude upon the subject, as I am perfectly well aware that Clarence Eddy, Louis Falk and Clarence Dickinson frequently memorize, and that Harrison M. Wild, for whom I have profound respect and admiration, is one of the finest organists that can be heard, not only here, but in any other civilized city.

Does it ever occur to the complainers, or others superciliously hypercritical, that it is possible that in a great city like Chicago, where there are so many distinguished

and non-distinguished people, a name may be sometimes overlooked.

We were to have heard the Edward Schytte concerto with the orchestra as played by Rosenthal this season. Owing to unfortunate circumstances the famous pianist could not come to America, so the Schytte concerto, about which we were told so much, will be still unknown to the Chicago public. And yet Leopold Godowsky plays it magnificently, with all its stupendous difficulties. Now, I would like to know why the musicians, ever eager for novelty, cannot be gratified and given a chance to hear the great Russian pianist.

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Jeannette Durno is a good artist. She is a pianist whose playing you can enjoy and think about afterward. Her recital given in Steinway Hall was really an intellectual treat. "She plays beautifully," expresses it exactly.

I wonder how many in that audience on Monday thought of the years of study given in Chicago when Miss Durno was a pupil of John J. Hattstaedt, and to whom she practically owes her musical education? I remarked this to a woman, herself a teacher and parvenu, who promptly called my attention to the fact that Nettie Durno had studied abroad, and could not be considered as a Chicago product. Bah! What do two years of tuition abroad with any teacher, however famous, count against twelve years with a good teacher here? To all, sycophants and toadies to the contrary, I say that Jeannette Durno was a pupil of John J. Hattstaedt.

It is known that she played extraordinarily well before she left Chicago, so that it was only reasonable to suppose that with the environment and musical surroundings which a foreign city possesses Jeannette Durno would profit.

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Harrison M. Wild and Mr. Liebling gave a very interesting concert in Kimball Hall Monday night. It was the first public concert in which the Kimball pipe organ has been used. Unforeseen circumstances suddenly arising prevented my attendance, but the Chicago daily papers were unanimous in their praise of the concert which our well-known artists gave. Mr. Liebling and Mr. Wild had the assistance of Sidney Biden. The following was the program:

Organ solo, Sonata, op. 48.....	Gailliant
Harrison M. Wild.	
Piano solos—	
Nocturne, op. 3.....	Karganoff
Serenade.....	Streleski
Autumn.....	Chaminade
Emil Liebling.	
Vocal solo, Vision Fair.....	Massenet
Sidney P. Biden.	
Organ solos—	
Toccata and fugue, D minor.....	Bach
Pastorale.....	Wachs
Tannhäuser March.....	Wagner
Harrison M. Wild.	
Vocal solos—	
He Loves Me.....	Chadwick
To Mary.....	Madeu V. White
A May Morning.....	Denza
Sidney P. Biden.	
Piano solos	
Sonnet de Petrarca.....	Liszt
Des Abends.....	Schumann
Aufschwung.....	Emil Liebling.
Grand duo, Themes from Faust for organ and piano.....	Ketterer
Harrison M. Wild and Emil Liebling.	

An important summons to Milwaukee likewise prevented me attending the concert given by Mr. Holmes Cowper, a London tenor; Mr. Baré, the new second concertmaster, and Mr. Victor Heinze.

I am sorry at missing the performance, because it is reported that Mr. Baré, who was concertmaster at the Lamoureux concerts in Paris, is really a remarkable player, and

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that the orchestra has been fortunate in securing a rarely gifted violinist. Mr. Baré was also concertmaster at Cologne. He is a member of the Heinze Trio, which includes Bruno Steindel and Victor Heinze. The trio has engagements in Chicago, Toledo, Evanston and La Porte, and will make a tour during May and June. The Heinze Trio in a circular to the public makes the following excellent statement:

Special efforts have been made of late in this city to arouse and develop the public taste for one of the most important and enjoyable, but hitherto inadequately valued, branches of music.

It is certainly a pleasing fact that the interest for good, classical concerts in our community has rapidly increased, and developed from year to year to such an extent that the art of music has long since found a permanent home in our midst. Therefore the anticipation is unquestionably not erroneous that the time has come when musical interest should be led into wider fields which will comprehend all phases of musical art.

Is it not a fact that chamber music represents the best efforts of the greatest masters? Have they not exerted their highest artistic powers in creating this most instructive class of music? In reading the opinions of the best critics, and the works of the most celebrated musical savants, we see they agree that in chamber music is reached the culmination of musical beauty and artistic efficiency. It is represented by the quartet, quintet, sextet, trio and other forms.

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Mrs. Katharine Fisk who leaves America for Europe next week, is giving a number of recitals at Alton, Ill. The *Sentinel-Democrat* said of our delightful contralto:

Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the gifted Chicago lady, whose beautiful contralto delighted so many hearers at the Monticello commencement last June, gave a concert at the Spalding Auditorium last evening under the auspices of the Dominant Ninth Chorus. Mrs. C. B. Rohland presided as accompanist.

It would really be difficult for one who has not heard such a vocalist as Mrs. Fisk to understand how a single artist could entertain an audience through an evening. But it is a very easy matter for this gifted lady, for she has a versatility in song, in expression and tone, and to sit within the range of her rich voice one fancies that one might sit there forever and ever hear Mrs. Fisk sing, with each added number adding delight. It was so last night. The pretty auditorium was crowded with people, but throughout the evening there was not even a slight indication of restlessness—nothing but delight and evident gratitude that the lady before them should consent to sing in her incomparable way. Mrs. Fisk sang Meyerbeer's aria "Nobil Signor," Saint-Saëns' "La Cloche," Brahms' "Feldensamkeit" and "Mein Liebes ist Gruen," Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," Dvorak's "Five Biblical Songs," the song "Salve Regina," written by Mrs. C. B. Rohland and dedicated by her to Mrs. Fisk; Chadwick's two folk songs, "The Little Silver Ring," by Chaminade, "The Watchman and the Child" by Cowen, the old Scotch, "Leezie Lindley," Hawley's "My Little Love," Hasting's "A Red, Red Rose," and "The Lass with the Delicate Air," by Dr. Arne.

George Hamlin's engagements before January 1 include: November 25, with the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society, in Verdi's "Requiem"; December 9 with the Cincinnati Apollo Club, in "Swan and Skylark"; December 14, with the Evanston Musical Club, in "The Messiah"; December 23, with the Chicago Apollo Club, in "The Messiah"; December 17 and 18, with the Chicago Orchestra, in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; December 31, with the Mozart Club, of Pittsburgh, in "The Messiah."

Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson's coming engagements are as follows: November 16 at Detroit; November 17, Jackson, Mich.; November 24, Minneapolis; November 25, St. Paul; December 16, Lewis Institute, Chicago; December 17 and 18, with the Chicago Orchestra in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Mrs. Wilson has also two "Messiah" engagements, December 14, with the Evanston Musical Club; December 31, with the Mozart Club, of Pittsburgh.

The Spiering Quartet will give the second of a series of chamber concerts in Handel Hall on Tuesday evening, November 16, at 8 o'clock. It will have the assistance on this occasion of William H. Sherwood, the well-known

pianist, it being his first appearance in public this season. The program, an unusually interesting one, is follows:

Quartet in C major.....Mozart  
Trio for piano, violin and 'cello in B flat major, op. 97.....Beethoven  
Quartet in A minor, op. 29.....Schubert

A new telephone experiment was made when Helen Buckley, a Chicago soprano, sang for an Eastern manager's approval through the long distance telephone a few days ago. The voice trial over half a continent was not confined to any one number, but was continued with most gratifying results for over half an hour. Her engagement for some Eastern concerts is in consequence said to be assured and an opportunity given her to repeat her successes in London and in this city.

Mr. Adolph Brune, a promising pianist, whose musical education was received from Emil Liebling, plays the following program next Thursday:

Sonata, op. 57.....Beethoven  
Adolf Brune.  
Vocal, Wilt Thou Take Me for Thy Slave?.....Alliston  
Mr. Webster.

Concert Etude.....Brune  
Etude, in F minor.....Liszt  
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

With an original cadenza by Mr. Brune.

Vocal—  
Nocturne.....Meyer  
When Icicles Hang.....Foote

Mr. Webster.  
Concerto, op. 54 (first movement).....Schumann  
With second piano.  
Adolf Brune.

The Amateur Club's next general concert will enlist the services of Miss Ella Scheib and Miss Veronica Murphy, two capable pianists with considerable local reputation; Miss Marion Carpenter, Miss Nettie Jones, Mrs. Tillotson Bangs and Mr. Day Williams.

In mentioning Mrs. Sarah Sayles Gilpin's engagement at Cedar Rapids College of Music, I should have specifically stated that she visited that institution two days in each month. Mrs. Gilpin recently gave a recital and the press enthusiastically praised her performance. The following is from the Cedar Rapids *Saturday Record*:

The musical event of the week was the faculty recital at the College of Music Monday evening, which was a brilliant success from both a musical and social standpoint. The college is rapidly gaining friends, and its efforts for the musical betterment of Cedar Rapids is appreciated. The most important feature of the evening was the appearance of Mrs. Sarah Sayles Gilpin, of Chicago, who has recently become associated with the college. Mrs. Gilpin is a very young woman, of more than ordinary attractiveness, and she immediately won the hearts of her audience. Her selections were carefully chosen and proved to be very popular. The best point in Mrs. Sayles' playing is her clearness of execution; she has absolute surety at all times, her technique being supreme. Another remarkable as well as highly gratifying quality is her power of tone production without the usual pounding, and her ease and repose at the instrument is simply charming. Mrs. Gilpin is a pupil of Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, and has all the strong points of her eminent teacher, as well as many little graces which that lady lacks.

The art and music section of the Woodlawn Woman's Club will meet on Tuesday, November 16, at 2:30 p. m., in the club rooms, Press Building, Sixty-second street and Lexington avenue. A paper will be read on "The Royal Academy of Music, the Nursery of British Composers," by Mrs. Fanny Thomson. Musical piano illustrations will be:

Andante Capriccioso.....Sir W. S. Bennett  
Allegro Grazioso.....Mrs. Jennie S. Crawford.

Tenor solos—  
To Chloe in Sickness.....Sir W. S. Bennett  
Love's Argosy.....Hope Temple  
Mr. Douglas S. Thomson.

Mrs. Thomson is the daughter of the late Charles Lucas, one of the principals of the Royal Academy of Music, of London, and she speaks on the subject from her personal knowledge and experience.

Mr. Henry B. Roney, recently appointed organist of

Plymouth Church, at a very handsome salary, has already entered upon his duties. Mr. Roney has a quartet choir, and looks forward to making the music in this church some of the most notable in the city.

Two of Mrs. Watson's pupils, Ella Scheib and Veronica Murphy, gave a recital at Mrs. Loring's school Friday.

Miss Celeste Nellis was one of the five accepted candidates out of sixty applicants for admission in the Barth class in Berlin, and one of the two admitted to the highest class, which state of affairs must be gratifying to Mr. W. H. Sherwood, who instructed the talented Topeka girl. Celeste Nellis is one of the best girls I know, and one whom indiscriminate flattery and foolish compliment had failed to influence for the worse. A meed of praise should also be given to Miss Edith Rann, who prepared Celeste Nellis for Mr. Sherwood, and who to-day is one of the best exponents of the Sherwood method of playing.

The November choir festival service at Grace Episcopal Church was distinguished for the program given by Harrison M. Wild, whose fame as an organist is known all over the United States. He had the assistance of Master George Meader, contralto, and William McLain. The following program was given:

Organ—  
Occasional overture.....Händel  
Pastorale.....Lucas  
March from Symphony.....Roff  
Funeral March.....Guilmant  
Finale, op. 42.....Guilmant

Chorus—  
Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis.....West  
Sanctus.....Gounod  
Solo.....Dr. Pierce  
Duet, The Lord Is My Light.....Buck  
Master George Meader and William McLain.

The Sunday concerts are numerous, but the most popular are those given by Ellis Brooks and his Seventh Regiment Band. At the last performance the favorite De Pasqualis, Signor Governale and Mr. Shonert were soloists.

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Mrs. Hess-Burr is a very busy woman this season. She now has practically two schools, one in Milwaukee, the other in Chicago. She visits the former city Wednesday and Thursday in each week, and I heard it said that she would have to give the Milwaukeeans another day. Aside from her teaching, she has closed the following engagements as accompanist: With Marteau, Blauvelt, Evan Williams, Ffrangcon-Davies, Marguerite Hall, Jenny Osborn, Genevieve Clark Wilson, in Chicago. Mrs. Hess-Burr also has engagements in Toledo, St. Louis, Albion, Grand Rapids, Battle Creek, and with the Milwaukee Lyric Club, the Mendelssohn and Amateur Clubs, of Chicago.

Mrs. Hess-Burr's school has increased so much that she has found it necessary to employ a business manager, Mr. Frank Hannah, who was two years with the Sherwood Concert Company, and who is at present associated with the Redpath Bureau.

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#### THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA.

##### FOURTH CONCERT.

A remarkable program drew a magnificent audience this week to the Auditorium. It was a "house" which has been rarely experienced during preceding seasons. This year, however, with each concert given by the orchestra the attendance has increased until to-night people were standing five deep in the foyer and lining the staircases. Chicagoans have responded nobly to the stringent efforts made by the management, and appreciation is heard on all sides. The programs, too, have shown marked improvement for variety and quality, especially in those of the two last weeks. Wagner's "Rienzi" overture received a fine interpretation, although I have heard it taken at a quicker tempo, with more of a triumphant joyousness. Theodore



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Thomas' reading is more of the grandiose and dignified, possibly. His interpretation of Dvorák's symphonic scherzo was a beautiful piece of score reading.

The Berlioz "Damnation of Faust" numbers closed the first part of the program, which had introduced Madame Nordica as soloist. In good voice the latter sang the superb Beethoven aria "Ah Perfido" with the subtle dramatic finish expected of the American artist. It was a powerful interpretation and allowed the great singer vast opportunities for displaying her extraordinary vocal resources. Following the Beethoven number Madame Nordica sang "O Hall of Song," from Tannhäuser, and for a second encore an English song.

The second part of the program opened with MacDowell's Indian Suite, which the American composer has written round a number of native Indian themes, following in Dvorák's wake, as one authority expresses it. The first theme, a weird fragmentary legend of strong climaxes, attracted much attention, but the same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the love song, which constitutes the second phrase. The dirge was taken in somewhat too slow tempo, which did not add to the impressiveness, but the third and fifth themes were played exquisitely and were received with unbounded recognition.

The Indian Suite will be even better appreciated when again heard; it is a fine piece of scoring, which must be heard several times to be appreciated as it deserves.

The polonaise from "Mignon" furnished Nordica another opportunity to display her extraordinary versatility, showing that a great dramatic singer may still retain her command of coloratura work. Her trills are gorgeous, especially that one on which she made a magnificent crescendo. It can be said that Nordica to-night achieved one of the triumphs of her life, the enthusiasm aroused being extraordinary and the singer was obliged to respond with three encores.

Weingartner's orchestration of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" concluded this fine concert, which reflected the highest credit upon all concerned. If the standard is maintained the orchestra this year must be self-supporting. The program of the fourth concert follows:

Overture, Rienzi.....	Wagner
Symphonic Variations, op. 78.....	Dvorák
Scene and aria, Ah! Perfido.....	Beethoven
The Damnation of Faust.....	Berlioz
Invocation—	
Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps.....	
Dance of the Sylphs.....	
March, Rakoczy.....	
Suite, Indian, op. 48.....	MacDowell
Polonaise, Mignon.....	Thomas
Invitation to the Dance.....	Weber
Orchestration by Felix Weingartner.	

## FLORENCE FRENCH.

**The Jessie Shay Recital.**—A most interesting recital was given in the hall of the New York College of Music on Friday afternoon, November 12, by that talented young pianist Jessie Shay. This was the first opportunity afforded the friends of this gifted little artist of hearing her in concert since her return from Europe. It seemed a pity that anything should have marred the pleasure of the program, but the constant opening and shutting of doors almost destroyed many of the delicate passages in Miss Shay's interpretation. Her art has certainly broadened and great things may be expected of her in the near future.

The appended program, which was performed from first to last with ease and finish, will give some idea of Miss Shay's excellent work:

Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....	Bach
Miss Jessie Shay.	
Traumlied.....	Liszt
Frühlingslied.....	Becker
Miss Rena Fabrice.	
Eroticon.....	Sjogren
Miss Jessie Shay.	
Ungeduld.....	Schubert
Kuss.....	Meyer-Helmond
Miss Rena Fabrice.	
Concerto, op. 38.....	Schytte
Miss Jessie Shay.	
With accompaniment of second piano by Mr. Lambert.	
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## The Chicago Orchestra at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., November 10, 1897.  
817 Newhall street.

It was with a shock that I received orders to attend with heavy artillery the Thomas concert, which took place last evening at the Pabst Theatre. I had intended to go and bask in the warming sunshine of good music, to listen dreamily and uncritically, for this concert made a cooling, restful oasis in the dreary waste of musical desert, with its tawdry glare of sunshine, which withers the musical sensibilities and almost warps the taste of a Milwaukee critic.

The Chicago Orchestra was greeted by the cream of Milwaukee's musical and social life. The theatre was packed with an enthusiastic, attentive and appreciative audience, attracted alike by the orchestra and Madame Nordica. We all desired to gauge the abilities of this much talked of singer. The program was as follows:

Symphony, G minor.....	Mozart
Scene and aria, Ah Perfido.....	Beethoven
Madame Nordica.	
Suite, Scheherazade.....	Rimsky-Korsakoff
From Thousand and One Nights.	
The Sea and Sinbad's Ship.	
The Narrative of the Calender Prince.	
The Young Prince and the Young Princess.	
Die Meistersinger.....	Wagner
Introduction, Act III.	
Vorspiel.	
Theme and variations, Quartet in D minor.....	Schubert
String Orchestra.	
Polonaise, Mignon.....	A. Thomas
Madame Nordica.	
Festival March and Hymn to Liberty.....	Kaun

We will speak of Nordica first. Now, to be perfectly frank, I will tell you that I enjoyed the concert so much that I could not write any small adverse criticisms regarding this undoubtedly great artist. When I say that Madame Nordica comes nearer to being the real thing (this is not slang) than anyone I have ever heard you will understand how much I appreciate her greatness. On the afternoon preceding the concert I was waiting for a friend in the waiting room of the Pfister Hotel, when Madame Nordica came in. I have a rage for studying physiognomies, and when the little negro, whose heart I have won with many a quarter, told me that that was Madame Nordica I was amazed.

There is nothing magnetic, striking or elevated in her face. A pair of clear blue eyes and well penciled eyebrows are her chiefest charm; but the jaw, the chin solves the mystery. Where there is a dash of inborn greatness it makes itself felt by currents of magnetism, seen by brain flashes through the eyes. It molds the brow, intensifies the features. Madame Nordica's chiefest claim to greatness arises from the mountains she has constructed from scattered and small material; but she is great with a greatness all her own; she is unique, powerful, discriminating, and with an ability of wonderful range, breadth and extent.

It is almost ridiculous for one voice to be able to sing the grandest music from the declamatory Wagnerian schools and the florid Italian schools. "Ah! Perfido!" and "Mignon" by one voice. I would not have believed it unless one or the other suffered. Madame Nordica gave the Beethoven number with force, dramatic fire and great effect of light and shade. Rage and supplication thrilled through her gloriously pure tones. Her high B flat rang out strong and vibrant repeatedly. Her voice from F to high C is delicious; the middle tones are even, sweet, but less wonderful. Her chest tones are powerful but not

rich. There are no breaks in her voice; it is quite uniform, and so very pure.

I thought portions of this tremendous aria were rather dragged; possibly this is tradition, maybe it was the orchestra. Again, in my copy, the word, dark, sombre, sonorous and mournful, Morio, appears three times in succession immediately before the *allegro assai*. The music exactly suits this one word. Now Nordica, in substitution, sings "Ah! Morir." This is less sombre, less sonorous, a more open tone, gentler and infinitely less powerful. I love this great piece so much that the change of one word pains me. I am sure my version is the correct one. Is this captious criticism? I do not believe so. For an encore to the Beethoven number she sang Elizabeth's "Dich Theure Halle," from Wagner's "Tannhäuser." And wasn't I delighted that she demonstrated her power in this Wagner number. She proved conclusively to various German graybeards here that American talent is not thin-voiced, feeble and superficial. This number was given with breadth, fervor and a pure, strong tone. I believe Lilli Lehmann was originally a coloratura singer and when she struck into the declamatory fields her vocal flexibility vanished.

Here is an American, resplendent in both directions at once. The "Mignon" number raised the audience to a frantic pitch of enthusiasm. She sang this threadbare piece with a swing, a perfection of execution delightful beyond words. She sang the polonaise in Italian. I prefer it in the French; it is more piquant and dainty, although the Italian is, of course, softer and sweeter. For an encore Madame Nordica sang a ballad unknown to me and, although I endeavored to find out behind the scenes, no one seemed to know what it was.

Now for the orchestral numbers. About Mozart's G minor symphony our books on form tell us that "The chief subject takes the form of an enlarged thesis of sixteen measures, followed by the antithesis." I missed the first movements, but the minuet pleased me in its reading greatly. This symphony affords the student many object lessons; in some ways it is unique. The minuet, the idealized dance form, opens with two trimeters. The trio in this G minor symphony differs from Mozart's E flat major and C major symphonies, in that it is in the major key of the same tonic. The subject matter of this classical production is dainty to a degree, melodious and of a very sorrowful nature; the minor mode is everywhere prominent. It seems to be a patient complaint, a gentle melancholy; it is not a virile, rebellious sort of grief. The closing group usually takes the form of the chief subject in the form of a prolonged cadence. Mozart's closing group has three divisions, and the piece terminates with a rather long coda. Mozart was fond of afterludes; he sometimes seems to make a sort of resumé at the end of his works; it is not so much of a resumé as a gentle refrain of the principal matter.

This piece received careful, judicious treatment by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra; the contrasts Theodore Thomas and his orchestra; the contrasts, brought out. It was almost too bad to give us such a classical number, when at least two other numbers would suffer badly by the contrast. The introduction to Act III. and Vorspiel of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" was played superbly, with a dash and verve not usual in Theodore Thomas' readings. The rich modulations are a constant pleasure when they are brought out as distinctly as they were last night.

As for the Rimsky-Korsakoff number, I did not like it. It is vulgar, full of trickery, gorgeous, but fantastic. It is a musical narration of the events which take place in the



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 "Great enthusiasm and applause."—*Crystal Palace Herald* (London).

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"Arabian Nights." It is an expurgated setting. There are melodies, striking and original, but too highly ornamented. The first movement of this suite, "The Sea and Sinbad's Ship," has the theme stated by a violin solo, answered or repeated by the woodwind. It illustrates the rhythmical, rocking motion of the waves. It seemed as though the solo violin was tossed upon the orchestra as an ocean. The pizzicati of violas was very effective. Sinbad lands all right.

Part II., "The Narrative of the Calendar Prince." The original theme is repeated by strings and the woodwind seems to take up the narrative, punctuated by exclamation points in the shape of pizzicati for the violins, rather plaintive in effect. The piccolo is introduced with good effect, while the violins play with sardini. The point of the story is reached by a good climax. Triangle and cymbals accentuate rhythm, while the piccolo cuts through the lavish harmonies. The ocean theme and Scheherazade figure return and the end is a blaze of crimson-streaked, polka-dot glory.

Part III., "The Young Prince and Princess." This is the last movement. This is the story of Camaralzaman, Prince of the Isle of the Children of Khaledan, and of Badoura, Princess of China. This starts in gently and tenderly. It sounds complacent, a narrative of a narrative, not an original experience. There is a strong passage for the 'celli. One part seems to relate rather a prosy conversation. Very descriptive. Original theme repeated rather more elaborately, taken up, restated by woodwind.

This whole piece is like the wild dreams of one under the influence of opium. Such a lot of work for tambourines, snare drums, all the percussion instruments. It struts, clad in brilliant, not too clean raiment. Musk fills the air with a pungent perfume (?). There are streamers of green, blue, orange, red, crimson, purple, red, some more red, crimson, some more red, harmonies toying with the quivering sensibilities. For those that like that sort of thing that's the sort of thing they like. What an unearthly contrast to the clear, cool, classical mountain heights of the Mozart G minor symphony. In detail I may not be absolutely accurate in this description, but remember what Schiller says.

The calm correctness, where no fault we see,  
Attests Art's loftiest or its least degree:  
That ground in common two extremes may claim—  
Strength most consummate, feebleness most tame.

Schubert's string quartet, the theme and variations in D minor, was beautiful. Of course the theme was first presented simply, then repeated with variations, developing figures, calling on counterpoint, changing modes and all that. It reminded me not only of Schubert's "Der Tod und Das Mädchen," which is the burden of the song, but in some strange, occult way of Moore's "Silent, O Moyle," and Brahms' dirge, "The Death of Trena." This composition is pure music—music of feeling; it is a spontaneous expression. I find the same fault with much of Schubert's music that I do with Schumann's. When these composers get an idea, which is frequent, they do so hate to let it go. On and on they spin, turn and twist it. But this quartet is a dream, and the strings gave it beautiful treatment.

The last piece on the program was by Hugo Kaun, a Milwaukee composer. Save as a study in noise and counterpoint I see but little admirable in it. It is modeled closely after Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch." It closes with the "Star Spangled Banner," employing chorus, orchestra, organ and audience. In this composition, as in all of his work, Mr. Kaun shows the strong hand of a skilled musician. His taste for painting with the instruments of the orchestra is powerful. In this composition he works up many themes over a pedal point, goes on to a big and ever increasing crescendo, introduces the brass gradually, together with the weighty subject, and sails along with fortissimo and double-distilled fortissimo. "Brass predominates. There is no contrast, no relief, a sameness.

It is noise which is inarticulate, and too frequently we can see the ears of Wagner.

Composers should remember what Berlioz says about the triangle, and apply it to other percussion instruments:

"Since at the present time there is made so deplorable an abuse of this instrument, as of the long drum, cymbals, kettledrums, trombones, and, in short, of all that thunders, sounds and resounds, it is still more difficult to find fit occasion for introducing it into the orchestra than even the others. Its metallic noise suits only pieces of an extremely brilliant character when *forte*, or of a certain wild whimsicality when *piano*."

As for the orchestra itself, it has greatly improved. The wind players are the same, with a few exceptions, and this part of the orchestra is as remarkably fine this year as it was last. There have been a few changes in the personnel of the orchestra, the most important of these is the change in concertmasters. The new concertmaster is a vast improvement over the other, and Mr. Kramer impresses an audience instantly with the sense of his musicianship, the strength of his bowing, the roundness of the tone he gets out of what seems to be a very fine violin. The tone of the orchestra this year is very generally improved, and already the organization is in good form. The new concertmaster should not bestow so much attention upon the audience; it does not look well, and somehow, if it is possible, the tempi should not be so pronounced and methodical. I have an undercurrent of an impression which centres around a time beat—1, 2, 3, 4, fast, slow, beat, beat, ponderous and machine-like.

This orchestra can interpret music; if it is a poetic effect to be produced, it secures it; a martial effect, it is there. Mr. Thomas' reading is invariably superb, quiet, scholarly and sure. There is but one Theodore Thomas. This smoothly moving orchestra, so well controlled and responsive to its leader, is an inspiring sight. If we had one in each city our country would accomplish more musically in a year than it would in a century without this noble assistance.

Altogether the performance was a memorable and a momentous one. The next concert will be given December 9. I should like to read what the local critics say, but I cannot wait; otherwise I would have appended their verdicts to mine.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

**The Success of a Lankow Pupil.**—Marie Van Gelder, the gifted pupil of Madame Anna Lankow, recently created a sensation in Amsterdam by her interpretation of "Mother Maria," in Spinelli's opera "A Basso Porto." The papers unanimously praise her, and after the trying and intensely dramatic second act Miss Van Gelder was recalled six times. She is now studying Brunnhilde in the "Walküre." Concert and opera performances in Rotterdam, Utrecht, Haarlem and Leyden occupy nearly all of her time.

**Gustav Hinrichs.**—It is quite unnecessary to introduce Mr. Hinrichs to our readers, he is so well-known here, despite his long Philadelphia and San Francisco sojourn. He has done much pioneer work for America, having presented for the first time Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz;" Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," and other works of the modern school. His superior work as conductor of the National Opera Company not many years ago is still fresh in the public mind.

He is now permanently located here and connected with the National Conservatory as conductor, and giving his special attention to vocal teaching, preparation for opera, for which he is so pre-eminently fitted, song interpretation and German lied. His wife, Katherine Fleming, is the well-known contralto who has traveled with Theodore Thomas and Joseffy, and occupied prominent church choir positions. She sings with the Quartet Club (Johannes Wirsching), with orchestra, to-night, in Hoboken, and is sure to assume the position which was hers by reason of eminent ability.

## From Leonora Jackson.

BRUSSELS, October 28, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

ON the occasion of my winning the Mendelssohn State Prize in Berlin, September 30, the Associated Press dispatches to the United States, in kindly reporting the event, erroneously stated that I was the first American who had had the coveted honor. Whether the first or fifth matters little to me, but it does concern me gravely if, on account of the error in the dispatches and press reports, with which I have had nothing to do, anyone should be led to think most unjustly that I am one who seeks to advance my career at the expense of other artists.

This evening, upon receiving THE COURIER (issue of October 13), I find therein under the heading "Honor to Whom Honor Is Due," the explanation that Miss Geraldine Morgan won the prize in 1886, and was therefore the first American to obtain it. I am exceedingly proud of the achievements of my compatriots, and would not for a moment deprive any of merited praise. I beg, therefore, in justice to Miss Morgan, as well as myself, that you will kindly give space in your valuable columns to this, my personal expression of regret, for the misstatement in the American press, as also my emphatic disavowal of being in the slightest degree responsible for it.

May I add a word with reference to musical study in America? I am impressed with the fact that THE COURIER is doing an educational work in this connection, the value of which, both for the best interests of American art and for the happiness of all concerned, cannot be over-estimated.

Being in a position to observe and judge, I must say it is simply appalling the large number of students who come abroad each year, often at a great sacrifice, and with either so little talent or so little preparatory study that the results are deplorable in the extreme. Truly an earnest warning to all who think of going abroad for study cannot be exaggerated or given too often. I heartily endorse the advice given by THE COURIER. If the expensive trip abroad were rarely if ever undertaken, except by those of proven talent, who have first secured at home the most thorough preparation possible, there would be fewer cases of disappointed hopes and ruined careers. If in doubt as to the right move, let the student address THE COURIER for advice. Such an appeal, I am sure, would not go unanswered.

With truest appreciation for the good work THE COURIER is doing, both at home and abroad, I am,

Most sincerely yours, LEONORA JACKSON.

**Mulligan Pupils.**—Apart from his organ and piano recitals, William E. Mulligan is devoting much time to teaching vocal culture. Among the pupils who are doing creditable work this season may be mentioned Caroline Mehr, soprano, and Clara A. Jewell, contralto, who appears this week in "1900." Mr. Robinson, tenor of St. Ignatius, Church, is also a pupil of Mr. Mulligan.

**McKinley On Tour with Nordica.**—J. H. McKinley, the popular tenor, has been engaged to accompany Mme. Nordica on her concert tour during the early part of this season, under the management of R. E. Johnston & Co. He will sing with her in the principal cities of the country and as far West as Denver.

**Regina de Sales.**—Mme. Regina de Sales arrived from England on the St. Paul Saturday evening, after a very stormy, rough trip. Madame de Sales sang at the benefit concert given on board ship and made a great hit. She will be heard in this city in some important events during the winter, but returns to England in time to fill her engagements for an Irish tour in February, immediately after which she goes to Dresden and Munich for a series of concerts.

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Thanking you for the many kind words you have said about us, in your different issues - and which have been of untold value to us - and wishing you continued ~~the~~ and merited success - We remain

Most Sincerely Yours

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**Paul Morgan's Success.**—Mr. Paul Morgan, the noted violoncellist, was very enthusiastically received at a concert in Yonkers, N. Y., last Thursday, and repeatedly encored. Mr. Morgan is a favorite in Yonkers, where he does a lot of teaching.

**A Church Festival.**—An interesting musical program was a special feature of a successful harvest festival given on November 4 in the First Presbyterian Church of Olean, N. Y. Gaul's cantata, "Ruth," was given by the choir, and the instrumental solos of Miss June Reed and Mr. Forest Cheney, of New York, were enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

**Mrs. F. V. Atwater.**—Mrs. Atwater, the wife of the London representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER, is at present in New York, where she will remain for a couple of weeks before going West to her old home near Chicago. Mrs. Atwater has been in Europe for the past six years. This is her first visit to New York, having previously only passed through the city on her way to England. She finds many friends in this country among the musical world, as her "at homes" in London have been attended by nearly all the American musicians living or visiting in London.

**Hans Kronold's Engagements.**—Hans Kronold, the distinguished 'cellist, is more than busy—he is rushed with work. On Thursday afternoon, November 18, Mr. Kronold will play at the Century Club in Philadelphia. Mr. Kronold will give a recital in Newark on Monday evening, November 22, when he will be assisted by Celia Schiller, pianist; Dante Del Papa, tenor, and Eva Zimmermann, who will act as accompanist. The Jeanne Franko Trio, of which Mr. Kronold is a member, will give a concert in Chickering Hall on Tuesday, November 23. Mr. Kronold has also been engaged for a tour with Lillian Blauvelt in January.

**Thomas & Fellows, Musical Agents.**—While Thomas & Fellows, of Carnegie Hall, are making their choir agency their strong business point, it must not be forgotten that they are also agents for the leading vocal and instrumental artists of this country. The development of this branch of their business is being rapidly pushed forward. Agents are being appointed in every prominent city in the country, who will look after the interests of Thomas & Fellows and the artists in an energetic way. The firm has control now of seven festivals, and a number of fine concerts, details of which will appear in a future issue.

**Celia Schiller Plays.**—Miss Celia Schiller, the talented young pianist, who for the past three years has frequently been heard in public, having made her first appearance with the Damrosch Symphony Orchestra, possesses a fine musical touch and plays with confidence and artistic feeling. Her broad style has won the admiration of the press and the public. The appended is from a prominent daily:

Celia Schiller, a rising star. . . . Miss Schiller appeared for the first time at a Damrosch concert. She displayed her art in the fourth Beethoven piano concerto, op. 58. The performance showed excellent teaching and hard study. The allegro moderato was played exquisitely. The andante con moto in E minor was performed in a truly artistic manner with great feeling. She was well received and applauded by a large audience.

**A Cappiani Pupil's Success as a Teacher.**—The Richmond (Va.) Times of October 4 notices the debut in opera of Lillie Urquhart, a pupil of the Gunston Institute, Washington, D. C., where Madame De St. Claire Buxton, a pupil of Luisa Cappiani, is the vocal teacher. As a teacher Madame Buxton is a success. Her pupils sing uncommonly well.

Miss Urquhart's voice, under her able care, has developed wonderfully in sweetness and power. The Times says:

Miss Lily Norfleet Urquhart proved a revelation, and the work of her splendid performance can be easily compared with the brilliancy

of some of the famous operatic stars. She showed a slight hesitancy in the first act, but as she warmed up to her work, and as the opera proceeded, Miss Urquhart took hold of the part of Martha with the voice and air of a professional, and storming the citadel of stage fright she captured the audience.

She has all the requisites of an operatic star—voice, face and figure, and the costumes she wore last night were very rich.

**Katherine Ruth Heyman's Laurels.**—Miss Heyman has won many telling notices from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as may be seen:

Miss Katherine Heyman played a sonata by Weber. She played it extremely well, and her performance was clean and graceful.—*Argonaut, San Francisco.*

Miss Heyman is a superb pianist, and those who are usually indifferent to piano performances at once perceived the beauty and perfection of her work.—*Le Roy (N. Y.) Gazette.*

. . . At the concert referred to the two drawing rooms of Mrs. D'Arcy were packed with the nobility of London. . . . The audience was very critical. We had been told that a London audience would never stop talking when instrumental music was being performed, but during Miss Heyman's five selections there was a perfect hush.—*Thousand Islands News.*

**May Brown, Violinist.**—May Brown, the brilliant young violinist, has a number of dates booked for November and December, both in New York and the suburbs. She is to play Bruch's G minor concerto at a large studio musicale within the fortnight, and is very busy preparing her program for a recital to take place shortly after Christmas.

The following is from the Summit (N. J.) Life:

Miss Brown is an established favorite in Summit, as she has been connected with the School of Music since its foundation, and gained an enviable reputation as a successful teacher of her chosen instrument. On the few occasions when she has appeared here on the concert platform she has won golden opinions, her artistic playing and attractive personality combining to render her a charming soloist. Her selections were the brilliant "Capriccio Valse" of Wieniawski, and a canzonetta and Andalusian serenade by Godard. In response to an enthusiastic encore she gave a fascinating little piece by Henselt. Miss Brown has an admirable technic combined with a truly musical temperament.

**Carolyn Yeaton, the Pianist.**—Wherever she plays, Yeaton is sure to make a deep impression, as witnessed below:

Miss Carolyn Yeaton, a talented young pianist, played several selections. Among them were Chopin's etude in A flat, "Liebestraum," No. 3, by Liszt, and "Etincelles," by Moszkowski. She was listened to with pleasure, and heartily applauded.—*Jersey City Times.*

Her success there is already certain. Miss Yeaton was in Berlin for a number of years and was a hard student in the German schools. Her petite and sparkling personality is remembered here. She was all vivacity and cleverness, and would have been decidedly in the swim if she had remained.—*Lewiston, Me., Daily.*

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beck gave a musicale Monday evening in honor of Miss Carolyn Yeaton, the talented young pianist, of New York. It was a delightful occasion, and one enjoyed by quite a number of the musical people of the city. Among the selections rendered were several by Miss Yeaton that were greatly enjoyed.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**J. Harry Wheeler, not "J. Harry Fellows."**—The "Hints to Pupils," culled from Mr. Wheeler's book, "Vocal Physiology, Vocal Culture and Singing," which hints were in part published in these columns last week, should have been credited to Mr. Wheeler, not Mr. Fellows. As someone put it, "It was the old Harry, and not the young Harry." Here are a few more hints:

Make the sentiments of the song a part of yourself, for the time.

It is better to stand when practicing vocal exercise; one can place the tone better, breathe better and execute better.

If one has not heart enough to sing a ballad well, he can sing nothing well.

In order to sing well before the public, much experience is required; hence improve every opportunity of singing publicly; remuneration is of secondary importance for the first year or two.

If you find yourself in a fair voice, do not take any medicinal preparation to improve it; a constant use of throat stimulants will weaken the vocal organs.

Do not be continually clearing the throat. The more you do so the more irritated the throat will become. In a great measure this is a habit.

Never sing in public until you have thoroughly rehearsed your song with the accompanist. Remember all good players are not good accompanists. Have your song nearly or quite committed to memory. Do not hold the music before your face. Do not hold the music open. Be careful in your selection of a piece to sing; a poor selection is sometimes the cause of a failure.

**Carl's Recital.**—Interesting and enjoyable as were the first and second of William C. Carl's recitals, the third of the series, which took place on Friday afternoon, November 12, in the "Old First Church," far exceeded them in all that constitutes a thoroughly artistic program. Mr. Carl's playing seemed fairly inspired and the Fugue in D minor was given with all the dignity and breadth characteristic of Bach. The Fantasie, from the wedding-music by Gui-

raud is a light, graceful little number, which is destined to become popular.

A rustle of programs indicated the satisfaction of the audience after the tone-poem for the organ, "Christus," by Malling. There are some pleasing passages in the composition, and Mr. Carl certainly brought out all their beauty. The most satisfactory number to a musician, however, was the Concerto for piano, in C minor, by Beethoven. The orchestral accompaniment had been arranged for the organ by Mr. Carl, and both he and Mr. Burgemeister played with magnificent technic, and the requisite repose and authority. Mr. E. Ellsworth Giles, tenor, sang the aria from "Elijah." The tempo was dragged, but Mr. Giles phrased in a musicianly way, and his voice is pleasing. The following was the program:

Toccata and Fugue in D minor. Book IV. . . . Bach  
Fantaisie, Messe de Mariage (new). . . . Guiraud  
(Wedding Music.)

Scherzo in E major. . . . Gigout

Recitative and aria, If With All Your Hearts (Elijah). . . . Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Christus, a tone poem for the organ. . . . Malling

(New, first time in this country.)

Concerto for the piano in C minor. . . . Van Beethoven

(With the orchestral accompaniment arranged for and played

by Mr. Carl on the organ.)

Mr. Albert Burgemeister.

The fiftieth recital given by Mr. Carl in this church will occur Friday afternoon, November 19, at 4 o'clock. A special program has been arranged, and Mr. Carl will be assisted by the entire choir of the "Old First."

**The Liederkrantz Concert.**—The Liederkrantz Society of New York announces a concert to be given on Saturday evening, November 21, in their hall on Fifty-eighth street, near Park avenue. The following program will be given with the assistance of the distinguished baritone Campanari and of Richard Burmeister, pianist.

Ouverture zu Lenore (No. 3). . . . Beethoven  
I and 2. Stutz aus dem Deutschen Requiem. . . . Brahms  
Gem. Chor und Orchester.

Arie aus Herodiade. . . . Massenet

Herr Campanari und Orchester.

Zwei Männerchöre—

Schwanenlied. . . . Schumacher

Der Todesritt von Mars la-Tour. . . . H. Zoellner

Concert für Piano und Orchester (F-moll). . . . Chopin

Herr Burmeister.

Drei Männerchöre—

Der schönste Klang. . . . Schwarz

Das Busslied. . . . Schwab

Villanella. . . . Orlando di Lasso

Frühlingshymne. . . . Goldmark

Für gem. Chor, Altsolo und Orchester.

Altsolo: Mrs. Pratt-Gillette.

Schlusschor aus der Walpurgisnacht. . . . Mendelssohn

Gem. Chor, Baritonsolo und Orchester.

Baritonsolo: Herr Campanari.

**Margaret Gaylord Sings.**—Miss Gaylord, who is rapidly coming to the front as a most pleasing singer, sang at a "musical tea" last Saturday afternoon at Mrs. Wm. Barber's. It was given for the free kindergarten of the Wilson Mission of the Central Presbyterian Church, Fifty-seventh street. Hobart Smock also assisted, and these two singers literally ran off with the vocal honors. Appended are two press notices of the fair singer:

Dainty little Miss Gaylord made an electric success with her singing of "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," ably assisted by Mr. Arlidge's flute obligato. Her voice has all its old-time freshness and flexibility, and she sang the runs with wonderful ease and brilliancy.—*Toronto, Canada, World.*

The best thing on the program was of course the solo by Miss Gaylord. She had been requested to sing "The Holy City," by Adams, and although the selection has been sung to death her admirable rendition of it was a pleasure, for it doubtless has never been sung to better advantage than in the present instance.—*Lincoln, Neb., Times.*

**Lillian Butz.**—Lillian Butz, the charming young prima donna, whose career abroad has been watched with the greatest interest, arrived two weeks ago from Europe. She has been engaged for an American tour by the Henry Wolfsohn Musical Bureau. Miss Butz has sung with success in many of the principal cities of the Old World. She made her debut in classic Brussels, with the eminent orchestra of the Théâtre Royal de Bruxelles, under the leadership of Du Bois.

Lillian Butz comes to America under favorable auspices. Her engagements, which promise to be numerous this season, began on Saturday last in Brooklyn, where a brilliant concert evidenced her exceptional qualifications.

Pierrepont Assembly Hall was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and the audience represented the élite of Brooklyn. The patronesses of the concert were all promi-

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nent in society. Miss Butz received a most cordial and generous reception, and after the first selection it was clear that the new artist had won the appreciation of the large and cultured audience. Her singing was artistic and her manner sweet and unaffected. Her voice is a soprano of rich and brilliant quality, and under remarkable control. Each selection evidenced an artistic finish truly delightful.

**Perry Averill's Pupil.**—Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, the young American tenor who has just been engaged by Damrosch to sing leading roles during the coming season, has never been abroad and has received his training here in New York. He has studied singing with Perry Averill for three years. Mr. Averill has brought up this voice entirely from a very light beginning to its present compass and power. Mr. Van Hoose has of course studied languages and coached with other musicians, but his vocal training he owes to Mr. Averill alone.

**Forrest Dabney Carr in Opera.**—Mr. Carr, the well-known bass, has made a big success as the assistant auctioneer in "The Geisha," now playing at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Carr's part is a very trying one, the long recitative which he delivers in the first act has a range of two octaves. Much was demanded of this singer the opening night, as his predecessors were vocalists of standing, and it was left for Mr. Carr to show how a recitative could be made to go. Mr. Paul Stemdorff, the musical director, is quite enthusiastic over Mr. Carr's success, as he was instrumental in placing him with Mr. Daly.

**Dante Del Papa.**—At the Sembrich Concert given recently in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, the well-known tenor, Dante Del Papa, scored a great success. After the solo from "Carmen," "Flor Che Avevi," he responded to a rousing encore with "La Donna e Mobile," from "Rigoletto." In the second part of the program Mr. Del Papa sang with Madam Sembrich in the "Barber of Seville," the difficult role of Almaviva. He also assisted Sembrich in her concert at Hartford. On November 19 he will be heard in Philadelphia, and on the 23d will assist the Jeanne Franko Trio in a concert in Chickering Hall.

**Music at the Lotos Club.**—One of the brilliant receptions for which the Lotos Club is noted was given on Saturday night, the guests of honor being Anton Seidl, Ysaye and Pugno. The atmosphere of *bonhomie* seemed to inspire everyone present to contribute his best to the occasion. In his address of welcome to the distinguished musicians, the president, Frank R. Lawrence, spoke particularly of Mr. Seidl's success in Europe. Captain William Henry White, the vice-president of the club, also gave a short address.

Ysaye played with splendid vigor and feeling, Anton Seidl accompanying him on the piano. The quality of the rest of the music may be known by mentioning among others the Dannreuther Quartet, Evan Williams, David Bispham and Henry Joubert. Some of the New York vaudeville artists also contributed to the entertainment. The committee who arranged the program consisted of Julian Rix, chairman; Dr. W. W. Walker, H. G. Fiske, O. B. Weber, S. G. Perry and John Elderkin.

**W. R. Chapman Back in New York.**—The Rubinstein Club has resumed rehearsals for the season under Mr. William R. Chapman, the organizer and only director of the club. A fine program is being prepared for the first concert, which will be given on January 5 at the Astoria, instead of on December 9, as previously announced. One glimpse into the magnificent ballrooms at the Astoria will convince anyone that it is an ideal place for these concerts, and the Rubinstein is to be congratulated upon at last obtaining the surroundings which such a club requires. The comfort of the boxes and seats will add to the pleasure of the music, and the patrons and friends of these entertainments may be sure of several delightful evenings this season.

It has been erroneously stated that Mr. Frank Damrosch would conduct the Rubinstein Club this season. No such arrangement has been made. Although Mr. Chapman is very busy in Maine and elsewhere, he still calls New York his home, and his interest for the Rubinstein and Apollo clubs in this city is first and foremost.

Mr. Chapman will rehearse the music of "Parsifal" with the Rubinstein and Apollo clubs for a grand performance that Anton Seidl will give of this work at one of his Astoria concerts.

**Mr. Tubbs' Lectures.**—Every Wednesday evening a large group of students meets for the serious study of educational subjects at the studios of Mr. F. H. Tubbs.

Knowledge, which the singer needs but which is of such a general nature that it should not be given time at private lessons, forms the basis of these lectures.

"The Masterpieces of Oratorio" was the subject on last Wednesday. Haydn was considered, and his "Creation" was analyzed and illustrated. Mr. Tubbs was assisted by Miss Bertha Stanhope, of Newport, R. I. She was a pupil of Mr. Tubbs' ten years ago, and is now one of the most prominent oratorio singers in New England. She is said to have a fine voice, which has been beautifully

trained. For the last two years she has been the solo soprano of Jules Jordan's noted choir in Providence.

After this series of lectures is concluded Mr. Tubbs proposes to talk for three evenings on the principles of voice culture, and he will discuss the anatomical and physiological education of the voice. Mr. Tubbs studied these branches with the late Emil Behnke, the author of "Voice, Song and Speech." He himself has written two books on voice culture which have gained acceptance in the profession.

**Luta Van Cortlandt.**—Besides an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House in this city, Luta Van Cortlandt is booked for concerts in Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. Dates are also to be filled in Troy, Birmingham and Syracuse. After the holidays Miss Van Cortlandt will visit Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago. She will support Ysaye and Plançon in a number of their engagements.

**Agnes Morison.**—Miss Agnes Morison, who has been studying with Mme. Florenza d'Arona for the past two years, is to sing in a concert to be given in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, November 23. She will be assisted by the Symphony Quartet, of New York, and by Miss Wanamaker Miller, pianist. Miss Morison is engaged for four concerts this winter in Philadelphia, and in the spring will start for an extended concert tour in the South.

**The Dore Benefit in Hardman Hall.**—On Tuesday evening, November 23, in Hardman Hall, a testimonial benefit is to be tendered Mrs. M. Doré, mother of the late Wm. C. Doré, who was well known in musical circles as a banjo teacher and performer. All the leading banjo players in the city will take part, as well as a number of well-known artists from the vaudeville stage and lyceum platform.

Messrs. Phipps & Campiglio are the managers, which in itself is a guarantee that an enjoyable entertainment will be provided.

**Arturo Nutini.**—Signor Nutini is a legitimate, highly educated and extremely poetic pianist, and his attainments as violinist are none the less remarkable. He has an immense repertory, playing anything from Beethoven to Liszt, and with an accuracy which would be astonishing in any player blessed with sight. With this he is a sunny tempered, bright and refined personality, and should meet with success. Let it be clearly understood that he wishes no allowance to be made on account of his affliction; that he is a perfectly legitimate interpreter, and in no sense a pretender, and the general public will soon find curiosity as to how a blind man plays turned to admiration, amazement that he plays as he does! Signor Nutini is filling out of town dates this week.

**The Henschel Concerts.**—Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel will return from their California trip the latter part of this month, and will be heard in two song recitals in Chickering Hall, on Thursday evening, December 2, and on Monday afternoon, December 6.

Most interesting programs are promised by these excellent artists for both occasions. Their success on the Pacific Coast was enormous, and they will probably return there for another tour before sailing for Europe.

**Musical Festival at Norwich, N. Y.**—Mr. Adrian F. Babcock announces a grand musical festival to be held at Norwich, N. Y., on December 7, 8, 9 and 10, at which eminent artists will assist. There will be three matinees and two concerts, and the chorus, which is now rehearsing the various programs, will be under the leadership of Dr. H. R. Palmer, of New York. Among the artists already engaged may be mentioned Dora Valesca Becker, violinist; Katherine Bloodgood, contralto, and Isabel Schiller, soprano.

**Grace Preston.**—Miss Grace Preston, who will delight the lovers of music during the present season, is a valuable addition to the lyric world. She is a young American woman who possesses an enviable, natural contralto voice, which indicates training and intelligence of a high order. The deep, soul-touching pathos of her lower notes at once claims the heart and fascinates the attention of the lover of song.

Miss Preston, while singing low E with consummate ease, finds her flexible voice quite as much at home in the middle register, and holds her listeners spellbound when she reaches high C, and revels in its brilliance with the clearness and grace of a meadow lark. The musical richness and melody of her voice find ready sympathy and admiration in the hearts of all who listen to the marvelous gift of a contralto born—not manufactured.

The city of Hartford is the birthplace of this charming young woman. She loves to sing. Miss Preston possesses every attribute necessary to make one of the greatest dramatic singers of the day. Personal attractions, magnificent physique, temperament, intelligence, voice, and although last, by no means least, perseverance, a quality without which all others fail.

She is booked for an extensive concert tour with Madame Nordica, but she can accept engagements during the dates of Nordica's opera season, which are Philadelphia, December 23, 1897, to January 11, 1898; New York, February 1 to February 17; Boston, February 21 to March 3.



## KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., November 10, 1897.

THE good resulting from our two orchestral organizations in Kansas City can hardly be estimated at this time. It is only when we compare the present condition of musical affairs with just a few years ago that we realize the wonderful advancement that has been made. Not only in this city, but I am inclined to think that this entire country has suffered from a lack of strong organization, and not until many of our would-be soloists can be made to understand the value of ensemble work will America have any relief from wretched solo work and be educated up to the great masters and true music.

The first concert of the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra's third season, November 5, was an important occasion, and a splendid testimonial to Conductor John Behr, and the thorough business management of the Symphony Orchestra Association. The program was interesting throughout, especially the Liszt "Hungarian Rhapsody," which was new here. The program in full was:

Overture to Don Giovanni.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
Unfinished Symphony in B minor.....Franz Schubert  
Hungarian Dances (1 and 3).....Johannes Brahms  
Serenade Pizzicati.....Helmund

(For string instruments.)

Scene der Nedda, from Pagliacci.....Leoncavallo  
Mrs. Benj. T. Hollenback.

Suite No. 1, from music to Peer Gynt, op. 46.....Grieg  
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6. The Carnival of Pesti.....Franz Liszt  
Mrs. Benj. T. Hollenback, a pupil of Marie Brandt, has never appeared to greater advantage since her return from Vienna.

Leopold Godowsky, whose wonderful technique and beautiful interpretation are almost beyond criticism, received a flattering reception from our musicians and musical people, who consider his work of the very highest educational value.

The second Philharmonic concert Sunday, November 7, was another ovation for Mr. Carl Busch. The orchestra numbers—overture, "Preciosa," Weber; three movements from Delibes' ballet, "Coppélia"; overture, "Domino Noir," Auber; introduction and quartet from "Rigoletto," and the Wedding March from Neesler's opera, "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln"—were all new. Miss Mabel Haas sang the cavatina from "Freischütz" with orchestra accompaniment. There is not in the West a more delightful concert singer than Miss Haas. She has a beautiful voice, perfect method and an exquisite finish that none but great singers attain. Signor Antonio Masino played the well-known "Aubade," by Carl Busch, for the first time with full orchestra accompaniment, and it was difficult to know who received the greater honor—the flutist or the composer.

A charity concert, November 8, under the supervision of Miss Minnie Merine, assisted by a number of prominent musicians, including Miss Haas, soprano; Signor G. Boli, baritone; Mr. Ben. T. Hollenback, tenor; François Boucher, violin; Louis Appy, violoncello; Miss Mearine, piano, and Mrs. Jenny Schultz, accompanist, was an artistic success.

Mr. Edward F. Kreiser was heard in concert Tuesday, November 9, for the first time since his return from Paris. His playing on this occasion more firmly established his reputation as one of the most progressive and very best organists in the West.

Bernhardt Listemann and his concert company were here November 2.

The next Missouri State Music Teachers' Association will be held June 14, 15 and 16, 1898, at Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Nellie Strong Stevenson, of St. Louis, president; Mr. H. E. Schultze, Kansas City, secretary. J. H. HARRIS.

## NEW HAVEN.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., November 12, 1897.

THE tocsin of the church choir artist has sounded in New Haven, and with the advent of the Sunday school boy voice the choir gallery is purged of the musician and pomp; processional and pianoforte enter as a new dispensation.

There are those among us who recall the days when the beautiful ritual of the Church Episcopal was sung, not symbolized, and when the truly musical soul was lifted to the lofty plane of heavenly thought by sounds and strains harmonious, not infantile.

In the early 70's our cities had church quartets and organists which gave her a national repute and crowded her churches. St. Paul's possessed an organist (Dr. Wm. D. Anderson), who as an improvisator and accompanist was renowned, and a quartet of artists such as musical and educated people love to listen to; Trinity with her choir service rivaled St. Paul's, and Centre was a close second to both.

Such music was expensive to be sure, but it filled the churches and was pointed to with pride. Economy eventually "froze it out." Now Trinity has a vested choir, and dear old St. Paul's is to follow suit with another one and a new organ. Having saved money on her music for so long, now great and noble thoughts have come into the minds of her committee and yearnings for more expensive service have filled their hearts. May their dollars never grow less!

The Gounod Society is soon to have a concert, and will present as a novelty a mass by Grel. It is in sixteen real parts and will be sung a capella. The question now is, can the society do the difficult work justice? I think they can, and will render it splendidly, as they have the voices, musical intelligence and leader. Mr. Agramonte is unexcelled as a drillmaster, and his deep knowledge of choral work, together with his peculiar temperament, makes him a chorus trainer of extraordinary success.

The marriage of Ericsson Bushnell has been of special interest to New Haveners, as he was brought up here and received his early training at the New Haven Conservatory of Music under Bristol. Well, another good man gone wrong. Eric is not only a singer, but musician as well, which combination is rare. Conundrum: Why do most singers study voice only? ANDREW BANGS.

**School of Steno-Phonetics.**—Miss May Florence Smith, authoress of this system, has settled at 566 Fifth avenue for the season. Circulars will be mailed on application.



### Pauline Viardot-Garcia.

FROM FRANZ LISZT'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Translated from the original German by Catherine Evans von Klenner.

(Continued from last week.)

WE know her from her childhood and perceived even then that her voice was subject to changes, the same as her features—a nervous indisposition, which appears in many lively feminine beings, even if only a strong wind be blowing. Even artists suffer under such influences, and how much more artists.

It would, therefore, appear a failure in taste if we could not pass over a slight veiling of her voluminous voice, considering the influences of disposition, health, climate, extended travels and the 180 representations of "The Prophet," as they took place in Paris. What difference should there be between a blooming, embarrassed beginner and the accomplished artist if we should esteem only freshness and volume and the youthfulness of the voice? A judgment based on nothing but the material satisfaction of the senses would really be unworthy of an artist and the so-called refined public. Still, in our times there prevails, alas! an inclination to emphasize merely external advantages as highly as possible. Far from believing in a general decay of art in our days, and rather firmly convinced that what is done to-day will be more esteemed by future times, still we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that there has come, in the art of singing, a period less splendid, but perhaps only transitory, and that, especially during the last twenty-five years—about since the end of 1830—there has been a quantitative and qualitative lowering of its representatives. Since Rossini's operas disappear more and more from the stage singers do no more take pains to learn how to sing.

It is no more deemed necessary to do earnest work during the time of youth, striving for cultivation, the precursor of public performance. A few years seem more than enough for study, or even a few months. A number of lessons given and received are sufficient for master and pupil, even for the public, to the latter's own disadvantage! The bending, forming, strengthening and mastering of the voice has now almost become a tale of the past. Hence it comes that the public, no more accustomed to good singing, calls only for fresh voices, and that these voices, lacking progressive and mature formation, soon lose their freshness and thus the public must be contented with ruined and soundless voices for a much longer time than it found pleasure in their freshness. The best singers do the best they can, well or badly, and the rest shout the best they can.

Real singing, which makes the melody sound as if played on a beautiful violin, adorning it with tasteful arabesques and with ornaments, that like the setting of a ruby contribute to the heightening of its brilliancy and the play of its full fire, has become an unknown word in the Lexicon of Art and Artists. And scarcely may be found any man who, as to method, virtuosity, feeling and expression, could be named or placed side by side with the sister of Madame Malibran.

What we have said, we emphasize so much the more, as in the absence of real singers the young generation very easily inclines to the belief that Art, so righteously lamented by the Elders, consisted of nothing but senseless roulades, of tirades of notes, thoughtlessly rendered, and could easily imagine that the singers of yore did not perform any better, when it listens to older compositions, executed according to the dead letter, without spirit or feeling—as if mediocrity could not be easily discerned in these sometimes clever, but always mechanical, performances. With Mrs. Viardot, as with all great performers who do not lack the holy fire of poesy, virtuosity merely serves as the expression of the idea, the thought, the character of an opus or a role. Virtuosity is only there in order that the artist might be able to render everything that is to be expressed in art, but to this it is indispensable and cannot be enough cultivated. We learn especially to esteem it, when we find it represented by artists, to whom it is not a means of parading, but of expression, of feeling, which grants to it the whole fullness, the whole richness of language. Mrs. Viardot's sojourn in Weimar lasted fully for one week.

(To be continued.)

**The Kneisel Quartet.**—The first concert of the season took place last evening in Mendelssohn Hall. Critical notice is necessarily deferred until next week.

**The Banda Rossa Tour.**—The following is the itinerary of the Banda Rossa for the remaining weeks of November: November 15, Boston Music Hall; 16, Boston Music Hall; 16, Brockton, Mass., City Theatre; 17, Providence, R. I., Infanter Hall; 19, Plymouth, Mass., Davis Opera House; 20, New Bedford, Mass., New Bedford Theatre; 21, Boston, Mass.; 22, Haverhill, Mass., Academy of Music; 23, Lawrence, Mass., Opera House; 24, Lowell, Mass., Opera House; 25, Brunswick, Me., Town Hall; 26, Lewiston, Me., City Hall; 26, Bangor, Me., Opera House; 27, Portland, Me., Jefferson Theatre; 28, Boston; 29, Worcester, Mass., Mechanics' Hall.

### Music Items.

**Mr. Robert Talmie.**—Mr. Talmie, the distinguished San Francisco piano teacher, announces his return from Vienna and the resumption of instruction at his studio, 1003 Sutter street, San Francisco.

**Riesberg Organ Recitals.**—F. W. Riesberg expects to inaugurate a series of recitals at Rutgers Presbyterian Church, Seventy-third street and Boulevard, with eminent solo assistance, beginning next week.

**Mary Louise Clary.**—Mary Louise Clary has been engaged for her fourth appearance in Oberlin, on December 16 and 17, in "The Messiah," she having previously appeared there in this work, and on two successive seasons in "Samson and Delilah." She will also be heard in some song recitals in the West at this time.

**The New York Ladies' Trio.**—The New York Ladies' Trio—consisting of Dora Valesca Becker, violin; Flavie Van den Hende, 'cello, and Mabel Phipps, piano—will make a short Western tour just after Christmas, appearing in several of the larger cities, where each of these artists is already well-known as a soloist.

**The Harlem Philharmonic Honored.**—Mr. C. C. Müller has dedicated his new string quartet to the ladies of the Harlem Philharmonic Society. It will be performed for the first time at the musicale on Thursday morning in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, on 125th street, near Fifth avenue, by the Dannreuther Quartet.

**J. Fred Wolle.**—The talented young organist J. Fred Wolle will give a recital in Presbyterian Hall on the third of December. The program promises to be one of unusual excellence and will contain some novel features.

**New York Chamber Music Club.**—August Spanuth, piano, Ludwig Marum, violin, and Anton Hegner, 'cello, have formed an organization under this name, and intend to give three evening concerts this season in the Hotel Savoy. The first concert will take place on December 6, when the club will be assisted by Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson.

**American Composers Again.**—It is announced that a feature of the Women's String Orchestra concerts will be the production of works by composers living in the United States. Not all these composers are Americans, to be sure, but most of them are willing to be considered so. The announcement is another musical straw to show which way the wind blows.

**Alexandre Guilmant.**—The great French organist of La Trinité, Paris, is expected to arrive about December 4. M. Guilmant will give a number of recitals in Boston and several New England towns. He will be heard here in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall on the evening of December 14. A large part of the program will consist of improvisations, for which Guilmant is noted.

**The Powers-Mannes Musicales.**—The Powers-Mannes musicales, which were so successful last season, are to be resumed early in December, to continue every second Thursday until Lent, when the usual Lenten musicales will be given. The artists for these musicales will comprise some of the best before the public and will be announced later.

**William Edward Mulligan.**—The well-known organist and pianist William Edward Mulligan, who has his home at picturesque Larchmont-on-the-Sound, was this week appointed director of the Ladies' Choral Club, of that place. This club is composed of the fashionable element of Larchmont. Madame Le Clair Mulligan, will be the soloist at the first concert, which will be given for charity.

**Music at the Mendelssohn Glee Club.**—The members of the Mendelssohn Glee Club gave a "smoker" at their rooms on the evening of November 11, at which the Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané Quartet assisted. Mr. Franz Kaltenborn, who had been filling a solo engagement in Yonkers on that evening, was obliged to hurry to New York to join his colleagues. The quartet scored its customary success. The ensemble numbers, together with several solos by Mr. Kaltenborn and Mr. Beyer-Hané were received with marked enthusiasm.

**Sophia Markee.**—Mrs. Sophia Markee arrived in New York the early part of last week from Chicago, and will remain here until about the 23d of the month, when she goes to Providence to sing with the Arion Club. Since coming to the city she has had several tempting offers to remain here, and has also received an offer from one of the fashionable churches in Chicago making a high bid for her services. Several engagements for concerts, drawing rooms and churches are now being considered, and it is probable that Mrs. Markee will be heard often during the present season. The compliments she has received from musicians upon her lovely voice and perfect method of singing might have turned the head of a less unaffected woman. She has already made a number of warm friends in this city who take a personal interest in keeping her here.

**No Attendance.**—We heard in Louisville a few days ago that there was a very poor attendance at a recent concert of Herbert's Gilmore's Band, and that there will be no re-

engagement of that band for future St. Louis expositions. A bandmaster is sui generis, a talent all to itself. It requires a certain aplomb, a certain natural rhythm to conduct a brass band so as to impress the average public, and Herbert is not endowed with these qualities, good musician although he be.

**Van Vork.**—The well-known tenor sings in Binghamton, N. Y., on December 7.

**Ellison Van Hoose.**—Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, who has been engaged by the Damrosch Opera Company, promises to become one of our leading tenors. He will appear as Eric in "The Flying Dutchman" and will be intrusted with prominent parts in "Meistersinger," "Faust" and in "The Scarlet Letter."

**The Kronberg Concert Tour.**—Mme. Nannie Hands-Kronberg, soprano, and S. Kronberg, baritone, have left the city for a tour of twenty concerts in the South. They will sing at Richmond, Norfolk, Wilmington, Asheville, Durham, Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah and other Southern cities.

**Miss Roberts to Lecture.**—An illustrated musical talk is announced to be given by Miss Alice Jane Roberts, of Elmira, N. Y., at the residence of Mrs. Penn Ryman, No. 77 South Franklin street, Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Thursday, November 18, at 4 o'clock. The subject will be "The Character and Content of Music," and the illustrations will be sung by Mrs. Elwood Bender Crocker, soprano, of Elmira, N. Y.

**Nordica's Engagement.**—Madame Nordica sings with Damrosch, under the operatic engagement, once in Philadelphia and once a week in a Wagner opera during the Damrosch season here. She will keep all her concert dates. Her husband left for Europe on Saturday. She sang on Tuesday last in Milwaukee and on Friday and Saturday in Chicago, with Theodore Thomas.

**Heinrich Meyn's Song Recital.**—Mr. Heinrich Meyn will give a subscription song recital, assisted by Mr. Howard F. Peirce, pianist, on Tuesday evening, December 14, at half past 8, in the Assembly Hall, Fifth avenue and Twentieth street. The affair is under the management of Mr. Remington Squire, and from the long list of well-known names of those announced as patrons it will undoubtedly prove a society event of importance, as well as an interesting concert.

**Eleanore Meredith.**—The prominent oratorio and concert soprano, Mme. Eleanore Meredith, has been booked for a number of important events during the next few weeks, including a re-engagement with the Choral Club, of Binghamton, N. Y., and with the Philharmonic Society, of Cohoes; also for "The Golden Legend" in Cleveland, and "The Messiah" in Oberlin (twice), and the same work in Denver, Col.

**Madame Sembrich Not to Sing in Opera.**—According to latest advices, Madame Sembrich has concluded to abandon the presentations of operatic scenes in her programs during her concert tour.

Madame Sembrich's tour began in Philadelphia last night; she then goes to Boston, but will return to New York for a last Sunday night concert before her Pacific Coast tour.

**Sapho.**—Massenet's "Sapho" is promised for this week in Paris, with Calvé as Fauny Legrand. The opera was written for Calvé, who will sing it in Paris for \$200 a night or less than that. Here she will charge \$1,000 a night to sing. Will she sing it eight times better here or are we eight fools compared to one in Paris? Oh, these American chumps, these good-natured home chumps! Was there ever such a "soft thing" as these great able-bodied United States?

**FOR SALE.**—Two valuable instruments: Guarnerius violoncello, price \$500; Stainer violin, price \$200. Call 23 West Eighty-third street, New York.

**WANTED.**—A few select pupils for one day in the week by a vocal teacher engaged in private school during the balance of week. Special attention given to the eradication of physiological defects, and the remedying of acquired faults. Highest reference. Address Voice, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

**WANTED.**—Soprano, dramatic and statuesque; Wagnerian roles; private; for illustration and demonstration; studio work which may lead to public engagements. Send photo and repertory, as well as record. Salary satisfactory if work can be done. Address Wagner, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

**A FORMER** pupil of the Hochschule, Berlin, offers board in her home, West End avenue, New York city. A limited number of young women students or teachers can be received. No objection to practicing. Opportunity of speaking French and German. References exchanged. Address, Hochschule, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

OTHER ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST WILL BE FOUND ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS ISSUE.





### AT TWILIGHT.

SHE.

There is no mystery, she saith,  
Look down into the pits of death,  
Where blue sleep lieth, fold on fold;  
Look up, where God's white pardon waits  
Forever at the open gates;  
See, then, my hair all gold,  
Good for a man to kiss and hold  
And play with, as the hours spin by—

HE.

Your hair and lips and eyes,  
Your dark, nostalgic eyes!

SHE.

See, then, how quick your kisses dry,  
How fast our vagrom folly flies,  
And all my hair, that now you twist  
In gyves around your listless wrist,  
Is dying, as you turn it—so—

HE.

Your dark, incessant eyes,  
Your hair and lips and eyes!

VANCE THOMPSON.

### MONUMENTAL ART.

NEW YORK is to have another pillar. The new Soldiers and Sailors' Monument is to take the old, stale, flat, unprofitable form of a square mass of stone more or less bedizened and inscribed on the four faces, surmounted by a cylindrical mass of masonry and topped by some figure, allegorical or otherwise, which no poor mortal who walks the earth can clearly see.

These extraordinary erections are to be found in Rome, in Paris, in London, even in douce Edinburgh, and, to quote the late Mr. Pope, each and every one "like a tall bully lifts its head and lies." The origin of these monstrosities is due to the Romans. Of all the nations of the world, next to the so-called Anglo-Saxons, the Romans were the most devoid of every feeling or instinct for art. They could organize armies out of the most unprepossessing materials; they were great masters of tactics and strategy; they could administer the most diverse nationalities, and beneath the grand colossus of Roman law we puny men are finding for ourselves dishonorable graves in trial by jury and coroners' inquests. They could build bridges which are as good to-day as when they were opened, and they could make roads over which to-day their legions, if they were to revisit the glimpses of the moon, could still march. They could produce engineers; they never produced a painter or a sculptor. Their dramas are translations "adapted" for home consumption, their literature is imitative, their very rhythms are attempts to force into the hard, unyielding lines of a language that was grammatical before it was literary the subtle, fluent, plastic grace, responsive to every nuance which their masters in art displayed. "Let others paint, let others chisel marble or cast bronzes, or write poems," says the most artistic of Roman writers, "but let us rule the world."

The origin of the pillar monument or trophy was, it may be fancied, somewhat in this fashion. Gaius Mummius, or some other fighting man, conquered a country, and at once, like a good soldier, began to build bridges and make roads. The most convenient quarry for him was the nearest temple; some of the stones were cut into voussoirs for his bridge; some sent to the lime kiln for his mortar; some laid down for his roads. Then he looked at his work and thought it was good, and, to commemorate his achievement, left one pillar standing to bear a more or less distorted image of his stupid self. How little these men knew of what a column was is proved by the famous Columna Rostrata, with its projecting beaks of ships, and the other tri-

umphal columns in which a long procession winds its serpentine coils from bottom to top. There is no perception of the beauty of the Greek column, its delicate deviation from the perpendicular, the proportions of its diameter to its height, or the subtle curve of its entasis. The Roman idea of a column was a glorified post with some fetish on the top, and with carvings or castings anywhere else, a post without the first merit of a post, that of supporting a weight. There is no need of attributing a Phallic origin to these pillars; simple dullness is sufficient explanation of their origin.

The fashion of erecting these unmeaning things revived at the period of the Italian Renaissance, and they now disfigure every great city. One great use they could be put to, they might be made the resting places of our statues. High up in the air Mr. Seward's legs would be foreshortened into something like human limbs, Mr. Lincoln's mantle would become graceful, and, on a pillar as tall as Trinity spire, Sunset Cox would be a thing of beauty.

Artists must suggest what ought to take the place of pillars. The arch can be rendered very effective if it is treated as it originally was, as entrance gateway. When we remember how the model of the Washington Arch looked when placed at the foot of Fifth avenue, and how the completed arch looks now, in the vacuum of Washington square, alone and meaningless, we can see how disappointing is the result of deviating from an original conception.

WITHIN the last week a notorious murder trial has been held near New York. We are not especially interested in murders—unless they have been translated into terms of art by Sophocles, Shakespeare or Dostoevsky—nor have we any disturbing passions for "trials," though we rather admire that notable trial scene in which Shylock figured conspicuously.

In a word—

It is all very well when art takes the crude facts of life and sublimates them into poetry; it is anything but well when real life filches its effects from fiction.

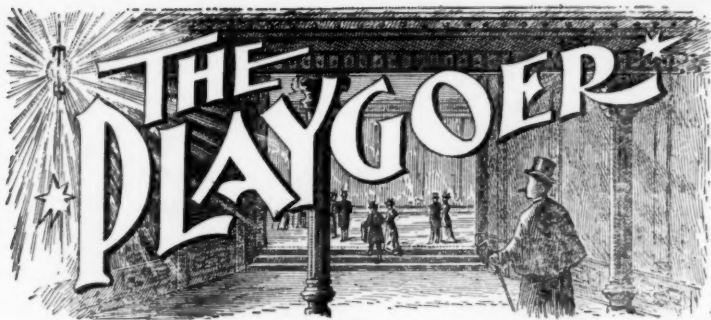
Now in the trial to which we have referred the counsel in the case made a complete theft of the properties of the case in which Dodson and Fog figured. The whole thing became a roaring farce, in which illiterate criminal lawyers howled and quarreled and danced. The very judge added to the gaiety of the scene. Even the poor devil on trial for his life grinned nervously.

The American courts are the laughing stock of more civilized lands. The American criminal lawyer—bred in the barroom, graduated from the police court—is only one remove from the Tenderloin "comedian." The judges, chosen wholly and solely for political reasons, are only a trifle better. In fact the whole structure is rotten with venality and vulgarity.

Everyone knows this; everyone admits it to be true. And the blessed democracy approves.

M. Hugues de Roux has published an historical romance entitled "Amants Byzantins." For the last ten years, he relates to an interviewer, he has been studying up Byzantine history. He takes a period when the splendor and culture of the Greek Empire, with its refinements and courtesy, comparable to those of our eighteenth century, could be contrasted with the waves of barbarism that were beating against the walls of Constantinople. It was a period when eunuchs dragged imperial princesses into convents, when patriarchs had ballets in the middle of religious services, when monks kept racing stables and bankers built hospitals, and when there was a rich crop of scandal. Still he wanted a plot and went for it to the Lofoden Islands, where he studied cod liver oil and Icelandic sagas, of Varangian soldiers who had returned to their homes. He was struck with the story of one of them named Drumond, which is the modern Greek for a ship, and then he received from a Russian scholar further details which gave the story the tone of the "Arabian Nights." Under this combination of erudition he created his Drumond and his Byzantine heroine Irene. A friendly critic says that M. Le Roux is admirable for the intensity with which he describes the tender passion, and for his poetic grace. He writes with franchise, but does not shock anyone.

I wonder if M. Le Roux has been reading Scott's "Count Robert of Paris."



SYDNEY GRUNDY is a singularly deft adapter of French plays. He has the science of the theatre and he knows his public, the not too intellectual public of the London Garrick or St. James and the Empire here. He began his dramatic career as an adapter of French comedies. He has persisted with infinite industry and gratifying success.

Mr. Grundy's first adaptation is now a quarter of a century old. It was, if I am not mistaken, the "Snowball," that merry farce, drawn from the merrier "Oscar, ou le mari qui trompe sa femme." Then he adapted Scribe, Labiche, Sardou—thus not unprofitably learning the playwright's craft, as Dr. Oliver Goldsmith learned Italian by teaching it to winsome girls.

"In Honor Bound" was Scribe's "Une Chaine," but infinitely improved—psychologized, if I may use the phrase, into a very pretty marital problem. "A Pair of Spectacles" is the "Petits Diseux" of Labiche and Delacour—as well of Terence, and it may be, Dilphilus—and, in its patent improvement on the original it may stand as a monument of Mr. Grundy's happy faculty of polishing up another man's



The cast was:

Comte de Candale.....	Mr. John Drew
Chevalier de Valcios.....	Mr. Arthur Byron
The General.....	Mr. D. H. Harkins
Jasmin.....	Mr. Graham Henderson
An Officer.....	Mr. Frank Lea Short
A Suisse.....	Mr. W. M. Travers
A Footman.....	Mr. Charles Halton
Comtesse de Candale.....	Miss Isabel Irving
Marton.....	Miss Elsie De Wolfe

The action of the play takes place in Paris about 1750.

It was behind the scenes of the Empire Theatre, the first night of "A Marriage of Convenience." Mr. Drew was buzzing about in tights; his face was painted; he was—in a word—the cabotin. One of his club friends lounged in.

"Ah," said John Drew, "come to see me play-act?"



Mr. Drew takes himself seriously; but he rather despises his business of play-acting. He would fain have it understood that he is a clubman, who condescends to playing parts. Perhaps there is something snobbish in this—I do not know. It does not strike me as particularly snobbish, but it does explain to me why Mr. John Drew is not as good an actor

as a man of his talent and training might be.

"Ah, deah boy," said he, "come to see me play-act?"

"Ya-as," said his friend.

It is rather late in the day to write a "criticism" of "Un Mariage sous Louis XV."—that classic work of the great mulatto. It is an excellent play, though it is no anodyne to oblivion. I think the elder Dumas' best creation was Dumas fils—though I do not know; much is to be said for D'Artagnan.



Mr. John Drew's shallow studies of the moral and mental discrepancies of the modern man are not wholly untrue; perhaps as well as any American player of the hour he can fashion forth the puling loves and stock heroisms of current drama; he has judgment and tact.

On the whole he is a admirable player of such parts as are within narrow limits of his understanding and experience. He is an easeful exponent of the feelings that might possibly stir under the dress coat of the average, modern man.

"You have come to see me play-act?" asked Mr. Drew.

Often we have gone to see him play-act; rarely has he failed to win our sincere but unenthusiastic approbation.

In the *pièce à poudre* Mr. John Drew has not to depend upon his own aptitude for play-acting, as in the current drama. He has been instructed by Mr. A. Daly. He has graduated from Mr. Augustin Daly's School of Play-acting.

Mr. A. Daly—a sort of unlettered Saint Augustin—is his patron saint. He has fattened on Mr. A. Daly's perversions of Shakespeare; he has browsed upon Mr. A. Daly's thistly German farces. Mr. A. Daly is in his blood.

He might take sarsaparilla for ordinary maladies of the blood, but there is no prophylactic against this Augustinian disease.

John Drew is not a creation of Mr. A. Daly, but in a way he is a result.

And so one finds him what he is—a histrion with few objectionable traits, nice in method, clean cut in his work, frugal and effective, with fewer mannerisms than fall to the lot of the average mummer upon whom fond women have smiled persistently.



Mr. John Drew is a respectable actor—very respectable, malevolently respectable. A few decades ago the thing would have been considered an absurdity. Even to-day there is no other actor who occupies quite the same position—in the United States, that is. Mr. Mansfield has something of the waywardness of the strolling player, something of the lawlessness of the





*cabotin*. He is an artist, but it would hurt his feelings to call him respectable. Mr. Drew has none of this false, artistic pride. Would you flatter him you should mistake him for a merchant or a clubman, a stock broker or a gentleman—anything but an actor. Not that he is ashamed of his craft. Not that, I think. But he despises it.

Some evening you have seen a smartly dressed young fellow ruffling in the theatre lobby, and some acquaintance has introduced you, and you smoked your gilt tipped cigarettes in amity; the next time you saw the young fellow he was behind the counter, and he smirked as he belittled his business of selling underwear. In much the same way Mr. Drew looks upon his business of playing parts as a trifling unpleasantness that takes up the hours he might otherwise give to his friends.

A clubman lounges behind the scenes of the Empire Theatre.

"How d'y do?" he says.

"Ah, dear boy," says Mr. Drew, "come to see me play-act?"

You see it is quite the same sort of smirk the young fellow gave as he belittled his business of selling underwear.

Yes, Mr. Drew is respectable.

He has no love for the Amalekites—those hardy and impenitent foes of the Philistines. He is himself of Philistia; he is a burgher of Ascalon; he has the freedom of Gaza and Ekron and all the cities of Pelesketh; he is of Philistia, a Philistine.

He is very respectable.

Were Mr. Jeremy Collier, M.A., to come back for a little to collect new material for a "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage" he would not waste time over John Drew. I do not know Mr. Drew; I have no information as to his morality or his profaneness; but he unquestionably represents to the public mind the idea of respectability, and in this way he does the stage a better service than he could do were he as accomplished a player as Sir H. Irving. Were there a dozen like him acting would be in the way of becoming a business as honest and regular and that of selling underwear.

And that would be a pity.

The life of the really admirable actor is always more or less like a chapter from the *Roman Comique*.

A very clever Parisian reporter, M. Adolphe Brisson, has had the good fortune to interview two pupils of Chopin—the only two now living.

One of them is M. Mathias, the excellent professor of the Conservatoire. M. Mathias is of Boulogne-sur-mer. In 1837 he was something of an infant phenomenon and his father determined he should go to Paris. A Polish lady of their acquaintance recommended Chopin—and thus at eleven years of age the lad became his pupil. Chopin lodged then in the Chaussée d'Antin. M. Mathias describes him thus: "He was of medium height, but well set up; he wore, according to the mode of the day, a blue coat, with gilt buttons, a white waistcoat and strapped gray trousers. Round his flexible neck was wound a long cravat of batiste. His hair, naturally curly, was combed up over his large and delicately modeled forehead. The mouth was a little disdainful, the eyes clear and brown (exactly *couleur de bière*), the hands fine, little and long."

The second Chopin pupil whom M. Brisson has interviewed is Madame Dubois, better known perhaps as Mlle. Camille O'Meara. She studied with Chopin for five years, until 1847, and took part in the last concert of his works he was able to give.

You will find these interviews in the third volume of the "Portraits Intimes," and they will well repay perusal.

I have been asked to announce that Prince Krapotkine—scientist and anarchist—will deliver a lecture in Chickering Hall Friday, November 19, at 8 P. M. The lecture will be given under the auspices of a committee, which is in a way representative. Among those who have already accepted invitations to display themselves on the platform are William D. Howells, General Wager Swaine, Ernest H. Crosby, James Rorke, the president of the Irish Society; Edward D. Page, John Swinton and Joseph R. Buchanan—that white-headed revolutionist. As a literary anarchist—always in revolt against Lindley Murray—Mr. Howells properly heads the list. But where is Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, whose anarchistic journal died of too much Bernard Shaw?

As a matter of fact, Prince Krapotkine has no business in this galère.

Fortunately you need not concern yourself with the committee. You will be able to study one of the most notable men of the day—you will hear a stirring lecture—what more do you want?

The subject of Prince Krapotkin's lecture will be "The Struggle for Freedom in Russia."

He is master of that subject.

Ernest Possart, the noted German actor, now intendant of the Royal Theatre at Munich, and Richard Strauss, the composer and conductor of the opera in the same city, have projected a singular enterprise for the coming season, when they will make a tour together. Possart will read Tennyson's poem, "Enoch Arden," while Strauss, sitting at the piano, will accompany him on that instrument, making of the whole performance a "melodrama" in the specific meaning of the word. They will begin this undertaking in Zurich.

## The Stage Abroad.

THE production of Bulwer's "Richelieu" in Paris has naturally given rise to many different criticisms. M. Catulle Mendes does not admire Bulwer's plays or Bulwer's novels, with the sole exception of "Zanoni."

M. Faquet has a very long article on "Richelieu" in *Les Debats*, which is admirable for its fairness and its true critical spirit.

It is not my habit to be ambiguous, still, in regard to the "Richelieu" of Bulwer Lytton (not Mr. Bulwer Lytton, as M. Condé describes him, since Bulwer Lytton has been dead thirty years)—in regard to the "Richelieu" of Bulwer Lytton, which was played the other day at the Odéon, I am forced by my very conscience to say a little of yes and no in the same phrase. For an historical drama it is the most ridiculous historical drama that could be imagined; but for a historical drama of the romantic period, for a drama written in 1840, it is a drama very historical, very strangely historical.

Offered as an interesting piece to the modern Odéon public, "Richelieu" is not at all an interesting work; but as a work presented to the studious, ferreting, archæological public of the Odéon, to the public who go to the Odéon to hear the "Marianne" of Tristan or the "Pinto" of Lemerrier, as a work to be presented to the subscribing public of the Odéon, "Richelieu" is essentially an interesting piece and, so to speak, an indispensable one. All depends on the point of view one takes, and a thing is often not so bad as it sometimes looks from certain points.

Yes, "Richelieu" is a silly play, where Louis XIII. is represented not only as the nonchalant fellow we know him to have been, but as an ignorant, stupid imbecile dullard. Yes, those letters containing the revelation of the plot of the Duke of Orleans and M. de Baradas, those letters after which they ran, because, without the least sensible reason, he who has them throws them to a gentleman, who passes them to a sick man, who slides them to a page, who puts them into the hands of a country girl, who conveys them to a gamekeeper, belong to the queerest buffoonery beside which the fantasies of Alexandre Dumas are histories.

Yes, that Bastille, where people go in and go out as if it was the Place Royale, and where a child of fifteen shuts in a fellow of six feet by pushing him by the shoulders; yes, this Richelieu, who, to save himself from a plot, flies to Rueil and shuts himself, far from his friends and partisans, in a solitary castle as if to tempt kidnappers. Yes—and this is more grave—this Richelieu who, feeling Louis XIII. falling away from him, carefully refrains from reasoning or attempting to soothe him, but in order to recover his favor treats him like a little boy of ten and a half years, and speaks to him as Louis XIV. spoke to Bontemps—yes, all this, I know, has a simplicity which is not very far from grotesqueness.

But, on the other hand, observe that Richelieu very often speaks, all religious cant apart, the language which he really spoke; that his ardent patriotism rings out with a vigor really imposing and passionate, and that it is the truth itself, the principle, the essential truth of the character. I heard this point contested in the wings: "Make Richelieu talk patriotism! Make Richelieu speak like Danton! And in an epoch when patriotism did not exist!"

With your permission, my lords, you do not understand. To begin with, to lend to the people of a past age the sentiments of our own, when those sentiments are very generous and have always existed in humanity, is a thing which has always been permissible to dramatists, and is never dangerous for them to do. And you saw that the public of the Odéon, sometimes astonished the other Thursday at the bizarre puppets which were submitted to it, accepted Richelieu as the patriot without a word and with singular favor.

Then again you can have read little of the literature of the seventeenth century to imagine that patriotism was a thing foreign to the seventeenth century. Do you imagine that the public of Louis XIII. time would have applauded "Horace," "Nicomède" and "Sartorius," where there is no question of anything but patriotism, if the sentiment was unknown to them? The half of the romantic literature and dramatic literature of those times was founded on patriotism, and to dispute it because the word in its neologic form was unknown is a bit of nonsense.

One cannot have read a line about Richelieu and Father Joseph, if one does not know that these two great men were patriots down to their bones, intoxicated with love for France. In times of monarchy the love of the king is the form assumed by love of country. It may be argued that the form effaces the substance, as for example under Louis XIV.—but under Louis XIII! Likely enough Richelieu did not adore the king or the king fascinate Richelieu. Richelieu's passion was simply love of country.

Through all the stupidities of the piece the play of Bulwer Lytton has this great trait of history. He gives us a Richelieu who is an ardent patriot, unable to distinguish between the two sentiments that dominated him, love of power and a passion for the public good.

More romantically, but still truly, Bulwer Lytton represents Richelieu and Father Joseph as transferring to their country that necessity for loving which their sacred character prevented from finding satisfaction elsewhere. Richelieu speaks of France as of a mistress whom he wishes to see always beautiful, dazzling, magnificent, followed in her triumph by the fond looks of her obscure and devoted servant. It is a great oratorical and logical drama, disfigured by a schoolboy plot.



## THE DIALECT NOVELIST.

He wachelt and bachelt,  
He schughelt and sauchelt,  
With many a hech and a hotch,  
He scartit and rakit  
His memory, and scrapit  
A story he said was "braid Scotch."

He rowled and he sowled,  
In a style ould and bould,  
With lot of begorra and wail;  
He bejabbered and gabbered  
And paper he glabbered,  
When he wrote his miscalled Irish tale.

He hum'd and he begum'd,  
He swowed, swaned and vum'd,  
And begoshed about keows and the barn;  
He chawed and he hawed  
As his poor pen he pawed,  
While writing a fake Yankee yarn.

He 'am'd and he hegged,  
As he 'ammered and dregged  
His h's and i's in the strife,  
Between 'alf and 'alf coster  
And unabridged Webster  
In a novel of English life.

—Flunk, in the *Waterbury Globe*.

They now call it Caste-oria, but the children do not cry for it.

It is said that DeKoven stole a march on Wagner in "The Social Highwayman." Social because of the old melodic friends that turn up in it.

Another row about the selling of liquor in the variety halls. Kudlich didn't kill the snake, he only hot-scoched it.

"Ruth; or, the Curse of Rum," ought to be the favorite play of the charming reform administration—which, praise be to Satan, is so soon to leave us.

Joe Herbert is back from London.

Of course Hoodoo Hammerstein was selected by Magistrate Mott to test the beer and music bill.

Alphonse Daudet is a candidate for the late Duke of Aumale's seat in the French Academy.

I wonder if the "Immortals" will be the volume to ride Mr. David into his Academic seat?

Cléo Merode (why De?) left a sweet record behind her for stinginess—even beating Tamagno, Salvini and Lilli Lehmann's record.

Chevalier Scovel is mad. He swears that he is to sing, that he will sing with the Carl Rosa Company. The management thinks otherwise and there is talk of litigation.

Joseph Arthur's new play, "The Salt of the Earth," will be produced in Washington on November 29.

"Who says that actors' opinions are never readable?" said a player to a *Sun* reporter. "Couldn't Cléo de Merode talk with veracity about New York? Would her opinion of us be worth hearing? Mlle. Cléo, who arrived here on the wave of a scandal, was famous, if reports were to be believed, for liveliness off the stage. Here she was permitted to drop into the most complete domestic quiet. She should have bathed in ice-cream soda or rescued a cab'e car from the gripman. Anna Held was better exploited. After one had listened to Mlle. Cléo's views it would be worth while to hear some of the members of 'The First Born' company who were hurried from New York to London and then started right back to New York. They should be able to talk eloquently, if they have recovered their breath. Then G. W. Anson, who came from London to act in 'La Poupée' here, must have a little story of his own. He suffered from the general lack of preparation for the per-

formance on the opening night, was most unfavorably criticised, and then saw his manager go into bankruptcy. That is the sort of an experience to make an actor's opinions interesting. Possibly some of 'The Cat and the Cherub' interpreters will be qualified to do something in the same line when they return to New York, as it is not likely that they will remain in London very long. In their symposium of opinions, there might be something heard from Ferris Hartman, who came all the way from San Francisco to rehearse seven weeks at the Lyric and sing ten days. Anna Held, too, should be permitted to say something about the time she spent to learn the music of 'La Poupée,' as well as those sixty evenings she sat in an orchestra chair studying Madame Favier in the role. All these actors could tell interesting stories, and so could the English singers that came over to appear in 'Nature,' as well as the French and the German ballerinas who came to New York to remain for months and went back after a few weeks. There is indeed some interest in actors' opinions."

It has been arranged that an English translation of J. K. Huysman's forthcoming novel, "La Cathédrale," shall be published in English simultaneously with the issue of the volume in French.

Adelina Patti has a mild attack of eczema. She will sing in Albert Hall, London, in December. Let us hope it will not be a scratch performance. Of course Philip Hale wrote this!

Here are two good stories from the *Evening Sun*:

At the latest meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution two stories were told which may or may not be new, but were undoubtedly true, if not of women in particular then of women in general. One story was as follows: "A certain satrap had a wife who one day strayed from the palace to stroll beside the neighboring stream. She had not been absent long when a servant rushed to the satrap and cried, 'Oh, Master, your lady is drowned, she was walking beside the stream and she fell in and we have not yet been able to recover her body.' The satrap ordered his most trusty steed saddled with all haste, and mounting the animal began to ford his way up stream. He had gone some distance without finding the body, when someone met him who asked his errand. 'I am searching for my wife,' said the satrap, 'she has fallen into the stream and her body has not yet been found.' 'But,' cried the stranger, 'you are going against the stream, you will never find her that way.' 'Ah,' replied the satrap, 'you didn't know my wife.'"

The other story told how King Solomon was one day strolling outside the palace when he heard a butterfly say to his wife: "With one stroke of my wing I could knock down this entire palace." Without waiting to hear more, King Solomon returned to the palace, and summoning his councilors and his officers of state, he ordered the arrest of the butterfly at once. Pale and trembling, the butterfly was brought before the King. The King charged him with the treasonable remark. The butterfly pleaded guilty. "But, O, great King," went on the butterfly, "you are a married man yourself; can you not guess why I said it? My wife was unusually insubordinate this morning, and it was necessary, in order to maintain any sort of discipline, that I prove to her how great was my power. That is why I said it, great King; not from treasonable motives, but in order to maintain my marital authority." The story goes that the King dismissed the butterfly without even so much as a reproof. The story also goes that when the butterfly returned to his wife and she asked: "Well, and what did the King want?" he replied, "To beg me not to do it."

"Doc" Wood, who became noted as "the Great American Condenser," was a member of the *Sun's* staff, and it is related that Wood won Mr. Dana's heart completely by his remarkable feat of condensing a half-column poem. The verses were the composition of a favored contributor. There was a standing order from Mr. Dana that this particular contributor's verses should have "a good show." But on one occasion there were thirty columns of important matter and only fifteen columns of space. The night editor, not daring to leave out the half-column poem, in Mr. Dana's absence, sent a proof of it down-stairs to "Doc" Wood and asked him if it could not be condensed. The "Great American Condenser" replied in the affirmative, and forthwith the poem was reduced to something like this:

"Do you love me?"  
"No!"  
"Then I go!"

The audacity and cleverness of the thing tickled Mr. Dana, and from that time he became the patron and chief encourager of the "shortest poem" competitive strife.

It is curious how completely Oscar Wilde has vanished from the thoughts of the men and women who used to read his books and see his plays. He is said to be in France, but not, as was at one time announced, with his wife and children. The mention of him prompts us to record perhaps the last epigram that he made before his reputation suffered so profound an eclipse. A friend of ours had been taking a Turkish bath at a well-known London establishment, and while lounging about in the "calidarium" encountered Wilde, who was pacing slowly up and down encased in a huge roll of toweling.

"It is strange," he remarked, presently, "how, as one grows older, his philosophy of life becomes so simple as to be capable of reduction to three or



four elementary principles. Now, my philosophy, for instance, is all summed up in three fundamental axioms."

"And what are they?"

"Well," said Wilde, musingly, "the first of them is this: Never go to see a play by Henry Arthur Jones."

"And the other two?"

"Oh, the other two don't really matter if you only observe the first."

The cult of local color, which is becoming a craze with modern writers, has begun to affect the composers of music. There is Mascagni, who is writing an opera, "Iris," on a Japanese theme; and the report comes that he is doing his work in a large room crammed with all sorts of curios and bric-à-brac from the land of the chrysanthemum. We have often wondered just how a foreign writer would fit up his atelier if he wished to get an American inspiration from his furnishings. It would be a pretty complex affair, like our life, and it is obvious that no mere bric-à-brac would be sufficient. In the first place, he would have to put in a large steam radiator that would clatter in the morning and keep the temperature up to at least 95 degrees. Then we should think that four large brass spittoons would be essential, with some chromos on the walls, a Rogers statuette, a large pitcher of ice-water, and a seventy-two page Sunday newspaper, with colored supplements. During the progress of the work he would have to feast on clams, hominy, crullers, buckwheat cakes and pie, and hire a couple of men to play the banjo, and bang on a trolley-car gong in the hallway. This would do to commence with; but if he wanted to be very realistic and comprehensive he would have to enlarge his outfit to appalling dimensions.

The above is from the *Commercial Advertiser*, and might be profitably read by young composers after American color in their symphonies. Prague papers please copy.

Nat Goodwin is being sued by J. B. McLellan, of the Casino, for \$25,000. He will get—ah, yes.

Under the title of "Touguéneff and his French Circle," Miss Ethel Arnold, a daughter of the late Matthew Arnold, will shortly publish a translation of various letters addressed to Flaubert, George Sand, Zola, Maupassant, Gambetta and others. These are probably the letters that have appeared in *Cosmopolis*. The volume is edited by M. Halpérine-Kaminsky.

Once a clergyman of considerable eminence but sensational proclivities volunteered to write anonymously for the *Sun*. In his first article he made the amazing blunder of trying to adapt himself to what he supposed to be the worldly and reckless tone proper to a Sunday newspaper. Mr. Dana chuckled quietly, and sent the manuscript back, after indorsing it, in blue pencil, "This is too damned wicked."

Dean Farrar relates that Sims Reeves was once announced to sing at a small public dinner at which Dickens presided, and, as happened not infrequently, Mr. Reeves had something the matter with his throat and was unable to attend. Dickens announced this, and the announcement was received with a general laugh of incredulity. This made Dickens very angry, and he rose manfully to the defense of the delinquent:

"My friend, Mr. Sims Reeves," he said, quietly, "regrets his inability to fulfill his engagement, owing," he added, with caustic severity, "to an unfortunately amusing and highly facetious cold."

Ha, at last! Read this in the cables:

PARIS, November 12.—M. Blanc, the new prefect of police, has issued an order forbidding women to wear high hats in the theatres.

Now let New York copy Paris.

An inhabitant of Richmond Hill, says the *Evening Sun*, has appealed to the courts to save him from his wife's cruelty. It appears that this takes the form of whistling "Liberty Bell." The unhappy man is treated to the air at breakfast and dinner, during the solemn watches of the night and in the daytime. His appetite is gone, his nerves are shattered, his intellect is tottering to ruin. And yet this victim of harmony is a lawyer and keeps an office boy. No wonder the judge reserved his decision.

Your anecdotes of Thomas Mead in *THE MUSICAL COURIER* this week bring to mind two other good ones told me by Mr. Alfred Bishop, of Irving's company, when he was in Boston three years ago. Mead, who, by the way, once acted Shylock excellently at the Globe Theatre in this city as Irving's substitute, found his memory failing him the last few years of his professional life, but always managed to get out of his dilemmas in some more or less absurd fashion. In some unremembered play one evening the line "Where God hath his dwelling place" proved a stumbling block. He started in all right, only to find the last word gone, and after groping blindly about for a few moments ejaculated: "Where God hath his—er—er—apartments." On another occasion he was acting somebody or other in a prison cell, doomed to death. Glancing at one of those wonderful stage clocks which frequently

have to work ten times as hard as their brethren in real life, he should have exclaimed: "I had but twenty minutes to live, and ten of them are gone." Instead, he hesitated, gasped, and finally broke out with: "I had but ten minutes to live, and twenty of them are gone."

Mr. Edwin Francis Edgett sent me the above.

A stranger in the city passing a large building said:

"What building is that?"

"The Sloan Maternity Hospital," was the reply.

"Good gracious!" said the stranger; "let's cross the street. It may be contagious."—*The Doctor's Factotum*.

It is seldom that an artist gets excited about the safety or health of his models, says an exchange, but Saturday, William Carroll, who has his studio on East Twenty-third street, received a shock. He had a model posing for him who came from Philadelphia. She was not in good health, but he was trying to finish a piece of work, and she insisted on posing a short while each day. He went out to lunch and was gone an hour. He was strolling back to his studio leisurely when the boy who assists him met him and exclaimed:

"Well, that Fillerdelpher model has a fit."

"Why didn't you pour cold water on her?" said the artist, rushing to his studio.

The small boy smiled and shook his head: "That would have ruined her fit."

But the artist did not hear him as he rushed upstairs and entered the studio, where he expected to see the model dying. She was standing in front of a glass with a new dress on, and turning she asked:

"How do you like my new fit?"

"Oh, first rate, but I thought it was epileptic instead of new."

Weary Willie—Did dat foreign nobleman dat committed suicide shoot himself troo de head?

Dusty Doormat—It don't say; simply says he committed suicide by shooting himself in his bath tub.

Weary Willie—Well, dat means in his stummick, in course. Foolish, foolish fellow!—*Judge*.

Now that Marie Van Zandt has gone back to Paris and made her peace with the public there, writes the *Sunday Sun*, somebody has unearthed a story about her troubles of twelve years ago, showing that the riots which forced her to leave Paris were the result of political manœuvring, and not in reality a demonstration against the singer. Mlle. Van Zandt appeared at the Opéra Comique one night in the spring of 1885, and her condition was such that she was not able to proceed with her part. It was said that she was intoxicated, although Mlle. Van Zandt explained that the state of her health combined with a dose of chloral taken for toothache was responsible for her condition. When she tried to reappear the students of the Latin Quarter hissed her off the stage. Subsequent attempts to sing renewed the riots, and she finally disappeared from Paris. It was only last spring, after twelve years' success in other countries, that she returned to the stage in Paris. Her reappearance took place at the Opéra Comique, and Paris welcomed her back cordially.

Nobody ever quite understood why a great favorite, such as Marie Van Zandt was at that time, should have been made the victim of the display of virtue so unusual for the students, and that phase of the incident attracted attention at the time. Now M. Goron, who was a high official in the Prefecture of Police at the time of the riots, says the demonstration against the American was planned in order to divert attention from other matters then of intense importance to the political leaders of an impetuous nation like the French.

Just after Mlle. Van Zandt's unfortunate experience at the Opéra Comique the Government received news of a disastrous defeat at Langson, in Tonquin. This news reached the opposition, and it was decided by the Socialists, Radicals and students of the Latin Quarter, ever ready to agitate against anything, to make a demonstration against M. Jules Ferry. The crowd were to meet at the Place de la République, and walk down the boulevards to the Foreign Office, shouting, "Ferry, assassin!" "Ferry, à la Seine!" "Conspuez Ferry," and other sentiments, which, in view of the political situation in Paris at that moment, were extremely disquieting to Jules Ferry. It was plain that something would have to be done to prevent the demonstration, and the prefect of police was appealed to. This was the prefect's chivalrous suggestion:

"I have a notion. Mlle. Van Zandt is a vastly interesting person just now. They are discussing all over the Quartier Latin whether she drinks brandy or chloral. Suppose we get up a monster demonstration against her. It will be at its height when the anti-Tonkin manifestants are marching along the Boulevards. They are sure to stop to cry, 'Vive' or 'A bas, Van Zandt!'"

This plan was adopted. Mlle. Van Zandt was to make her reappearance that night. The claque from all the subsidized theatres, all the detectives who could be spared and as many friends as they could gather went to the Opéra Comique. Those that could went inside and the rest gathered around the building. The young singer, nervous but not anticipating such a brutal trick, made her reappearance, trembling but hopeful. The manner of her reception is historical. She was driven from the stage. Inside the crowd hissed and yelled. Outside it increased rapidly, and the interest was kept up by the detectives. Whenever the excitement showed signs of flagging the detectives cried out, "Mlle. Van Zandt is coming out now!" or some man

coming from the stage entrance would call out: "She is going out now by the front door. Let us run around and bar her way." By such means the crowd was kept together until midnight and the excitement kept up. Then it was too late to march to the Foreign Office. The trick was a complete success. The newspapers had been made to prepare the way for the riot by printing outbreaks of virtuous indignation against the prima donna. To persons who were not aware that they had been victimized by the Government their astonishing moral attitude was incomprehensible. The articles almost directly incited the people to riot.

But M. Ferry and his intimate friend, the prefect of police, M. Camescasse, who devised the riot, are dead now, and there is nobody to deny the truth of the story just told of the Van Zandt riots. These demonstrations were so unusual that Paris accepts this explanation to-day as the first truthful account of the occurrences. They made Mlle. Van Zandt a nervous wreck for two years. She said only last spring that she could never hear to-day the air from "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," which she was singing that night, without it making her ill. Last year, when she sang again in Paris, the Government decorated her with the medal of an officer of the French Academy. This fact has been mentioned as having some bearing on the truth of the revelations just made in Paris.

\* \* \*

"Peter Lombard," in the *Church Times*, offers his readers a little bunch of blunders in the style of Mrs. Malaprop. They are not all quite new, however. A curate in Cornwall called on a parishioner for the promised loan of Beethoven's sonatas. The maid-of-all-work went to her mistress, "Please, mum, Mr. T. has called for the bacon and sausages." My informant, a Cornish parson, vouches for the truth of the story, and adds another. A lady, describing their new organ, announced that it had "the nux vomica stop," meaning the "vox humana." Another old lady, in Shropshire, says her clergyman was "an Angelical, and he so hates High Church that he won't take in the *Clergical Times*."

\* \* \*

#### THE USUAL WAY.

She first essayed grand opera,  
And sadly failed;  
She tried to sing in concert then,  
And only wailed;  
In choir and chorus 'twas the same,  
The audience quailed.

At last 'twas plain she couldn't sing  
As she had thought;  
So she retired for good and all,  
Unknown, unsought,  
Then singing she would teach, she said:  
And so she taught!

—London Figaro.

\* \* \*

#### "JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN."

The first performance in English of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman" will be given by the Criterion Independent Theatre next Thursday afternoon at 2 in Hoyt's Theatre.

Julie Opp, the Junoesque newspaper woman and former life insurance agent, transmogrified to an actress by Daniel Frohman, was married in London the day before she sailed for this country. She is now Mrs. Robert Lorraine, her husband being an actor in the "White Heather" production. Miss Opp is to appear here in "The Princess and the Butterfly," at the Lyceum, and her marriage will doubtless be a severe shock to the management and the "dudes," not to mention several ladies.

### ON THE WHITE METAL.

(COMMUNICATED.)

THERE are only a few points necessary to know in order to judge as to whether we are on the road which will lead to our old-time prosperity or not.

1. We must realize that there is no such thing as intrinsic value.
2. We must know that overproduction is not possible.
3. We must be thoroughly convinced that the quantitative theory—although I prefer the word principle to theory—of money is no dream but simply the law of supply and demand as applied to money, and this law can no more be changed in relation to money than in relation to wheat or any other commodity. To illustrate: a larger crop of wheat, a small price; a small crop of wheat, a large price; a large crop of money, a small price; a small crop of money, a large price.
4. With the law of supply and demand in mind it must be conceded that money goes up and down like all other commodities.
5. There is not a man living who can be harmed by an increase of the amount of money available for use in the interchange of the products and property of the world.

Every man wants what he supposes to be for his best interest, and the only thing that would prevent him from working to that end would be a mistaken idea, or a lack of knowledge as to what is for his interest.

To refer again to the first proposition. It seems to me that it is only requisite to point out that to prove that there is such a thing as intrinsic value to one thing it would have to be shown that everything else has an intrinsic or unchangeable price; that being impossible it stands to reason that intrinsic value is an ignis fatuus.

There is only one excuse for referring to the intangible subject of intrinsic value, and that is because so few people comparatively know that it has been discarded from

any serious consideration by political economists for an indefinite period of time and is never used except by unthinking people, so far as this subject is concerned.

The second proposition is meant for an average statement. There might be too much wheat raised, but it could only occur by too small a production of other products. This subject has also been cleared of its cobwebs long ago by writers of the greatest eminence who have simply called the idea an absurdity.

I have now disposed of the first and second propositions, and believe that the illustration accompanying the third one is sufficient without further comment.

The main thing to prove, according to my light, is the proposition that no one could be harmed by a restoration of silver as money of ultimate redemption. According to the law of supply and demand, by removing silver the amount of money was reduced more than one-half; therefore the price, not value, of commodities and property has been reduced one-half, and it is easy to see how that affects those unfortunate people who owe money which they have given security for.

Merchants and manufacturers, and even banks, can fail and settle for 10 cents on the dollar, but the poor owner of an equity in real estate is everlastingly robbed, and it is no less robbery because it is accomplished under due process of law.

Restore silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, which up to 1873 proved to be a too low estimate of the value of silver; give the people a chance, aye, give the United States a chance, to pay their debts, and then further consideration can with justice be given to changing the money standard.

Statistics from the most authoritative sources show that in our foreign trade alone this country has lost from 1873 to the end of 1895 no less a sum than \$3,200,000,000. That amount of money would have paid our national debt and have left us \$2,000,000,000 to loan to any nation that wanted it, or for purposes of internal improvements.

The loss in price of the property in the United States has been upward of \$30,000,000,000.

I do not say that we cannot go beyond the question of bimetallism; we can. We can adopt the multiple standard for money, but we cannot do that until we have returned to bimetallism, and the adoption of the scientific standard should not apply for at least ten years after its adoption.

I said that no man could be injured by a return to bimetallism. There is an exception, but it only proves the rule. A man might have \$1,000,000 in gold, and might never desire to do business or lend money or place it in a bank, or anything except to hoard it and spend the principal. Of course the restoration of silver would reduce the price of his \$1,000,000 to about \$750,000. But if he owns any property of any kind, bonds or real estate or bank stock, the restoration of silver would increase the price of his property about 50 per cent. and increase the chances of safety of all his investments.

I claim that the agitation of this question of the restoration of silver is the only hope that the world has for any small measure of prosperity it may be enjoying, and that the certainty that it will not be restored will result in general bankruptcy and ruin to banks, merchants and manufacturers, and of course to others as well. The merchant or manufacturer or the person owning nothing may escape, but the banks cannot.

I am an Eastern man living in the West, and it is usually thought that it is more for the interest of the West to restore silver than for the East, but if we all live long enough we shall find that the East is as much or more concerned that the West.

H.

## Monday Night's Plays.

THE "Swell Miss Fitzwell," the new farce written for May Irwin by H. A. Du Souchet, was produced at the Bijou Theatre Monday evening with the following cast:

Marquis de Cagiac.....	William Burreas
Count de Cagiac, his son.....	Ignacio Martinetti
Countess de Cagiac, known as Miss Fitzwell.....	May Irwin
O'Donovan Dugan, the Count's partner.....	Joseph M. Sparks
Rudolph Kleinagle, a professional witness.....	Chas. Jackson
Louise Laredo, M. D., a friend of the Countess.....	Alice Johnston
Col. Julio Laredo, a Cuban patriot.....	Ed. Mach
Mlle. Guenivieve Otello, of the Vaudeville Francaise.....	Marion Giroux
J. Robinson Butts, an Oklahoma lawyer.....	Roland Carter
Caroline Maguire, forewoman at Miss Fitzwell's.....	Jane Burby
Marie.....	Julia Baird
Sibyl, maid to the Countess.....	Gussie Hart
Parker, a butler.....	George Gelder
Giuseppe Rag-Time, a strolling pianist.....	Ned Weyburn

The new play deals with the trials, the felicitations and final happiness of the Count de Cagiac and his American wife, who, having been disowned by the former's father, come to America to live. The Countess, desiring to help her husband as much as possible, opens a dressmaking shop under the name of Miss Fitzwell, but says nothing about it to him, fearing that his pride will be hurt. At the same time the Count embarks in the business of making face powder, which he carries on with a similar degree of secrecy in partnership with an Irishman named O'Donovan Dugan.

A little study of Miss Irwin and her farce will appear in THE MUSICAL COURIER for next week.

A new selection from the works of Goldoni has been published in Italy. The first volumes contain some of his comedies of character and manners, the second his comedies of intrigue written in France. To each play is subjoined prefaces and notes by Ernesto Masi.



ART AND THE ASTORIA.

DEMOS is vulgar. The habits of the democracy are not nice.

The American, being a democratic person, dislikes seclusion. He loves his fellow man. He loves company. He likes to "mix things up" in a splendid "free and equal" hugger-mugger. His railway trains are constructed on this principle. His theatres are barns big enough to hold thousands.



THE ASTOR GALLERY.

The sociable, democratic animal! His restaurants are huge feeding establishments; he knows not the quiet pleasure of the *cabinet particulier*, the reasonable delight of dining in private. He is of the crowd and he loves a crowd. He is a very mobbish person.

Naturally enough the American goes in for huge hotels. He wants to be one among thousands.

For his benefit the enormous, uncouth buildings like the Astoria-Waldorf are erected. He fills them. He makes them profitable.

He is not an artistic person.

You would hardly expect his hotels to be artistic.

They are not.

They are vulgar as the sentences dirty little boys chalk up on blank walls.



CHILDREN CRY FOR CASTORIA GINGER BREAD.

Architecturally the Astoria Hotel is a monstrosity. It is a huge, red, swollen thing—like the fancy of a brain-sick woman. It is sprawled all over with crapulous conceits in red stone.

Of more importance to the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER is the interior. Under the huge roof are a theatre, ballrooms, concert rooms, galleries—everything that the democratic person could desire. Just at present our interest is in the interior decorations.

From the moment you enter the Astor Gallery the gross vulgarity of it closes in on you like an atmosphere.

The "Colonial Room," with its painted pillars, is merely an affectation. Of course it is as much out of place in this huge iron and brick building as rice powder on an Ethiop's cheek, but a little taste in the furnishing would have done much to make it tolerable. As it is, the gilded sofas—horrid things, all dull green and dirty red!—shock the eye. And among the silly sofas stand pots of towering palms.

The artist looked down upon the supper room—everywhere palms and gilding and red flush.

"It's like a glorified Shanley's," said he.

He had the word.

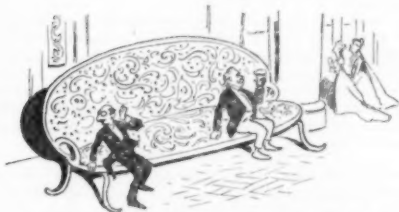
The theatre is a well-shaped room; naked, it must have been comely enough. Dressed out in the tawdry vulgarity devised for it by artist and decorator, it is very unlovely.

Let us see.

"Somehow or other," said the artist, "I always connect Low and Blashfield."

Low did the \$1, \$2, \$5 treasury notes.

Blashfield did the frescoes in the Astoria.



AVENUE A WILL LIKE THE SOFAS IN THE COLONIAL ROOM.

Their worst feature is the gingerbread stucco-work pasted all over them.

The walls and pillars are painted a raw sienna, very harsh and loud; the curtains, umber and green, are utterly out of the picture.

That is the first impression you get—the noisy outrage of these hideous,

squabbling colors—red quarreling with yellow, and yellow quarreling with brown.

Everywhere the gingerbread stucco, Teutonic and crude and vulgar. It is all as though the decorator's ideal had never soared beyond Bauer's café or Hammerstein's lobby.

And such a wealth of gilding.

There is enough gold leaf on the walls of the Astoria to make a little Klondike. It is absolutely true that even the marble staircase leading up to the Astor Gallery has been gilded. Gilded marble! Talk of wearing seal-skin underwear—that staircase in the Astoria is probably the *ne plus ultra* of ostentatious vulgarity.

Money has not been spared; nothing has been spared but good taste.

But let us return to the theatre room, lie on our backs and stare at Mr. E. H. Blashfield's painted ceiling. Here there is not much occasion for dismay. The composition is commonplace and meaningless, but is not criminal. A welter of nude women, conventional in drawing, pinky of flesh tones, sit on gray clouds.

Quite unobjectionable.

The picture, however, has for frame the vulgar, Teutonic walls—all piddling stucco and petty molding.

Here is a case where a penny's worth of good taste would have been invaluable. The main thing should have been to make this little theatre as artistic as it could be made. Even now the thing might be done.

There is no occasion for emulating the splendor of Solomon's temple.

After the Dyna Beumer concert a man went down to the supper room. He selected a table. At the next table to his sat his barber.

The trouble seems to be that the decorations of the Astoria have been arranged solely to suit the taste of the barbers.

That is carrying the democratic spirit just a trifle too far.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

M. AUGUSTIN FILON sets out in the *Debats* to explain why realism does not make way in England. Like Balaam the son of Beor he sets out to curse Jacob and then blesses him. The real reason of the failure of realism in England he says is not the hypocrisy, which by a facile pleasantry is charged against the English, as much as the fact that it does not amuse them. Popularity is gained in England for the inventor, the man of imagination, the man who keeps as far away as he can from real life. In other words the English are engaged in the struggle for life, year in and year out; they know that life is real and life is earnest, that there are a good many dirty jobs to be done in life, that it is hard work to keep one's hands clean, and that happy is he who can keep his soul clean.

When his day's work is over, the Englishman has had enough of the lies, stupidities, meanness and selfishness of the world, and he does not feel amused by descriptions thereof, be they never so brilliant. He knows by daily experience that mankind is treacherous exceedingly, that there is very little of nobility in the average man or woman, and that there is a good deal of the untamed wild beast in us all. He longs therefore for something that does appeal to his better nature, and to his aspirations for something beyond the *tracasseries* of his work-a-day existence. He longs for a change of scene, not scenes of a fairy land; he wants something that has a basis in the real world, but yet rises above it; he desires something that has its feet on earth and yet can reach loftier regions. He must start from some point he knows, but he strives to reach a point beyond; he will start from this world and seek for one where all men are brave and honest, all women chaste and kind—a dream world, perhaps, but a dream worth dreaming, which is certainly more amusing and quite as edifying as a *procès verbal* of the divorce court or the slums.



THE FRESCOES MAY CAUSE TROUBLE WITH THE "OUT-LATE" ASTORIA GUEST.

M. Filon makes a comparison between Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray he regards as a great artist, an unrivaled observer, an unequaled

master of irony, who in France would be at the very topmost pinnacle of literary fortune. Dickens, he adds, saw nothing, knew nothing, but had his head full of a world of imaginary creatures, imaginary landscapes, imaginary passions. Hence his popularity in England.

I am a frightful heretic, and am prepared to be burned at the critical stake, but, granting that Thackeray was a great artist, and that Dickens had a deplorable style, I should explain the greater popularity of the latter by the fact that he appeals to a larger circle. Thackeray seems to me to be pre-eminently the novelist of the Philistine and the snob. He describes noble dukes and wicked countesses, he lingers over the tables at Homburg and fashionable resorts, he knows East Indian colonels and rich shareholders, he has kind words for a successful artist; in fact, his dramatis personæ are the characters about whom the English middle class parvenu loves to learn, because he knows nothing about them or their tricks and manners. His works are chapters in a "Guide to High Society," for the benefit of those who are without the sacred boundary, and who, like the Peri, are standing disconsolate before the gates.

Thackeray is a great artist undoubtedly, but take his portrayal of the late Marquis of Hertford, under the guise of Lord Steyne. Compare it with Disraeli's picture of the same man as Lord Monmouth. Thackeray makes him merely a rich, vulgar brute. Disraeli gives us the grand seigneur, magnificent, artistic, splendid in every action. Even in the cynicism which both elaborate, how superior is that of the Jew.

\* \* \*

M. Filon's remark that Dickens saw nothing and knew nothing is extraordinary. He is much nearer the mark when he calls him the Cockney Shake-

speare. Yes, Cockney Shakespeare is a good word. Dickens is English and universal, not merely English of a class, and, because he sees what is universal in his characters, he is compelled to avail himself of those imaginary possibilities which the realist critic styles impossibilities.

I have no statistics at hand, but I shall not be surprised if more translations of Dickens are sold on the Continent of Europe than translations of Thackeray.

\* \* \*

The phrase imaginary possibilities makes me think of "Nancy Noon" and "The Tormentor." The ingenuous author in the former book makes his hero, walking from the Parliament House in Edinburgh to Dunbar, pass through the Trongate in Glasgow. In the latter, his hero keeps one sweetheart in his own house, and talks out of his bedroom window to another sweetheart next door.

Absurdly improbable of course. But observe that the author—I take off my hat in respect—has the courage to state the great Uranopet truth that "parallel lines meet in infinity." It may be, therefore, that his scenes, his characters, his own brains are not all buzzing in vacuo and eating second intentions, but floating freely in space of four or more dimensions. As a friend of mine argued in a defunct *Scientific Review*, London city may be between Hoboken and the foot of Canal street, and therefore in this blessed space Glasgow may be between the Grass Market and Tantallon Castle, and a modern Faust up to date, a psychic detective, may blackmail everybody from the purest of motives.

I have great hopes of the novel of high dimensions in space, and trust soon to see one in two dimensions of time. The latter has a great future before it.

### Personals.

**A Promising Young Soprano.**—Miss Florence Gammage, daughter of the late Dr. Gammage, the well-known music critic, sang with great success at an entertainment in St. John's Church, Brooklyn, on Monday evening. She sang the great aria "Hear Ye, Israel," from "Elijah." For an encore she sang "Annie Laurie." Miss Gammage is a very slightly built young girl, rather short, but with a remarkable voice in many respects—remarkable in compass, power, dramatic and emotional expression. She is a pupil of Edmund J. Myer, and has imbibed many of his ideas with regard to tone color, tone character, emotional expression, &c. With care and sufficient study we predict a place in the front rank of vocalists for Miss Gammage.

**Saenger.**—A letter to our Chicago office from Duluth asks: "What are the strong points in the methods of Mr. Oscar Saenger, the New York vocal teacher, to whom you have on several occasions referred?" Mr. Saenger is first of all a voice placer, an artist who gives to the tone its position, and who brings the range or compass within its correct or natural limits. Then he is an interpreter. He demonstrates to the pupil the meaning, the significance of the work that is to be studied and sung, and this means that he is a musician. Then he gives to the student style; that is the art of broadening the production and removing it from its academic frame by developing the individuality of the singer if the singer has any. Mr. Saenger has done some exceedingly fine work.

**Successful Pupils of Laura C. Dennis.**—Miss Minnie Blenner sang with such success in Cooper Union last month that she has been re-engaged for the next popular concert, December 3. Miss Blenner, who is a pupil of Laura C. Dennis, is also engaged for an "Alter Ego" musicale in Brooklyn, on December 19, and for a concert at the Washington Square M. E. Church in the near future. This charming soprano is coming rapidly to the front.

Another pupil of Miss Dennis who is becoming favorably known is Mr. René V. Papin, of St. Louis, who is said to possess a beautiful sympathetic baritone voice which gains for him the admiration of all hearers. Mr. Papin is devoting himself chiefly to acquiring an oratorio repertory, and is open to engagements for song recitals. He is under the management of Thomas & Fellows.

**The Hanchett Lectures.**—Dr. Henry G. Hanchett has been making an interesting experiment in musical education. He was engaged by the Board of Education to give a series of analytical recitals in the People's Courses, maintained by the board, in a large number of public schools. These courses are entirely free, and are chiefly located in the poorer parts of the city, among a population that is not conspicuous at classical concerts or the opera. Dr. Hanchett's remarks have been in the form of brief lectures, the titles of which have been "How to Listen," "What to Listen For," "What Is Good Music," and "The Value of Music," but the principal feature of the programs has been the illustrations.

Three of the programs have contained preludes and fugues by Bach; each of them has presented a sonata or movement by Beethoven, the sonata in E flat, op. 31, having been given entire, and the first movement of the "Appassionata Sonata" having filled a prominent position at the first recital. Another program contained the Liszt transcription of selections from the "Ruins of Athens." Liszt's "Waldesrauschen," his "Faust" waltz and the

"Flying Dutchman" spinning song have been on various programs; Chopin ballades, preludes, funeral march and C minor etude, op. 10, No. 12; Schumann's "Romanza" and selections from the fantasies, op. 12, "Scenes from Childhood" and "Forest Scenes," and a number of pieces by Rubinstein, Wagner, Grieg, Gottschalk and Dr. Mason being further contributions to the entertainments. At the last recital Mrs. Elizabeth Northrup contributed two groups of songs in her most artistic and finished style, to the unbounded delight of the audience.

The audiences, excepting on one rainy night, were nearly as large as the full capacity of the room. The interest displayed and the attention given both to the lecture and the illustrations were most gratifying, as indicating a readiness to attend and to enjoy classical music when properly explained and adequately interpreted. It is probable that the result of the experiment will be to call for a repetition of the course in other localities under the same auspices.

**Woman's String Orchestra Society.**—The Woman's String Orchestra Society, of New York (Carl V. Lachmund conductor), announces a series of three concerts in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall.

They will be assisted by eminent soloists, prominent among whom may be mentioned David Bispham, baritone, and Leontine Gaertner, cellist. Aside from standard classic and modern works, the society will present new compositions by resident American composers.

Richard Burmeister will conduct his new adaptation of Chopin's "Rondo," op. 16, for piano solo and string orchestra.

Bruno Oscar Klein will conduct a "Petite Suite" which he has recently composed. Both compositions will be given their first production by the society.

That the standard adopted in the programs of these concerts is of the highest order a glance at the list of compositions produced last season will serve to show. These include "Serenade," op. 48, Tschalkowsky; "Sinfonette," op. 22, Jensen; "Music to Grabbe's Don Juan and Faust," Moszkowski; "Norwegian Melodies," Grieg; prelude "L'Assomption," Massenet.

The personnel of the orchestra embraces a number of new names. It is decidedly stronger than it was last season, and consists of thirty-four solo players or teachers carefully selected from eighty professional players of instruments belonging to the violin family. Miss Ida Branth, who has high commendations from Joachim and other great violinists, has recently returned from Europe, where she appeared with success.

Frl. Leontine Gaertner appeared last year as solo cellist with Seidl's Orchestra, in two concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House. Among others can be mentioned Olga Severina, bass player, who was formerly with the Vienna Women's Orchestra, which played before the Czar of Russia and other European notables. The dates for these concerts are as follows: Thursday evening, December 9, 1897; Tuesday afternoon, February 15, 1898; Thursday evening, April 21, 1898.

**The Valda-Thiers Song Recital.**—The names of Madame Giulia Valda and Albert Gérard-Thiers have appeared recently on a number of artistic programs. Both are artists of a high order, and the success which has everywhere attended them is not surprising. At a concert given in Lynchburg, Va., in the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, on November 5, both Mr. Thiers and Madame Valda achieved a decided success. The aria from "La Reine de Saba," Gounod, afforded Madame Valda her best

opportunity, and Mr. Thiers was particularly pleasing in groups of songs by Tosti, Bohm and Beach. The following notice from one of the leading journals of Lynchburg refers to these excellent artists:

A large and select audience greeted Madame Giulia Valda and Mr. Albert Gérard Thiers at what proved to be a memorable concert at the Randolph-Macon Woman's College last evening.

Both artists were in good voice and in the best of spirits. The audience greeted each appearance with storms of enthusiastic applause. The method of Mr. Thiers is one of the most perfect. He appeared in twelve numbers, calling for wide difference of expression, and at the end his voice was as clear and fresh as at the beginning. His power in some of the climaxes was phenomenal, yet never noisy or harsh, while his softest tones were as soft as the merest thread of a whisper.

One of the rarest of all charms in a vocalist was heard in his wonderfully clear enunciation, and this with tasteful and intense expression, made his singing effective to the greatest degree. Such a combination of exceptionally choice artistic features, together with his wonderfully beautiful and soulful voice, made an hour never to be forgotten by those who heard him.

Madame Valda came to the city with the reputation of being one of the greatest prima donnas, and her superb singing sustained her well earned name. Her voice is one of marvelous sweetness as well as one of great power, extraordinary range of tone color and compass. Her style is broad and dramatic. For one not singing in her native language her enunciation was marvelously clear. It would be a rarely delightful experience to hear her in some of the great oratorio solos.

It is a valuable tribute to these artists that a large part of their audience was of those who had heard them in the same program at the Y. M. C. A. Star Course the previous evening.—*The News, Lynchburg, Va.*

**Sereno R. Ford.**—The third of the series of recitals given by the distinguished organist, Sereno R. Ford, took place in the Methodist Church of Stamford, Conn., on last Monday evening. An audience numbering fully six hundred attended and showed every mark of appreciation at the conclusion of the program. Mr. Ford was assisted by Miss Naomi Paine and Mrs. Paul Nash. From a number of flattering press notices, the following are quoted:

As it has been stated in this paper more than once, Mr. Ford shows plainly his ability as a musician. He rendered the entire program with the technical skill and power of musical expression for which he is noted. The exquisite rendering of every number captured and charmed the audience, who were requested to refrain from applause by a note at the bottom of the program.—*Stamford Telegram.*

Another gratifying illustration of what Sereno R. Ford has done and is doing in the way of contributing from the resources of his art to public pleasure and instruction was enjoyed by a large audience at the M. E. Church last evening. It was the third organ recital of the present season's series, and in pursuance of what seems to be a deliberate purpose it afforded variety in the ensemble from its predecessors as well as variety in detail in itself. The organist's aim, apparently, is to make his work as broadly instructive in the best music as possible. It exhibits nothing of the faddish or of self-consciousness, but is the frank and honest attempt of an earnest student and musicianly player to communicate his own enthusiasm and extend his own appreciation and enjoyment of good music to as many as can be induced to come to hear it. He is doing, in fact, in a smaller community, what such men as S. B. Whitney, Arthur Foote, G. W. Chadwick and others whose names are associated with all that is best in organ expression have been doing for the Boston public.—*Stamford Advocate.*

Von Suppé's overture "Pique Dame" was particularly pleasing. Its sweetness, liveliness, spontaneity and dramatic methods, characteristic of the author of "Poet and Peasant," were agreeably in evidence in Mr. Ford's skillful and sympathetic rendition.—*Stamford Advocate.*

**Carl Bernhard's Concert.**—Carl Bernhard, who has been recently heard in a number of prominent concerts, will give his second vocal recital in Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, November 23. Mr. Bernhard will be assisted by Henry Eru, violinist, who has but recently arrived in New York, and by Mr. Frank E. Ward, who will act as accompanist.



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